July 18, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Quentin Reynolds Jim Marsh
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THEY PROVED THEIR *Safety* IN A *White-Hot* HELL

100 on the speedometer—130° on the thermometer—hell on tires

BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS.
WORLD'S FASTEST SPEEDWAY.
NO TRUCKS ALLOWED

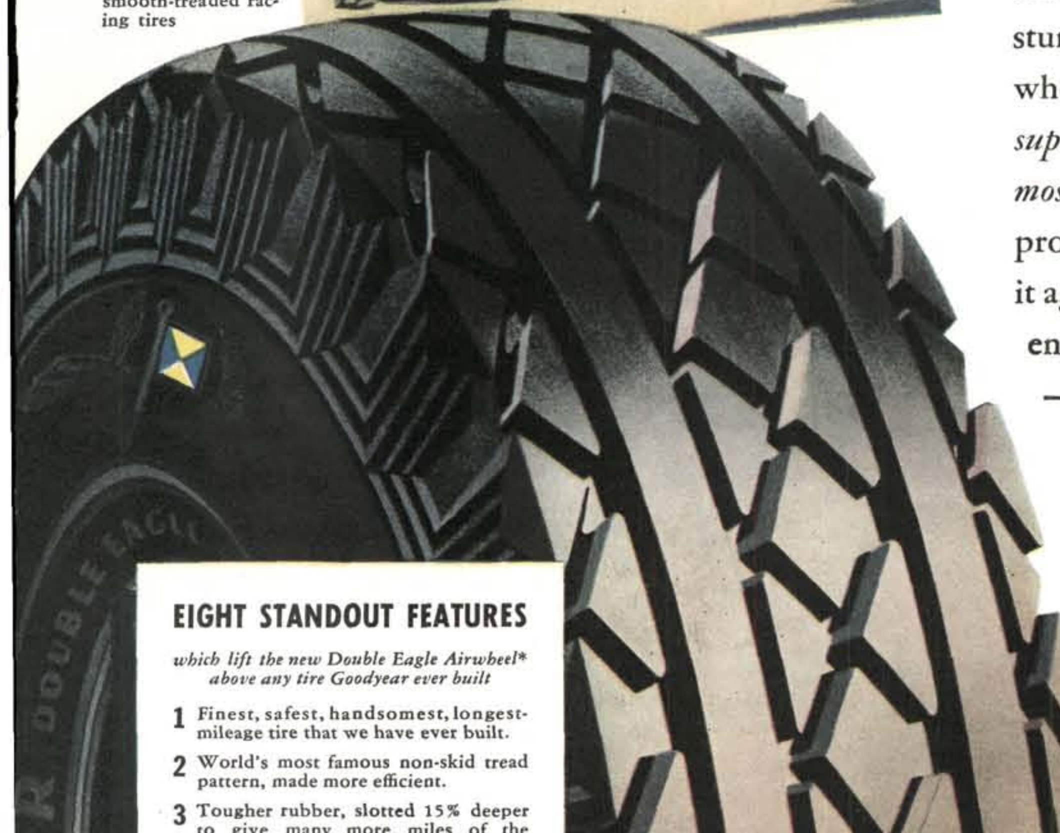
Tests were made on stock non-skid tires such as you buy—not on specially-built smooth-treaded racing tires

To serve the man who desires the greatest tire-safety money can buy, Goodyear has built this stunning new Double Eagle Airwheel*—*built it designedly to give superlative protection against the most extreme tire hazards!* And to prove it does just that we pitted it against the two most relentless enemies of tires—*speed* and *heat*—on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, the world's fastest speedway.

In that devil's bowl of cement-hard salt, gleaming white-hot under temperatures sizzling up to 130°F., veteran test drivers raced scores of these new tires at top passenger-car-speeds, day after day, week after week. Long after other tires put to this same test weakened or "burned out" Double Eagles kept on and on—*incontestably demonstrating the plus safety these lithe, road-gripping, mile-eating luxurious air pillows put under the fast maneuverable new cars.*

Yet, with all the extra protection this magnificent tire gives you, you'll be surprised to learn how little extra it costs—*a precious little that buys surety beyond price!* Remember when you buy it, its mission, like that of its companion-in-safety the Goodyear LifeGuard* Tube, is not to save money but to save life!

*Trade-mark Registered



EIGHT STANDOUT FEATURES

which lift the new Double Eagle Airwheel above any tire Goodyear ever built*

1. Finest, safest, handsomest, longest-mileage tire that we have ever built.
2. World's most famous non-skid tread pattern, made more efficient.
3. Tougher rubber, slotted 15% deeper to give many more miles of the Goodyear Margin of Safety for quickest stopping.
4. Built throughout of special new heat-fighting compound that frees high-speed travel from tread-throwing risk.
5. Extra rubber "float" for every ply, new "rubber-rivet" breaker-strip anchorage, stronger bead.
6. Blowout protection because of patented SUPERTWIST cord in every ply, more resilient, more enduring than any other cord.
7. Flexible, easy-rolling casing without the tread stiffness common to heavy tires.
8. Built to strictest specifications in industry, in materials, workmanship, balance and inspection.

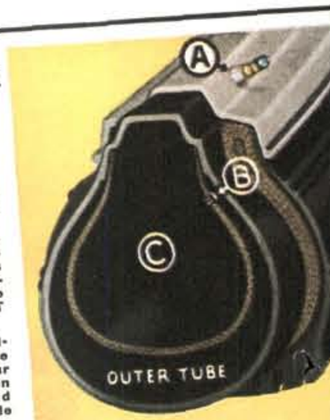
No sign of failure—getting ready for another day's blistering grind

GOODYEAR LIFE GUARD TUBE

A Look for the yellow valve stem and blue cap

B LifeGuards* take a little longer to inflate because air passes gradually from "inner tire" to outer tube through this VENT HOLE

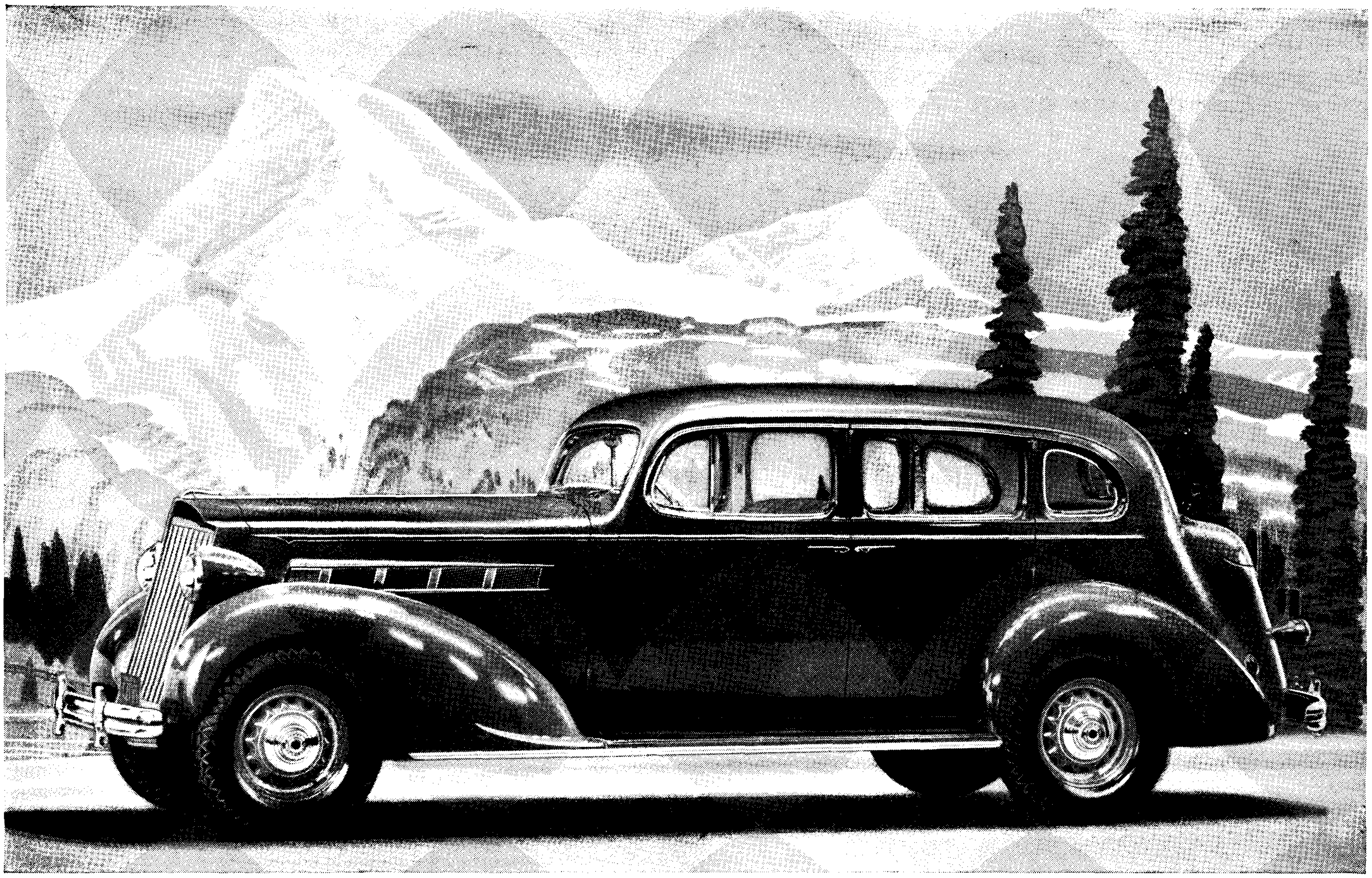
C On this two-ply "INNER TIRE" you ride to a stop with car under control, even though casing and outer tube blow wide open



The Double Eagle AIRWHEEL *by*

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



Three steps that will lead you to a Packard 120

STEP #1

Learn how far your old car will go towards paying for a Packard 120. Bring in your old car, and you will probably have to part with little or no cash to drive off with a new Packard 120. No one figure fits all cases. But our records show that generally the used car allowance *equals or exceeds* the down payment on a new Packard 120.

STEP #2

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STEP #3

Learn how little it costs for service and upkeep. We sincerely believe that the Packard 120 is the most service-free car in America. Its finer materials, its better engineering, and the greater precision of its parts combine to reduce the need for service to an astonishingly low level.

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• • •

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$990.

to $1115 at factory. Standard accessory group extra

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

IT WAS not at all the sort of thing you would expect Hank Medhill to do in his right mind. But Hank wasn't in his right mind; he was irritated with his exquisite, temperamental, red-headed wife. So what did he do? So he picked out a number at random and called it up. Thoughtless, yes, but not criminal.

You'd hardly expect as a result to see Hank arrested, manhandled, blackmailed, bedeviled by an Amazon and mixed up in a shooting fray. Not to mention being scared to death. That was the price of getting a "Dangerous Number." The story is by Leona Dalrymple.

LOOKING at the pause-giving statistics of highway accidents and at the large sums spent to prevent them, you might imagine that we know all about their causes. We don't. Appallingly little is known. What passes for knowledge is a large body of theories that have never been subjected to any sort of exact test. One of the few thorough-going, scientific investigations of the subject has been carried on by the Committee on the Psychology of the Highway of the National Research Council. Next week, in an important article, its chairman, Professor H. M. Johnson, presents its findings.

HARD BY the famed Golden Gate in San Francisco Harbor lies a veritable island of forgotten men—the federal penitentiary of Alcatraz. Within this cold gray rock, buried in impenetrable silence and caught helplessly in the world's most rigid discipline, are 250-odd of the worst of our bad men—the incorrigibles from our other federal prisons. Your Uncle Sam has blotted them out of existence as completely as if they had been shipped to another world—which indeed they have. Frank J. Taylor, taking you for a tour of "Trouble House," shows you a prison system that really works.

NEXT to sorghum beer and politics, red hogs lie closest to the heart of old Bushwhacker. And when Jube Brown filed for sheriff against Obe Kiskaddon, it was the hogs who carried the day. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan writes of another epic moment in Pike County history—the story of the great red hog victory.

THE Short Short Story is by Kyle Crichton. There will be articles by Quentin Reynolds and George Creel, and additional fiction by Sidney Herschel Small and H. Vernor Dixon. Ernest Haycox offers you another rousing installment of "Trouble Shooter," and Teresa Hyde Phillips brings her serial to a satisfying conclusion. It's a red-letter week.

This Week

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July 18, 1936

Cover by Alan Foster

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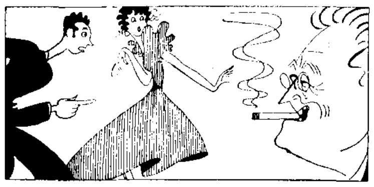
EDITORIAL
Out Where the Vote Begins. Page 66

●

Any Week

IN THE miscellaneous information reaching us this morning we discover that Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Polklay of Des Moines, Iowa, are not going to vote for President Roosevelt, because he smokes cigarettes.



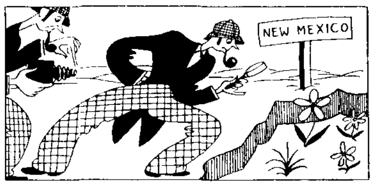
AND Mr. Jake Binder of Denver, Colorado, tells us about a druggist who is so annoyed with us for our editorial stand against anti-chain-stores legislation that he swears he will never permit this magazine to be sold in his independent pharmacy again. "In fact," says Mr. Binder, "he was so mad that he did not buy four new shirts in my shop last week but went next door and got them from a chain haberdashery."

BUT you can't expect consistency to flourish everywhere. The other day we announced our decision to visit the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. A lady overhearing us said she'd been there and had had an impressive time. Just as she was entering, four children convoyed by an austere governess got there. At the doors the governess stopped her charges and, regarding them severely, said: "Children, while gazing upon what you are about to see, please remember that the guiding hand of Providence is precisely what it always has been."

THERE has been, according to Mr. Joseph T. Cordert of Baltimore, Maryland, a great deal of talk about a United States University, a super-institution of super-learning, sponsored and maintained by the federal government. Anyway, Mr. Cordert thinks it would be a very good thing to have around. "There should be some concentration place for all those professors that Mr. Roosevelt has collected," he says. "And just think of the football teams they could recruit from the relief rolls. And then there would be Prexy Farley and Doc Morgenthau to teach them political science and economics. Rah."

A BADLY harassed gentleman has just been in to see us—one of the apparently innumerable publicity agents for the WPA. Lamented he: "The competition to get their names in the public prints is so fierce that various relief bureau heads have now taken to writing nasty letters about each other, hoping unfavorable publicity will befall their rivals. I have just been informed by a lady boss that nothing is to be published regarding her department unless her name is prominently mentioned several times. And her superior tells me that her name is not to appear but that his is. But the reason I'm taking a walk is that another lady bureaucrat threatens to make trouble unless we can get her daughter's picture in the Sunday papers because her daughter just had an audition on a radio amateur hour. Just to be sure, some of the big shots in the relief ballyhoo have taken on personal press agents by merely adding another personal secretary to the pay roll. In other words, the guys who are paying the freight have to dig down for extra dough to pay someone to tell you what a hot number his or her boss is."

A BIT of encouraging but incomplete news from New Mexico. Mr. Ted F. Mally of Albuquerque reports: "Since you were here that river they were going to dam has dried up. But some of Mr. Ickes' sleuths are going from county to county with fingerprinting outfits and cameras looking into the rumor that some opponents of the New Deal have hidden it."



"YOU should have been here," writes Miss Lorna Maywell of Chicago, Illinois. "We've just had a convention where gentleman after gentleman arose to inform us that a cockroach changes its skin seven times before it grows up, and that virgin births are common in the insect world, one scientist having raised dozens of generations of plant lice without the aid of a single male louse. And the female praying mantis always eats her bridegroom after the honeymoon. Now we don't feel so badly about not having had one of the national political conventions here."

AND Mr. Joe Montgomery of Meridian, Mississippi, need not be counted upon if you are seeking men to fight for the country. "After spending my whole life in the country," writes Mr. Montgomery a trifle inaccurately, "I moved to this city five years ago. I like it so much that I can't see any sense in fighting for the country. Let the folks who live in the country fight for it but don't expect us city people to help. The country ain't worth fighting for if you like city life like I do."

BUT he'll tire of whoopee.

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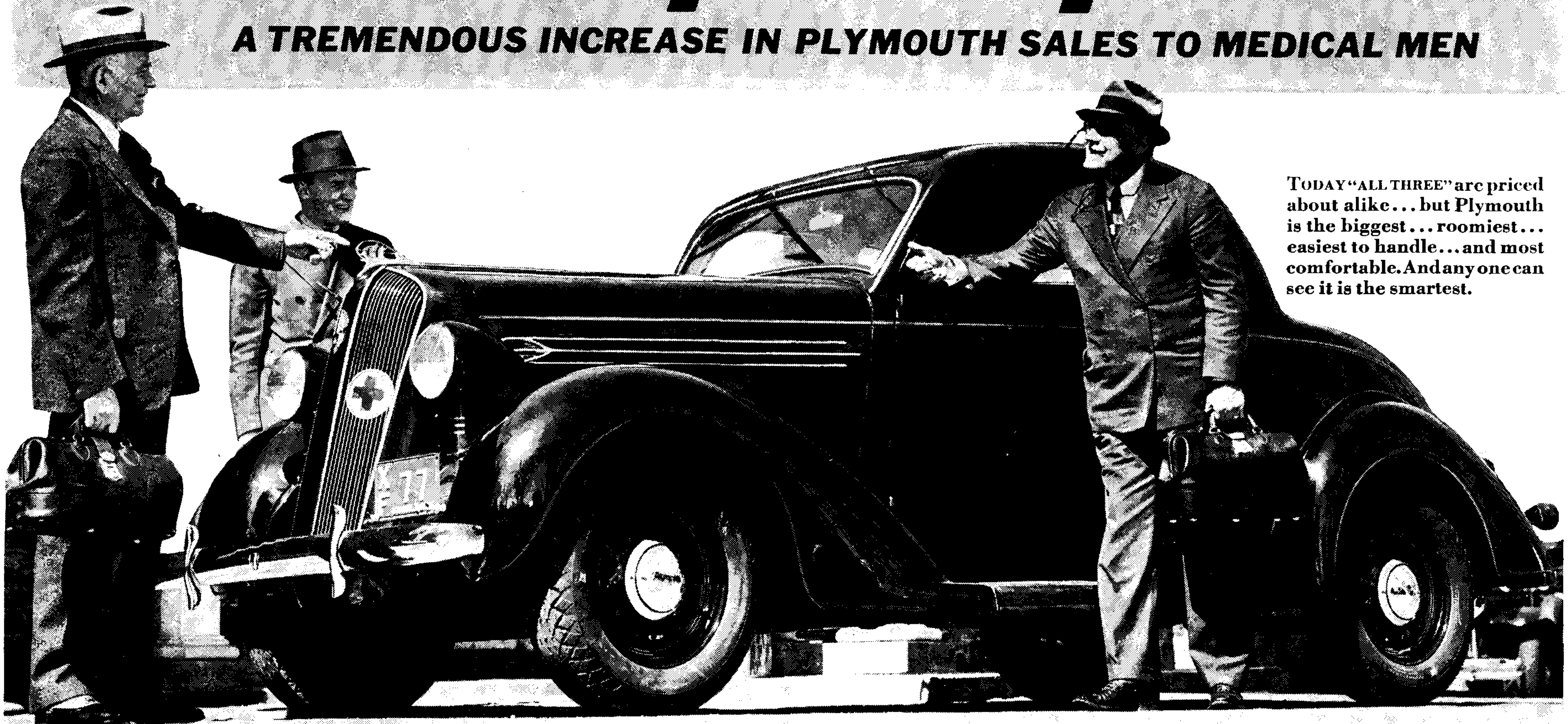
Every 20 Minutes—a Doctor Buys a Plymouth

A TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN PLYMOUTH SALES TO MEDICAL MEN



TODAY "ALL THREE" are priced about alike... but Plymouth is the biggest... roomiest... easiest to handle... and most comfortable. And any one can see it is the smartest.

EVERYBODY KNOWS how imperative it is that a doctor's car be reliable...ready to give him safe, swift transportation *any hour of day or night.*

Now note the tremendously increasing rate at which doctors are switching to Plymouth. For six straight years Plymouth sales to men in the medical profession have gone steadily up...are 1,222% greater today than they were five years ago.

That tells the story.

Experience has taught them that they can rely on Plymouth's great engineering... miles of trouble-free service... and amazing gas and oil economy.

They prefer Plymouth because of its big-car smartness and comfort. Economy is an important factor, too... owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline...lowest oil consumption and upkeep costs ever heard of for a low-priced car.

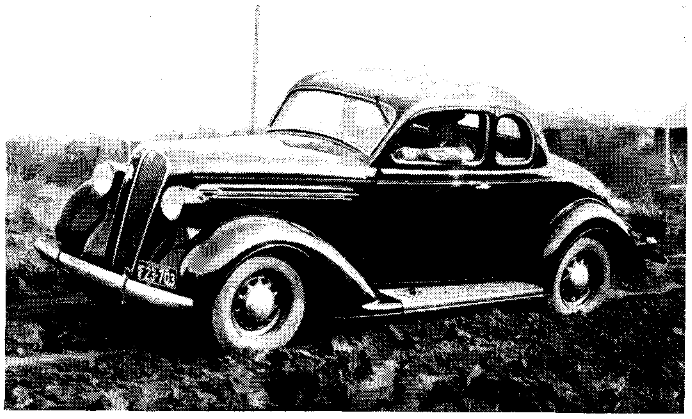
"All Three" low-priced cars are about alike in price today. But Plymouth is still the only one of "All Three" with *both* a Safety-Steel Body and *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes.

Before you buy any car, drive this beautiful, big 1936 Plymouth. At any Chrysler, Dodge or DeSoto dealer.—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

EASY TO BUY

Plymouth is priced with the lowest... terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers low terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

$510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA



(*Far left*) INSIST ON *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes! They're self-equalizing... always stop you smoothly, safely... the safest brakes built today. Plymouth is still the only one of "All Three" with both Safety-Steel Body and *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes.

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(*Left*) LET THE RIDE DECIDE... be sure to ride in... and drive "All Three." Plymouth's balanced weight, spring action and extra room... will spoil you for riding in any other low-priced car!

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C. RED NETWORK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

DONALD DENTON

THE GAUNTLET IS THROWN

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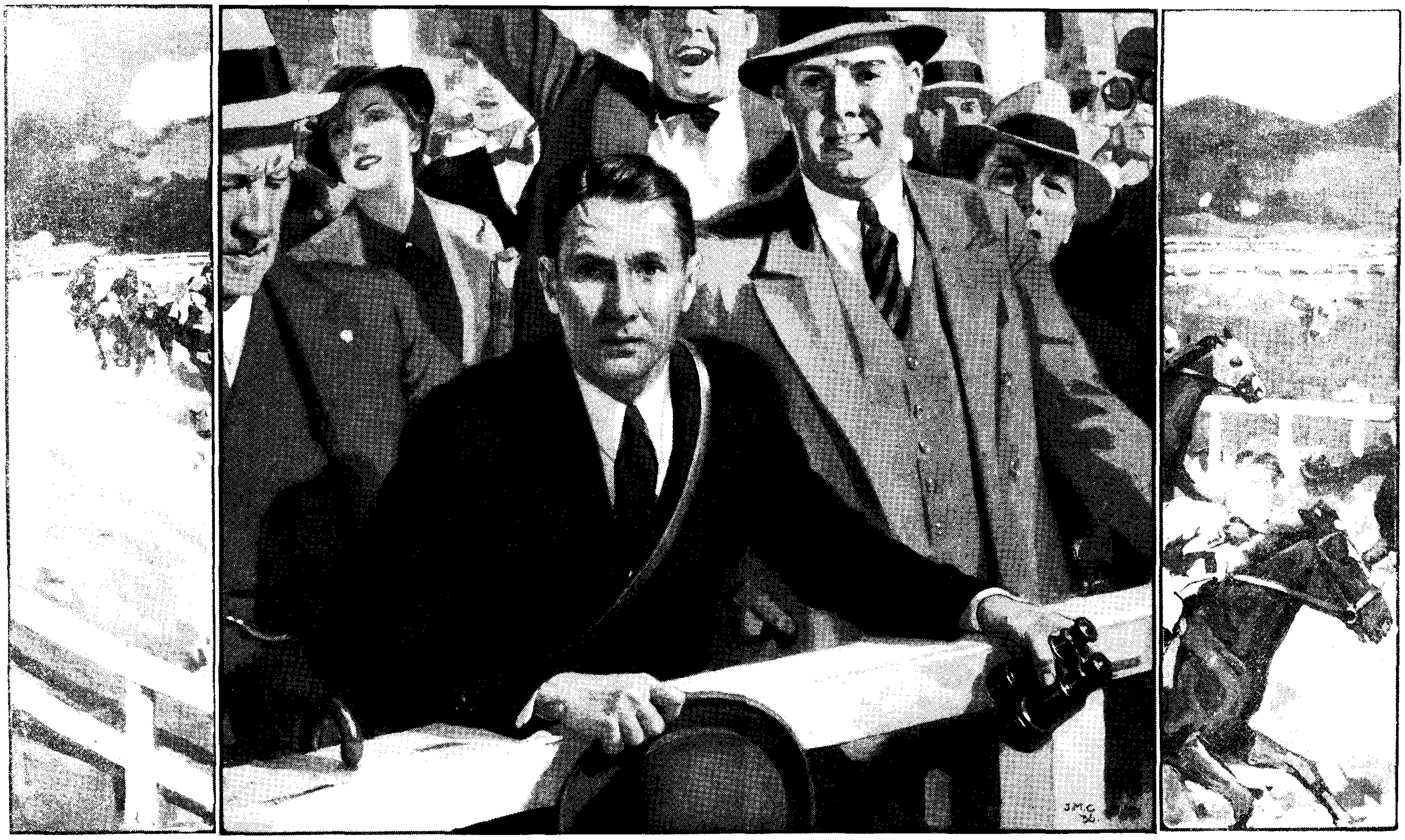


Corbin sweated when he saw the distance lost, but he said through his teeth: "That's right. Carry him wide"

The Last Stretch

By Max Brand

The story of a great horse and a little man

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

AS THE thick of the crowd closed up around Corbin just inside the gate and floated him along, he heard at his back one of those half-vocalized whispers, of which only those are masters who have walked in line with the lock step. Precisely gauged to reach one ear and one only, the whisper said: "Beat it, Corbin! Plank's here!"

Lew Corbin pushed a trifle to the side. A body pressed up behind him and he saw the dished profile of Lefty Connor.

"Who's Plank?" murmured Corbin.

The twisted mouth of Lefty Connor made soft answer: "He's the new dick in charge of the whole works here and he's cleaning up."

"They got nothing on me now," said Corbin, but his body bent over a little, because his stomach had shrunk to a cold knot. "I gotta be here today," he whispered.

"Don't be a dumb cluck," said Connor. "How could you stand a rap? And this guy Plank is grief for mugs like you and me. *I'm* on my way."

"Wait . . . Lefty . . . what's Plank look like?" pleaded Corbin.

But Lefty Connor had faded away, and Corbin allowed himself to be pushed from the main current of the crowd into an eddy at the side where he could see the lower curve of the race track. At the sight of the white posts, his heart could have leaped like a two-year-old except that fear had him on a short curb. Plank . . . the very sound of the name struck him in the face like the flat hand of the law. His lips twitched into a crooked smile when he remembered some of his exploits; the smile went out when he recalled that a police department never forgets. Connor was right. If a cleanup was in progress, he should be off and away like a snipe down wind; but to this day's racing he was called by an irresistible voice.

HE LOOKED across the track to the big flow of green hills beyond it and suddenly yearned to give up his life of a ferret for the deep stillness of country days such as he had known in his boyhood.

The passing elbows of the people nudged him softly forward toward the paddock. If only Lefty had given him three words of description of Plank . . . but there was merely the name and a face masked in black. Yet he was small, the throng was very dense, and perhaps he could trust to its numbers for protection. Besides, on this day of all days, he must be here. He let himself drift toward the paddock.

Usually when he entered a crowd it was to go to work like a gull above swirling harbor waters, picking up interesting bits here and there, but when Lew Corbin went to the races, instead of hunting like a beast of prey, he sauntered without preoccupation. People became human beings, not merely walking units of clothes with pockets in them. Sometimes his heart leaped when the double-distilled essence of money flashed on a woman's hand or when he saw the sheen of pearls which by their own weight were parting the clasps on the napes of fat necks. But he steeled himself. Even to the opening of wallets and the whisper of bills being counted out in sheaves, he turned an indifferent ear and a casual eye; for on this day he was a gentleman.

Thinking of Plank, he wished heartily that he were not dressed for a holiday. Instead of the rumpled, wrinkled gray flannels which allowed him to melt into the crowd like a leaf into a forest, he now was snugly jacketed in a one-button coat. He walked in striped trousers, secondhand but refitted nicely by a good Bowery tailor. He had buttoned around his shoes spats which were too large—but gentlemen are often negligent of details. He knew that his iron hat was at exactly the right angle; his stick was a real malacca; he carried in his left hand gloves of the finest pale yellow chamois. A single jewel adorned him, a big, square-faced emerald, not badly flawed, set in a plain gold ring. Gentlemen scorn display. His outfit was rather bright but since he was barely five feet tall he trusted that he could hide himself even from the eye of a detective.

IT WAS not the first time that he had been grateful to numbers, and to the jolts and jars and elbowings which made his own touch no more than a whisper in a roaring wind. The crowd was his livelihood; it was also his shelter.

Somewhere a voice said . . . "Top Hamper . . ."

The heart of Corbin leaped once and was still, for that name had drawn him today of all days to the race track and to hear it uttered out of the random chattering was a portent and a sign. Then he spotted the man who had spoken, a fellow of middle age with a pony build, low, heavy, powerful. He had a rather vague, wandering eye that did not match the strength of his nose and chin. Apparently he had asked a question about the horse of some stranger passing by; now he went off with a quick, determined step and Lew Corbin followed.

As he had half suspected, the stranger led straight to the stall of Top Hamper. Half a dozen people idled at the door, but among the shadows inside Corbin saw the old gelding.

Time had not altered the big fellow very much. That Roman nose of his was the most familiar feature together with the scrawny neck and the lean camel's hump of the withers. His hips stood out like a pair of elbows, rubbed thin at the joints. They had him tethered on a double line and he was being groomed gently. He looked a bit lean but that was his point of perfect condition. Corbin drank in the picture feature by feature with a thirsty eye.

THE pony-built stranger was saying: "Nine years is kind of old for a race horse, ain't it?"

A sallow youth by the door drawled, "Who wants to know?"

"My name is Boardman," said the other. "I read in the paper about Top Hamper being in England three years. Has he got a chance in the race today? I never was at a race track before."

"Well, a lot of old friends of Top Hamper have come out to bet on him today," said the youth. "He's trained sound. That's all I can tell you, brother."

"His legs look kind of too long," said Boardman.

Here Corbin took pity on him to say: "There's plenty of bone in them, though."

Boardman turned his vague, curious eyes on Corbin.

"What you mean by bone?" he asked.

"There below the knees," said Corbin. "See how big that bone is, and flat? It means he's got something for the muscles to pull on."

"He's old, ain't he?" asked Boardman.

"Look at Exterminator. He was old, too, before he finished up," answered Corbin.

"I don't know nothing about this business," said Boardman. "I wouldn't know what to bet on, but I brought out twenty dollars and I'm gunna bet it anyway. They say there's no fun watching the races unless you got something bet."

This resolute frankness, this open simplicity like that of a sailor, made Corbin smile.

"We'll look at the starters for the first race," he said. "Come on along."

For in case the roving eye of Detective Plank fell upon them in the throng he hardly would be apt to look twice at the blunt honesty of a Boardman. "You know this game, don't you?" asked Boardman.

"Nobody knows it," answered Corbin.

THEY walked down the length of the shed where fifteen two-year-olds were waiting for post time. Corbin smiled at the sloping, unmuscled croups and the legs that set up the narrow bodies on stilts.

"They look kind of funny, don't they?" asked Boardman.

"I'm gunna bet this blind, on the bloodlines," said Lew Corbin. "Lemme see."

He consulted his program. Boardman looked anxiously over his shoulder but what could he see except words? He lacked the knowledge that poured light through the names and made them live with bright eyes and flashing hoofs.

"Here's one," said Corbin. "Here's Novice by Anchorite out of Cloister Bells. That's breeding them pretty close but Cloister Bells could take it; yeah, and pack a weight, too. And Anchorite burned 'em up in his two-year-old form. . . . Stand off here and take a slant at the middle piece of that filly. She's ribbed right up, ain't she? I mean, she's strong, ahead of the stifle, there. I'll put a bit of money on her."

"Well, I'll follow you," said Boardman. "She don't have a pretty head, though, does she?"

"Nice and deep from the eye to the base of the jaw," answered Corbin, smiling. "Pretty horses don't mean a damn' thing."

"Like pretty men, eh?" asked Boardman.

Corbin led him over to Billy Masters, the old bookie.

"What's Novice?" he asked.

"Eight to one," said Masters. "What dragged *you* in, today, Corbin? The old gelding?"

"Does that mean I get forty dollars if Novice wins?" asked Boardman.

"Yeah," said Corbin, absently. "We better get a couple good places on the rail."

He led the way, but his mind was back there with old Billy Masters, bemused. For if Billy guessed that it was Top Hamper who drew Corbin to the races this day, might not others guess the same thing? Tomlinson, for instance, with a sick man's leisure for brooding thought, might have arrived at the same conclusion. Perhaps for that reason he had sent his friend Plank out to the track!

Instantly Corbin determined that he would not go near Top Hamper again that day, not even for a glance at him in the paddock. He shivered a bit, remembering that he had gone to the stable; for might not Plank have been there like a fisherman beside a baited line?

THE trumpet blew as they reached the rail. As the two-year-olds paraded, looking absurdly immature, a big man crowded in upon Corbin, jostling to take the place; but here Boardman lifted his head and said: "You! . . . Back up!"

The intruder backed up at once.

"That's talking to 'em," nodded Corbin, laughing a little. Yet he was disturbed. A chilly wind of doubt from some unknown quarter of the mind had breathed upon him. That sudden air and voice of authority had a sinister meaning for him; he was only reassured when he took heed of the eye of Boardman, once more vaguely wandering, good-natured.

"There's our Novice," said Corbin, "and we're going to be all right on her, I guess."

"How come?" asked Boardman.

"The boy that's up on her. He's got a pair of hands," said Corbin.

It was only a six-furlong scamper. For half a mile the fifteen youngsters ran together, a flashing blur; then Novice came away to win by three lengths.

Boardman said: "That's wonderful! . . . You knew!"

"Sure, sure!" laughed Corbin. "Sometimes I know."

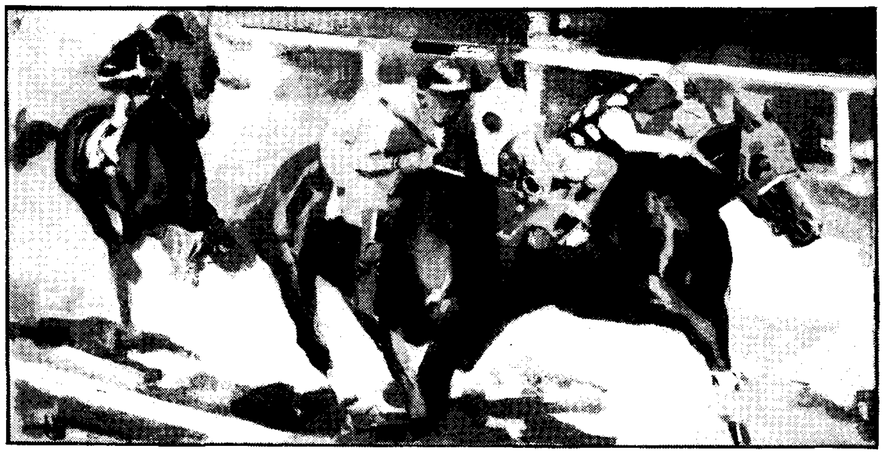
They went to Billy Masters and cashed in. Boardman wanted to place money on the second race.

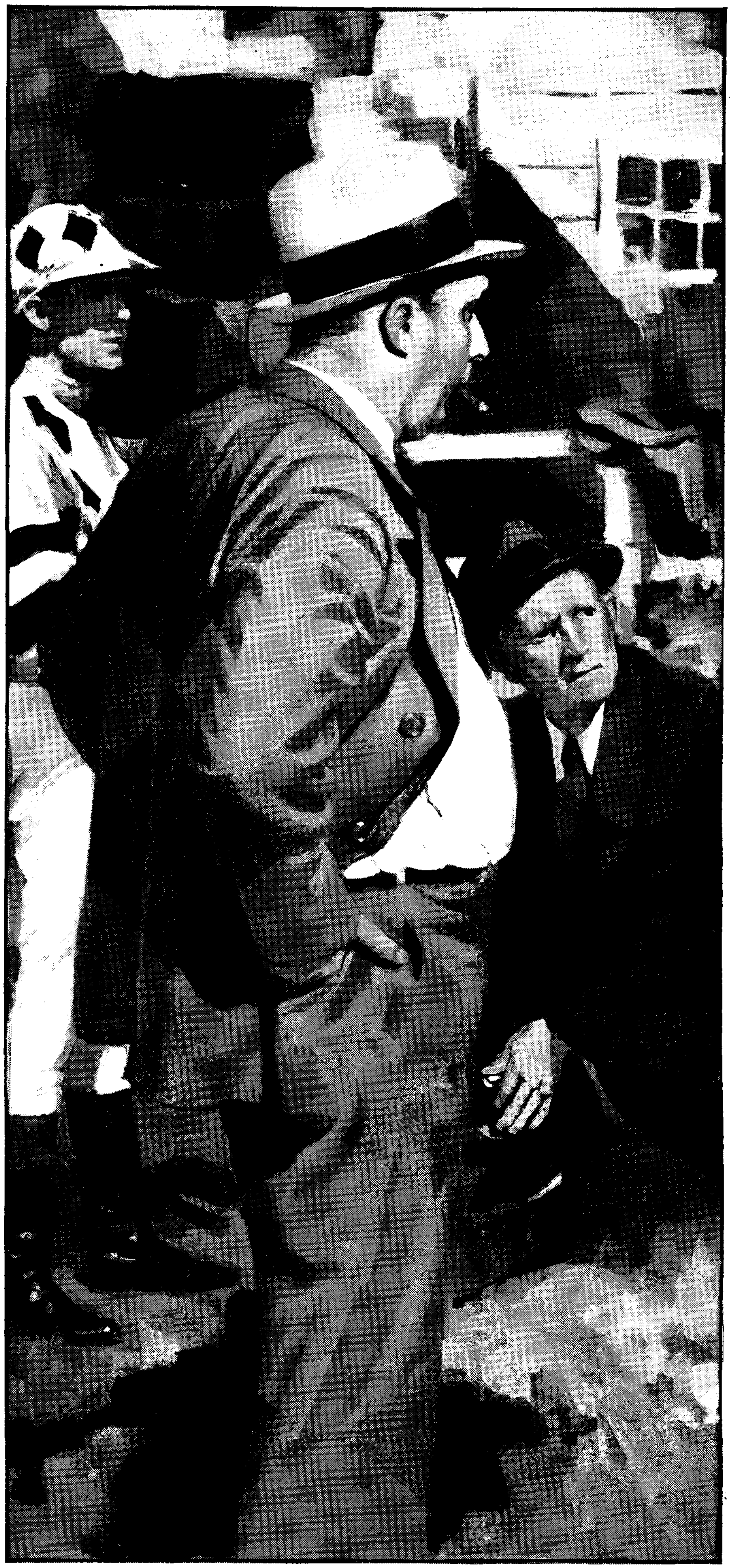
"There's nothing to bet on," said Corbin. "There's only Lazarus at one to two; he's just taking a bit of exercise."

"All right," said Boardman. "If forty bucks can make twenty for me in half an hour, why should I be greedy, brother?"

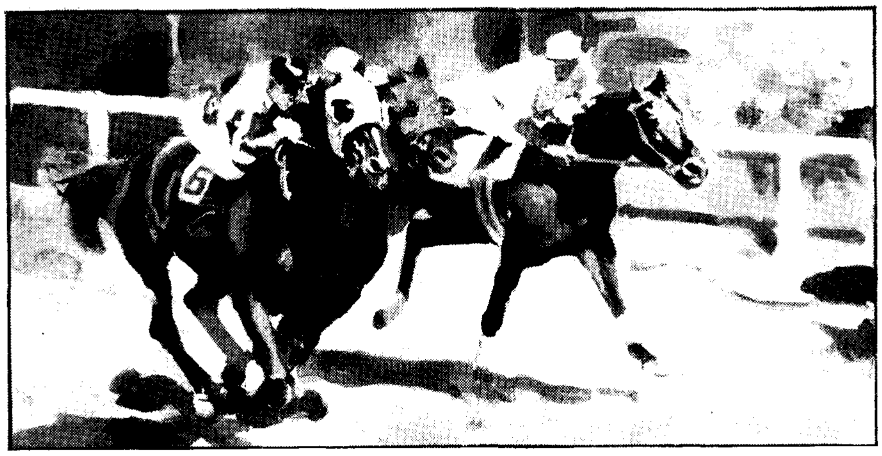
He bet his forty on Lazarus, and afterwards they watched the great stallion come home by a dozen lengths with his chin on his chest. The third race was a different matter. For it brought together a flock of selling platers and Corbin picked the jockey he fancied most and laid ten dollars on the nose. Boardman, however, planked down his sixty.

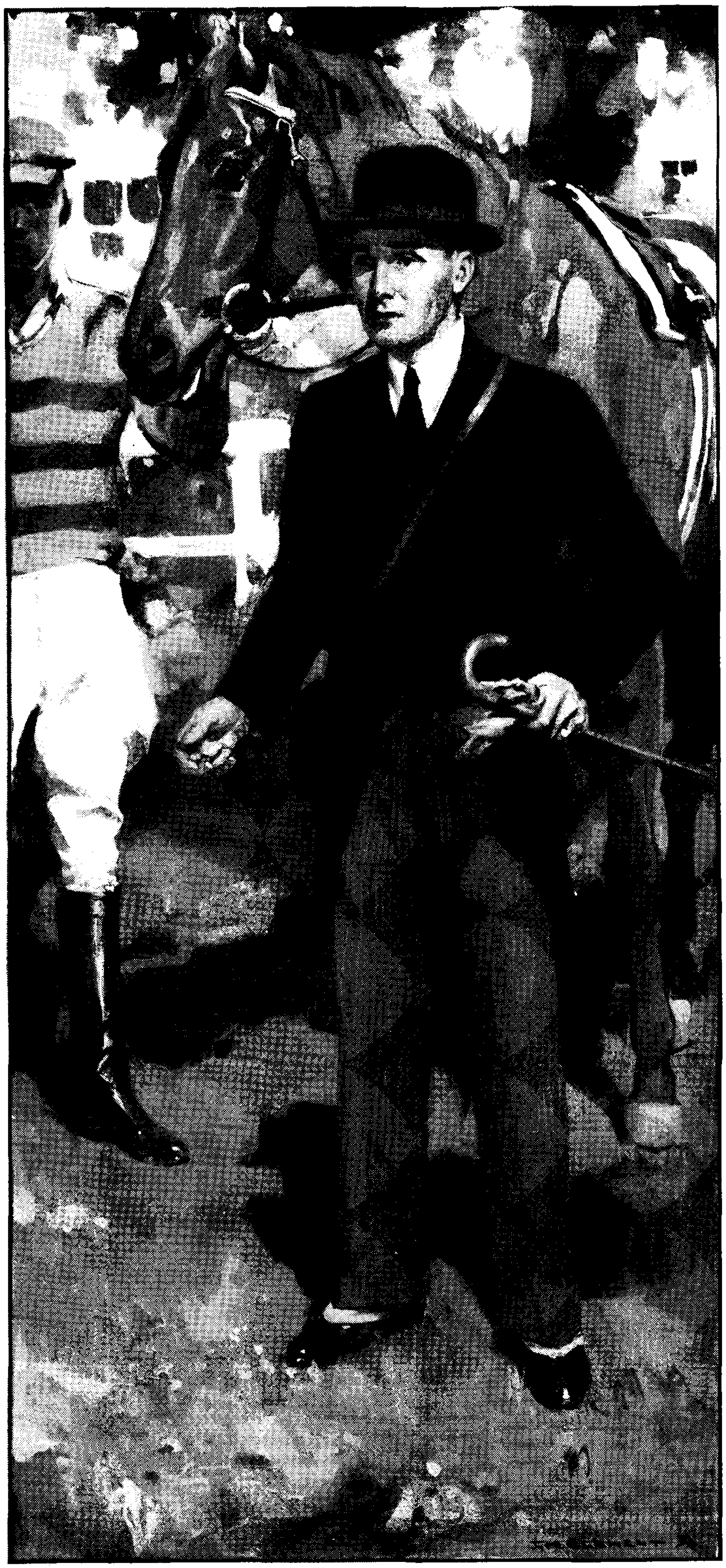
"You gotta win; you gotta be lucky,"





"Never mind. Go along with your nag," said Boardman. "And good luck, Corbin"





he said to Corbin. "You know too much to lose."

He sat back through the race with a grin of perfect confidence, watching Corbin more than he watched the race. It was only luck that won for Corbin's choice, this time, for the leaders got into a bumping match in the middle of the stretch and the winner came up on the outside to get home by a head, at nine to one. Boardman said: "Five hundred and forty smacks. Forty for the pot. and five hundred for the next race. Which is it this time?"

Corbin looked down at the program. He knew all the entries by heart, but he felt that he needed time to review his own frantic decision.

There was Enid, the little bay mare by Fortunatus out of Lazy Lady, fast as a rabbit and game as a terrier. There was that big red chestnut, Crassus, who had won more than seventy thousand dollars in his three-year-old form. He was by old Parthia out of Golden Hour, which had looked her name but never could stand training. Then came Sam Brown, sired by Sergeant Major, the one who had made his fame in the stud, not on the race track. Sam was built long and low; away from the barrier he had the speed of his dam, Courage.

At the next name, Corbin half rose from his seat.

Top Hamper, by Boatswain, out of Seaworthy!

He was all set for the name, but still it made his flesh congeal when he saw it in print.

The other names were a blur before his eyes; the past came over him in wave on wave and made him for a time alone in the crowd.

"Top Hamper!" said Corbin. "We'll put our money on him!"

"Hey! That old crow?" cried Boardman, peering earnestly into the face of Corbin. Then he laughed in sudden relaxation. "Anyway, I'll have forty for the pot!"

THEY went back to Billy Masters of the weary eyes and the face of iron.

"What's Top Hamper?" asked Corbin.

"Twenty-five."

"They're offering more, Mr. Masters."

"Twenty-five," said the quiet voice.

"Then here's two grand on Top Hamper."

He said it as casually as possible, but nothing could match the magnificent indifference of the bookie while the bet was pocketed. It was the largest action of Corbin's life.

Boardman put up his five hundred at once and turned away with the bookie's slip.

"You takin' it kind of hard, ain't you?" asked Boardman. "You look sick."

The day was warm and still but a cold wind seemed to be blowing over the face of Corbin.

"Two thousand bucks," he said, and made a gesture. "Well . . . maybe it don't sound much to you, Boardman."

"Yeah, sure it does. Depending on how it's made," said Boardman.

Corbin looked at him sharply but that vaguely contented eye of Boardman already was drifting far away across the throng. He added only: "Maybe the horse'll like you a lot better when he knows how much jack you put up on him, eh?"

The words struck home in Corbin. How often, when the mind is tender, casual words will touch the sore spot! Perhaps, after all, he was trying to make amends to Top Hamper.

He consulted the program again. The names rang in his ear—Enid, Sam Brown, Crassus, and they were not alone. The devil and the big stake had inspired the great owners to enter their best in this race. Mark Time was there. He was yellow as a dog when another horse looked him in the eye along the stretch, but he was so lightning fast that he was apt to make a runaway race of anything. There was that lordly Avondale, too, and Telamon, and the good mare Flying Spear which had beaten all of them, at one time or another.

Against them he had old Top Hamper matched—the old, old gelding with his eight seasons of campaigning behind him, his shattered legs, his broken wind, his narrow chest. No, it was not Top Hamper but a memory on which he had placed his money.

HE LOOKED from the race track to the hills beyond. They were flushed by the young spring color, thumbed over with a rising land mist. For maples were making leaf and elm trees were filling out their symmetrical domes. Out of that past to which he had become sensitive today he remembered:

"When the elm tree leaf is as big as a
mouse's ear,
Then to sow barley never fear."

The words came home to him now in the same nasal voice which he had heard speak them so long ago. He had not thought of them from that day to this, and the sudden vividness of this recollection half frightened him. Men who are about to die see all their lives unfolding—

Off there among the hills he could see the far country of his boyhood when he had lain on his back and looked up through green branches at orioles building their nests. He could make out the gleam of the young beech leaves in level sprays, and through the blue air of the hollow he saw the delicate, silver bodies of birch trees.

In that wood he could guess that anemones were dancing, and that May flowers made the air sweet. In the meadow beside the trees he was sure the white was that of bloodroot, and the blue stain must be hepatica. In that field a pair of plow horses leaned at their work, with the gleam of the turning furrow behind them, and Corbin took step by step deeper into his boyhood to the creak of harness leather, wet feet, and the blackbirds whirling like dead leaves behind the plow. He looked through his glasses. On the crest of the hill they showed him a cow with her head thrust out, mooing, no doubt; and on a still morning the sound would have come dreamily down to the track, but now it was lost in the surf-roar of many voices.

"Hai!" said Boardman. "Here they come!"

It was the parade for the fourth race.

THE crowd groaned and hissed at Mark Time, the quitter who went first. They shouted for beautiful Avondale, with big Telamon behind him. They clapped their hands like the rattling of a hailstorm for that honest stayer, Flying Spear. Sam Brown went along sleepily, head down, cocking his ears in content. One could be sure that Sam would not leave his race at the post by dancing before the start. For that and for other reasons he carried a good burden of betting, but when Crassus came, rearing, sidling, dancing, such a roar went up that Corbin shrugged his shoulders in annoyance. Crassus carried top weight. Also, he carried the public's money. That cheer was stopped rather short, for just behind Crassus went little Enid, the bright bay mare, looking all whipcord muscle and electric nerve.

After that, they sat back and chuckled a little, for Top Hamper brought up the rear of the procession, hobbling on his bandaged legs. He never had been handsome, but now even a picador might have been ashamed to mount him. He was tucked up; his back was humped as if by colic pains, or like a mustang in a

(Continued on page 60)

The Natural Thing

By Peter Paul O'Mara

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

A pretty brisk romance. But we don't see the harm in it. Anyway, the girl had no business at all being single

JEREMIAH TRAVIS dashed through the packed crowd of farewell sayers, and then stopped in his tracks. The ends of the little streamers of confetti that had connected the Lanonia to the pier were fluttering down into the Hudson, and busy tugs were puffing and tugging in the widening strip of water. He was beaten.

A pile of packing boxes stood in a corner of the dock, and he went and sat down on one of them, trying to catch his breath. He wished he could lie down on the wooden floor and howl with rage and sorrow.

There was a girl sitting on the box next to his. She had a small, oval, impudent face and a wide, good-natured mouth and eyes that were blue-gray-green, like the sea. At the moment, she looked so thoroughly miserable that Jerry wished devoutly he had a camera with him. Not his own camera. A good one.

She looked up and met his gaze. Jerry quickly looked away.

"Well," she said irritably, "I hope you got an eyeful!"

Jerry blushed, gulped, and blinked, all in one motion. "Oh, I—" he stammered. "I— I was only thinking," he explained desperately, "what a nice picture you were making!"

"Picture of what?"

"Grief. Or Loss. Or something. You know, the pier, and those bands of sun, and you looking sorry for yourself, and—"

She stared at him, her eyes widening. "And that," she interrupted, "gives me an idea! Darling, you're adorable!"

She jumped to her feet, patted his cheek affectionately, and dashed away at top speed. Before she had gone twenty yards, she turned back.

"You can take me to lunch if you like," she said tentatively.

Jerry stood up and took one last, long look at the boat that was carrying away most of his heart with it. When he turned back to her, she was watching his face with speculative eyes.

"All right," he said stiffly, "let's go!"

THEY went to a little restaurant in the Village and ordered steak and spaghetti and a bottle of wine.

"My name," the girl announced over her second glass of wine, "is Holly Delacy. What's yours?"

He told her and she repeated it to herself.

"Jerry Travis. Nice name. What do you do?"

"Teach Latin. Out in Ohio, in Evanville College. That's why I was late this morning. We just got out yesterday, and I drove all night."

She looked surprised and a little shocked. "Latin? Evanville!" Then, "Whom were you seeing off?"

"Johnny." He lifted his head proudly. "My son."

"How old *are* you anyway?" she demanded.

He felt as though he should be angry. After all, it was patently none of her business to question him like this. Nevertheless, he told her. It was a long time since he had talked to anybody about himself.

"Twenty-five."

"You look younger. How old is the boy?"

"Five."

"Dear heaven!" she said piously. "Come along, out with it! Let's have the whole story!"

Five minutes later he was amazed and deeply shocked inside himself to realize that he *had* given her the whole story. All about Sally, and how he had run away with her when he was nineteen and she was eighteen. How she was like a song, too bright, too tender, too gay. How his father had died when they had been married less than a year, and there had been no more money, and he had gone to work to support his wife and his son. How he had gone to the university at night, rather than allow Sally to ask for help from her sister, who had tried to have the marriage annulled in the first place. And Sally like sweet music, laughing always, laughing in spite of everything, laughing in the middle of pain and poverty and insecurity.

"Where is she now?" Holly asked quietly when he had stopped.

"Dead. A year after Johnny was born. She was so darn' young."

IT WAS the first time he had ever spoken like that since Sally had died, and he had said enough now. He didn't want to say any more about those things for fear he would make a fool of himself. But Holly, for all her forwardness, was wise enough to read the signs.

"Where was Johnny going this morning?" she asked, leading him imperceptibly from past sorrows to what she suspected were present ones.

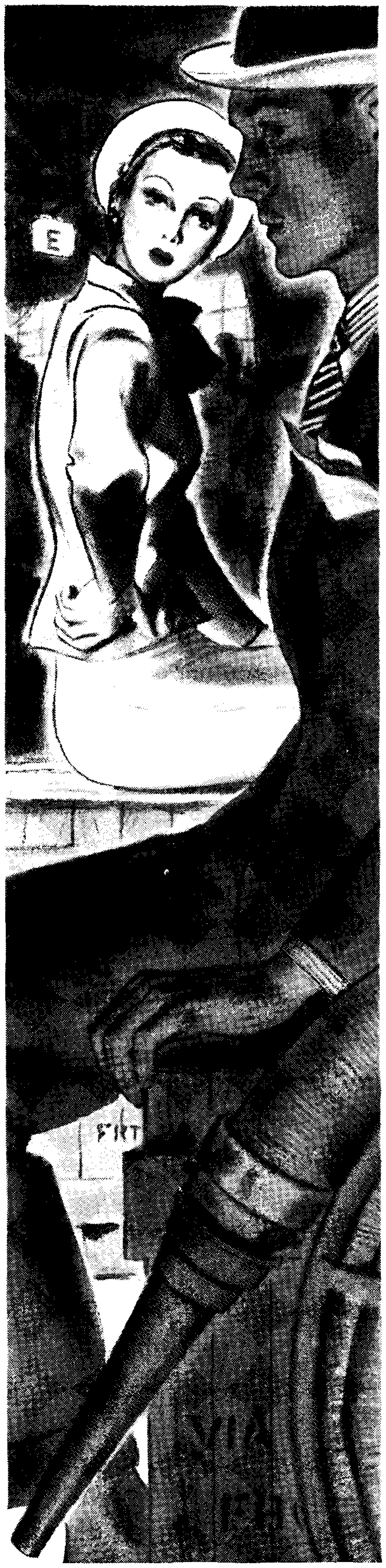
The wine, lying in his stomach in a warm pool, was making Jerry remember that he hadn't been in bed all the night before. Nevertheless, the memory of where his son was going still had power to wake him to resentment.

"With his Aunt Grace—Sally's sister—to her house in the south of France. He needs things. Sun, and attention and care and somebody to look after him all the time. He's delicate."

"So you handed him over to somebody else." He thought he detected a note of scorn in her voice. "For good?"

"Oh, no!" The thought of giving up Johnny for good appalled him. "Just for a few years. Until he grows past this weak stage. She came out to Ohio a week ago and brought him to New York to get him ready. You see, she's about forty, and she hasn't any children of her own. She's an old maid. She doesn't like me, but she's very fond of Johnny. I'll have him back in a couple of years. He—" He stopped then, realizing that he was talking to cover up a fear that had just risen inside him.

Holly put it into words. "Suppose she won't give him back?" she said softly. "Couldn't you have kept him?"



"Well," she said irritably, "I hope you got an eyeful!" Jerry blushed, gulped, and blinked

"I couldn't!" he defended himself. "I— Oh, you don't know Evanville! It rains. And you can be poorer there on twenty a week than—" He heard his own voice from a great distance and he could only see a blurred outline of her figure. "Excuse me. Let's get out of here. I'm going to sleep."

He tried to stand up and then he changed his mind. Instead, he put his head down on his arms upon the table.

WHEN he woke, he wasn't sitting at the little table any longer, but in an armchair, with a big blanket wrapped around him. There was a fire crackling in an open-front stove in front of him and a pleasant smell of food in the air. Holly was sitting on a box opposite him, chatting animatedly with a curly-haired little man in a cook's cap and apron.

"Where—" Jerry began, still sleepy.

Holly looked around. "The kitchen. Luigi and I carried you in here when you went to sleep."

"What—" he began again.

Holly looked at her watch. "Seven fifteen. You've been asleep six hours and a bit."

He struggled out of the enveloping blanket. "Where—"

Holly smiled and picked up the blanket from the floor, folding it neatly. "Right down that corridor. The end door. I brought your bag in from the car, so you can brush your teeth and change your shirt, if you like. And hurry up. We're going to be late for dinner!"

When they were in the car again, she told him to head east for Brooklyn Bridge. He did as he was told, not thinking to question her. When they were crossing the bridge, she volunteered an explanation.

"Freida — my sister-in-law — read a book once about a rich family who always had dinner at eight. So now she does. That's why we'll be in time for it, probably. Poor Donald almost starves, and she has to get an extra dinner for the children at six."

"But I haven't been asked to dinner at your—"

"Oh, never mind that!" Holly told him airily. "It will be all right. Donald is always asking people to dinner and then forgetting about it."

HOLLY'S family lived on the third floor of a huge old house on Columbia Heights. Jerry and Holly were greeted first by two little blond boys who slid competently down the bannisters, causing Jerry's stomach to crawl when he thought of the three-story stair well into which they might easily have fallen. A rich feminine voice with a strong accent floated down after them.

"Nils! Lars! Have I not said you should not do that? You will tear your pants!"

"They come in order, the way she called them!" Holly explained. "Oh, Freida!"

"You, Holly?"

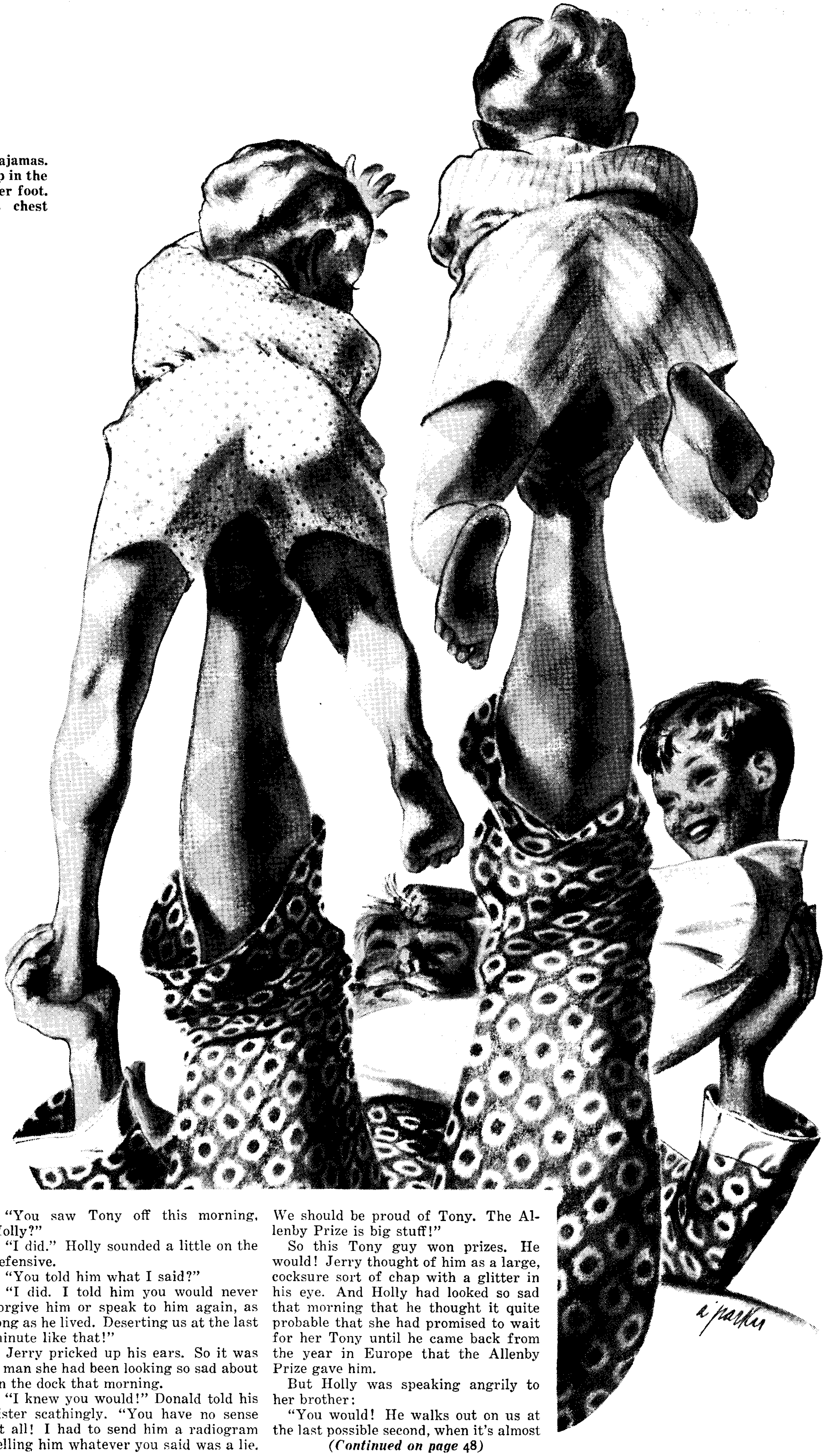
"I've got a man, Freida!"

The hearty voice sang down to meet them, resonant with gladness. "That is good. At your age, a girl should have a man. Twenty-three you are, and still an unmarried maiden, it is not natur—"

As Holly turned the last landing and came within her view with Jerry, she stopped and stood looking down at them, six feet one inch of lovely Swede, blond and pink-skinned and built like a goddess. Jerry blushed, partly for her, and partly for himself and Holly. Freida, however, didn't seem embarrassed, and Holly never turned a hair.

"No, darling," she explained. "Just for dinner. This is Jerry, Freida. Is Donald in?"

Freida nodded, smiling. "I am glad to see you, Jerry, and you must excuse me for talking so." She lifted her voice in



Donald was on the bed in his pajamas. His legs were stuck straight up in the air, one son balancing on either foot. Johnny was sitting on his chest

a musical shout that could have been heard in the Bronx. "Donald! Holly has a visitor named Jerry. Come in, Jerry. Nils, take his hat and coat and bring a chair for him. Lars, take Holly's things and go bring your father!"

Jerry sat down in a huge chair that the six-year-old oldest boy wrestled up for him to the middle of a spacious room that seemed to be a combination living-room, nursery and studio. A big table was already covered with dishes containing peas, and Brussels sprouts, and potatoes, and applesauce, and a roast of pork. It smelled good. An easel standing in one corner of the room held a large painting of the two little boys playing with a white-sailed ship model on a scarlet rug. At least, Lars was playing. Nils was dreaming out the enormous studio window with its view of the harbor.

IN a moment, Lars returned with his father, who was at least an inch taller than his wife and almost as blond. He had a large, curly, spade-shaped beard and friendly eyes of the same color as Holly's. He took Jerry's hand and wrung it until the bones felt liquid.

"I'm glad to meet you!" he roared, and one knew that he meant it. "You look peaked. Freida, is the food ready? Jerry is starved to death. Holly is starved to death. And, what's worse, I'm starved to death myself!" He turned to the children. "And I suppose you two are hungry again, too?"

Four bright blue eyes looked up at him and two gleaming heads nodded with restrained eagerness.

"All right, pull up!"

"Jerry teaches Latin for a living," Holly told her brother.

"I don't care what he does for a living," he shouted back at her. "I used to paint portraits of fat women for a living, but, nevertheless, I am an artist. I am not mistaken. He is an artist." He returned his gaze to Jerry. "Let me see your hands, Jerry!"

Jerry dropped his knife and fork and held up the members in question. Donald examined them critically, turning them over and feeling the skin along the fingers.

"I can see that you are an artist. But at what?"

Jerry felt thoroughly uncomfortable, as though he had been caught in forgery or impersonating an officer. "Well," he explained weakly, "I—I don't suppose you'd really call it an art. All I do is fiddle around with a camera."

"It is an art. When it is well done, it is an art! There, Holly, I told you I was not mistaken!"

But Holly was staring wide-eyed at Jerry. "And that brings me back to my idea!"

Jerry wondered suspiciously what was coming next, but Donald prevented him from finding out by cutting in ruthlessly with a question.

"You saw Tony off this morning, Holly?"

"I did." Holly sounded a little on the defensive.

"You told him what I said?"

"I did. I told him you would never forgive him or speak to him again, as long as he lived. Deserting us at the last minute like that!"

Jerry pricked up his ears. So it was a man she had been looking so sad about on the dock that morning.

"I knew you would!" Donald told his sister scathingly. "You have no sense at all! I had to send him a radiogram telling him whatever you said was a lie. We should be proud of Tony. The Allenby Prize is big stuff!"

So this Tony guy won prizes. He would! Jerry thought of him as a large, cocksure sort of chap with a glitter in his eye. And Holly had looked so sad that morning that he thought it quite probable that she had promised to wait for her Tony until he came back from the year in Europe that the Allenby Prize gave him.

But Holly was speaking angrily to her brother:

"You would! He walks out on us at the last possible second, when it's almost

(*Continued on page* 48)

Manila Merry-Go-Round

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

That clop-clop-clop you hear is the anthem of Manila, the incessant beating of pony hoofs. Come closer and you'll see a city caught between ancient and modern times, caught too between the Orient and the West. A desperate situation? Not to Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez and their eight children. Life is neither complicated nor dull. Much is happening—and there's always tomorrow

THE baby, Engracia, stirred first and rubbed bronzed chubby fists into her black eyes. She and the next two children, Eulogio and Lucila, slept packed into a wooden crib, almost naked. The roof was low, because they lived in the *entresuelo*, or ground floor, of the shack, and to make room for all of the family this had been divided horizontally, making a sort of mezzanine floor, on which slept Jose and Josefina, the twins, with Floriencio and Isabelo and Roberta, who had been named after the American schoolteacher, Mr. Roberts, his godfather. Mr. Roberts always gave Roberta half a peso when he visited the family, which showed he was a man of good spirit.

Mrs. Ramirez, mother of the eight, slipped from her bed which, instead of springs, had a sort of split-bamboo woven-work covered with a blanket. She leaned over and shook her husband, Santiago, by the bare shoulder. He rose and stumbled out through the low doorless doorway to slosh water from the faucet over his head. One of the boys, clad only in a thin calico *camisa*, brought wood from the pile and kindled a fire in the tiny wood stove. Mrs. Ramirez, twisting her straight black hair into a knot at the nape of her neck, pushed the rice pot over the fire.

The heat haze of morning hung over the Tondo district of Manila, in the Philippines. A creaking cart drawn by a bumbling, wide-horned carabao rolled slowly down the unpaved street, nearly upsetting as the beast swung the off wheel onto the edge of the foot-deep, concrete gutter the Americans had built to carry off the flood water of the rains when the whole district was a shallow lake and babies sometimes got drowned. Out on the avenida two blocks away the tiny hoofs of the *carromata* ponies clip-clopped in the quickstep that is the anthem of Manila, where all day and half the night 20,000 hoofs beat time on the asphalt—trot, canter and gallop.

Mrs. Ramirez broiled four small lapu-lapu fish and opened a can of condensed milk for Baby Engracia. Only recently had such milk been possible every morning. The American can cost 20 centavos, but now the Japanese had come in with a can exactly the same, even to the label, and costing but ten centavos. It was the same with everything. The Japanese copied the things for which the Americans charged high, and sold them for half price. It was true, the Japanese things did not last as long, but. . . . She shrugged her shoulders and turned to her husband.

"We must pay 75 pesos on the home in August, Santiago," she reminded him. "Then we shall owe but 600 pesos and it will be our own."

To build the home, they had borrowed 500 pesos—$250—from the bank owned by the church, promising to pay back 75 pesos a year for ten years. To the landlord they paid rent, for their 15 x 45 lot, of ten pesos a month. The city taxed their home 26 pesos a year. This is a total of 221 pesos, earmarked each year. Remember that figure while we look at the house.

It is a better house than most of the old nipa shacks near by, because the city will not allow new nipa shacks to be put up—partly because they harbor insects and partly because of the fire hazard. You cannot crowd together homes built of the dry fiber of a palm tree, fastened loosely over bamboo framework, and expect an insurance company to accept it as a risk. If one home burns, they all go. In Manila, you may repair a nipa shack, but not build a new one. Some of the old shacks crumble to almost the bare uprights before they are "repaired."

The House That Ramirez Built

Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez had built the place themselves, hiring just the two men who put up the concrete posts for the four corners. The place was nine feet wide in front—three meters, Manila measurement—and fifteen feet deep. On the outside, a stairway ran up to the floor. From this floor rose the walls, of thin unpainted boards and wide openings. On sills slid the shell-paned shutters that do duty for windows in the islands, where glass is almost unknown as window material. Instead, translucent shells are set in tiny squares, two inches either way, and built into any size shutter needed.

Underneath each window opening, between sill and floor, was another shutter which, when you slid it open, revealed iron grille work, through which the breeze, when there was any, could pour across the lower part of the room. The room itself was bare, except for one small electric globe dangling by a cord from the woven split bamboo that formed the ceiling and covered the wallboards—in defiance of all laws, which forbade double walls in a home because, centuries ago, plague, spread by the rats that infested the walls, started and ran riot.

The *entresuelo* had never been meant to live in and when Mr. Ramirez finished putting on the galvanized iron roof, it was open to the four winds, its sturdy posts set deeply against the floods that would come with the rains. For a month, the parents and their nine children had lived in the room, grandly, and three tikis—the insect-catching lizards that inhabit every Filipino dwelling—had made themselves at home. Then the youngest, little Gregorio, had died.

It had been a grand funeral, out to the Cemetario del Norte, with the tiny gray coffin lying so lonely in the middle of the great red and gold hearse drawn by four ponies with black plumes and long cloths reaching to the ground. They had paid one hundred pesos extra for a white man, in a gorgeous uniform and a great plumed helmet, to sit upon the box of the hearse, for this was considered a great honor to the dead. But when the funeral had been paid for, there was no more money in the savings account down at the *bureau de postes* and they were in debt to everyone.

Still, Baby Gregorio lay out in the *cemetario*, all grandly lit with colored lights, near the great gaudy mausoleums of the rich, and each November 1, Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez would go to the grave at eventide,

WIDE WORLD

A native home in the Philippines. In the foreground are two carabao, the Filipino draft animal

FILIPPINE FILMS

On location with a native motion-picture company at the filming of a Philippine thriller

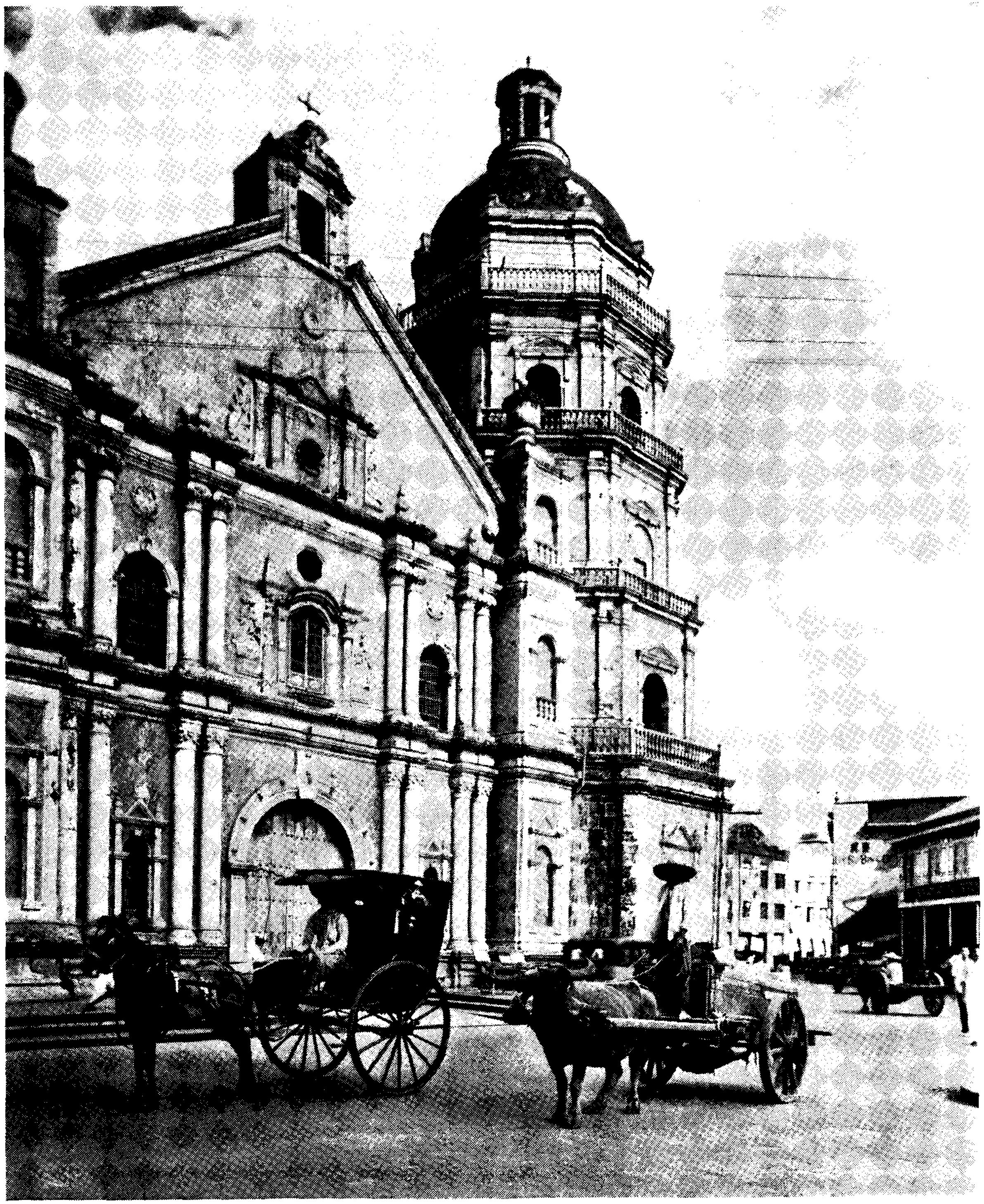


PHOTO FINISHING CORP., MANILA

Old-style means of transportation are still used in Philippine cities. In this Manila scene are a carromata and a carabao cart

with food and bedding, and pray and sleep there with the dead, as was the custom. It was right to honor the dead, even if one went broke, as the Americans said; it showed a person to be of a good spirit.

After the baby died, Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez sat down one night with a pencil and paper and figured it out under the one dim electric light. Santiago was a good workman, a carpenter and cabinetmaker, and when he worked he got three pesos a day, more than twice as much as the red-trousered street sweepers and half as much again as the hundreds of *cocheros* driving the *carromatas* clippety-clop over the asphalt streets.

An Unbalanced Budget in Tondo

But if Santiago worked twenty days a month he was lucky. He could count on but 60 pesos a month; perhaps seven hundred in a year. Now, if you remember, 221 pesos were earmarked for land rent, home payments and taxes—to say nothing of the electric light and the water from the brass faucet in the yard. Subtracting 221 from 700 leaves 479 pesos, which is less than $240 in gold.

This sum was all there was to feed and clothe ten people—and even in a country where living is cheap, $4.61 a week is not a great deal with which to do it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez solved the problem by doing what many of their neighbors did: Santiago, on a day he was not working, bought some cheap lumber from a Chinese concern and walled in the four concrete columns on which his home stood. Then he rented out the home to a clerk in the department of agriculture for 25 pesos a month and moved his family downstairs.

Mayor Posadas, riding through the district one day in his great car, saw what was happening to Santiago and thousands of his neighbors, and angrily denounced it in three English, six Chinese, two Japanese, three Tagalog, four Spanish and four Ilocano newspapers, but nothing ever came of it. A Hindu weekly also carried the denunciation, but the gods of Hind paid no attention, either.

Mr. Roberts, for whom Roberta, the baby, had been named, lived out in the Santa Mesa district, much as other Americans live in Manila. Santiago often worked for him, building additions to the house, putting in wardrobes and cupboards, doing the painting.

"They are just children, the Filipinos—delightful children," Mr. Roberts would tell the occasional tourist he hospitably took home for tea. And he would relate the story of Mrs. Roberts' grand dinner for the Episcopal bishop, years ago. His wife wished to do herself proud, and so impressed on her cook—a serious child of 34 who was in love with the 16-year-old amah—the necessity for piety and respect during the occasion. The cook would bake a special cake, with icing, to honor the bishop. The cook did. The houseboy, at the end of a solemn meal, soberly carried in the great cake, setting it before the reverend gentleman and turning it carefully so that the guest of honor might read the script,.in pink icing on white.

Mrs. Roberts, from the end of the table, read the inscription quite reverently placed on the cake by the cook. It read: "Hurrah for Jesus!"

Just children—and yet there was the undeniable fact that if you were rich you couldn't drive your own car. If you tried, you would find your tires slashed and your paint work scarred. You could stop this sort of thing at once, however, by hiring a Filipino chauffeur at 60 pesos a month and six pesos more for "chow money," which every servant got. And you couldn't, no matter how energetic you might feel, do your own shopping or your own housework. If you tried, every merchant did his best to make it expensive for you and mysterious things happened to your home, or the laundry you hung on the line disappeared and your groceries were never delivered.

So you soon discovered that most troubles vanished if you employed a houseboy and a cook and a laundry girl and an amah for the baby. The whole layout cost only about 140 pesos a month, including four handouts of "chow money," and the cook, doing your marketing, cut your bills in half—and still got his squeeze. So then you figured you were an old Philippines hand and could handle the natives like an expert.

This idea, however, disappeared in a few months, when your cook turned up one morning in a six-peso suit—that would have cost a white man nine pesos—and announced he was going on a trip to America. By means of some sleuthing, you would discover that the money came from his saved "chow money"—saved by eating *your* food—and from what might be termed expert marketing. He had charged you the regular market prices, but had bargained the meat man and the vegetable man and the Chinese grocer down a centavo here and another there until the nest egg was large enough—and you had, on your hands, the job of getting and breaking in a new cook.

But of course you couldn't be sore with such delightfully cute little children, with their black hair and great brown eyes and simple smiles—not even when Esperanza Honorata de Garcia, your pint-size laundry girl, chased Luis Francisco Rivera, the cook from next door, all over the lot with a four-foot knife, promising to cut out his black heart when she caught up with him.

Doughboys and Gobs for Reassurance

Sometimes, in the evening, while the lizards skittered across the fly screening and the boats hooted mournfully on the Pasig River, you read in the paper how Japanese beggars in Tokyo were posing as "stranded Filipinos," that being the sure-fire way to gain sympathy. This gave you an idea—and it was comforting to think about the doughboys out on Corregidor and the white-clad gobs scrambling ashore from the motor-sailers to dance all night at the Oriental or the Santa Ana. The gobs and the doughboys would be around for a few years yet—until independence attained full flower.

And maybe after that. . . . You couldn't tell.

You got to know the people—to realize how they usually understood maybe three words out of ten and guessed at the rest, with sometimes painful consequences. You grinned when, during an attempt to get a Sunday blue law going for the city, every councilman found himself stuck for a clean shirt one Sabbath morn—and wrote into the law an amendment that laundries were necessities and might work Sundays. And you found that, if you left him alone, your handyman would have the porch painted in pink and purple, with white stars, and string colored lights every which way in your garden—these being his ideas of making the place tony.

You discovered that, for all the equality talk, whites and Filipinos didn't intermarry much, and that each lost caste when it happened. Some of the old relics of Spanish war days, drowsing out the afternoons in saloons down in the Walled City, were married to Filipino women—but it wasn't done in the best social circles. Nor was there a great deal of mixing in society except at official gatherings. So you gradually found a few friends among the 2,000 Americans and stuck to them.

There were compensations, though. You signed chits for everything with a well, that's-paid-for feeling—until the end of the month. And you could buy lovely orchids for a few cents and fasten them to your trees, where they would bloom vividly. Food was cheap and good, but tropical fruits lacked a kick, and the warm-water fish would never tickle your palate as an Alaskan salmon would. And it was pleasant to live among people who looked up to you, and came running to serve you when you languidly clapped your hands or called for Feliciano or Consolacion or Generoso.

Well, after a time you learned how to live in the islands: how to get along without department stores and instead go skipping in and out of the shops along

(*Continued on page* 56)

Little Red Rooster

By Blake Cabot

When an American young man goes all the way to France to sign up a beautiful actress—you know the ending, don't you? Try this one, and see if you do

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

EXACTLY two weeks after Joe had pushed me onto the boat I was standing inside the Café des Plantons, watching the crowd drink twelve o'clock drinks, while I waited in ambush for Frances Ormsby to show up. I had checked at the Grand Hotel and she was there all right, but I didn't dare announce myself and give her another chance to run out on me. At the hotel they had assured me that Miss Ormsby invariably dropped in at the Plantons before lunch. So I was waiting to spring out and at least get in a few words to the point.

Few would deny that Joe Berenson was one of Broadway's brightest young producers and it was, usually, a pleasure to work for him. But this job he had forced on me of playing hide and seek across France to get an actress to sign at the bottom of a contract was something more than a headache.

The only good part of it was the scenery and that, considering what I had seen of St. Pierre, was more than fair. There was a fine little harbor with water just as blue as the Mediterranean is supposed to be, a white sand beach dotted with bathing cabins. I had never before this been any nearer to Europe than Sutton Place and St. Pierre was filled, for me, with romance. If I could have forgotten for a couple of minutes that Joe was going to fire me if I let him down on this Ormsby assignment, I would have been gay like a lark.

As I sipped my beer a steady procession went by on the street beyond the terrace, a procession of mules laden with cork bark from the Pyrenees, fishermen in striped jerseys, every now and then a hunter with enormous gray and white hares tied to his belt. Yes, it was pretty, and I loved it, but I was just wondering whether I'd made a wrong move again when Frances Ormsby drifted up to a table, followed by a girl with a freckled face and very blue eyes. I drew a deep breath and went outside.

She started to get up but then she seemed to think that was silly so she just laughed a gurgling laugh, as though it were all a delightful surprise.

"Why, Mr. Manson," she said gayly, extending a slim hand. "I thought I'd lost you in Paris."

"So did I." I drew up a chair without any feeling of confidence. "When you just didn't appear at the Ritz for our date. But your concierge was helpful."

"You really can't trust the French, can you?" She was not showing any of the embarrassment I had hoped for. "I gave him hundreds of francs not to tell anyone where my luggage was being sent."

"With the hundreds of francs I gave him to tell," I said, "the concierge did very nicely."

She just sat there smiling, and there was no doubt that Frances Ormsby was beautiful. I could understand perfectly well why the critics had given her rave notices after her performance in Moonstruck, because the girl was something more than breath-taking to look at. "Animal magnetism," Joe called it. What I know is that she could act, she could take your emotions and twist them around until they hurt. I will have to confess that this did not seem the worst fate in the world.

She suddenly remembered that she had forgotten something and she said, "This is Winkie Hale, Mr. Manson. We're traveling together."

Winkie Hale grinned. She had a snub nose and reddish hair that was braided and coiled around her head. She made a good foil for Ormsby's pale blond coloring. It is possible that Ormsby was aware of this.

"IT'S all right," I said, getting at the kernel of things. "I have no great objection to making a *tour de France,* but Joe is restive. He can't understand why I didn't sign you up in Paris."

"But, Mr. Manson—" Her eyes were wide and innocent. "I've told you. That part Berenson is offering is all wrong for me. It's unsympathetic."

Joe and I had dreamed about Ormsby in the part of Molly Brent. In our minds we'd seen her play every scene, read every line of Molly Brent's. I knew we were right, and I had plenty of arguments. I gave them to her. She was still smiling when I had finished and then Winkie Hale, who had been listening to all this with very apparent irritation, had something to say.

"You're being mean, Frances." With her blue eyes filled with determination, she was really as cute as pie. "I think you ought to tell Mr. Manson why you won't take the part."

"But I have, Winkie."

"All right," Winkie said impatiently. "I'll tell him. You see, Frances has been offered a long-term Hollywood contract. She's made up her mind to go out to the coast in the fall."

"Oh," I said, feeling as though a mule had kicked my solar plexus. "The hobgoblins again." Such things had happened before. Every time Joe thought he had a cast all lined up he would find at the last minute that the movies had swallowed up a star player, or that the lead he wanted was tied up for pictures. It was sickening. But I ordered another Bock, and began all over again.

"You're crazy," I told Ormsby, who was staring reproachfully at Winkie Hale. "You've had two seasons on Broadway, one real hit last winter. You're at the beginning of your career. Go out to Hollywood on a long contract and they play you in bits, or in bad pictures, and in a couple of years they'll drop your option and then where will you be? You'll be forgotten in New York. What you ought to do is capitalize on your last season on Broadway."

"You'd say that anyway." She was so beautiful, and so stubborn, I wanted to hit her right in the eye. "Because you want me in your play."

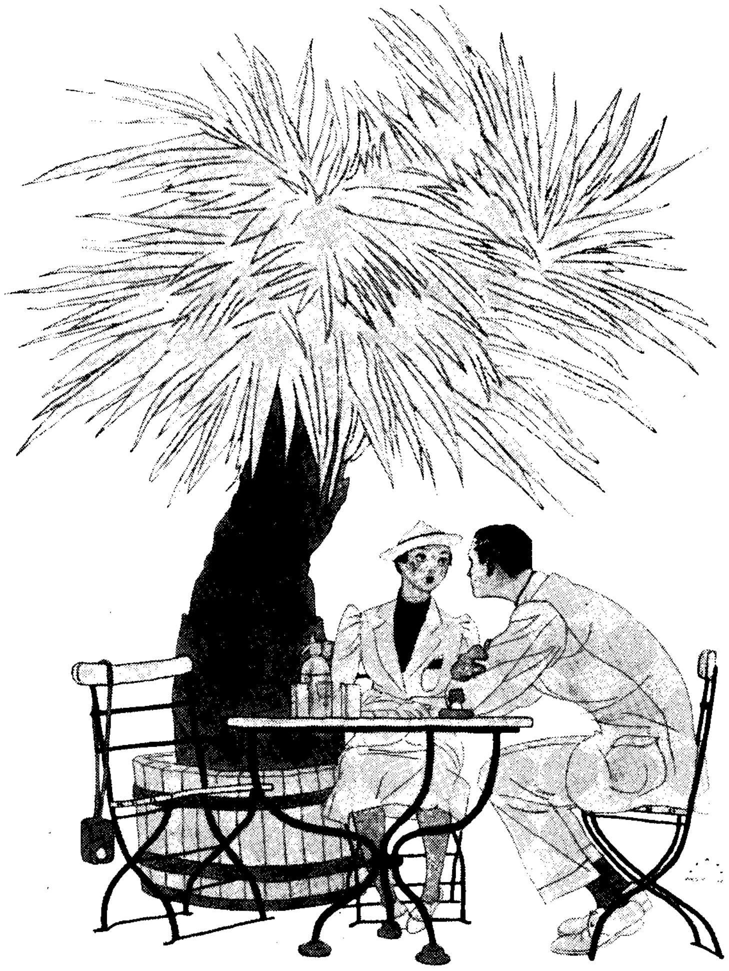
"Not my play," I said desperately. "Joe Berenson's play. I'm just one of his hired men. Joe's nuts to have you in Three Nights."

And all the time I was talking Frances Ormsby was drowning me with warmth and charm, and I couldn't keep from falling for it. I wanted to hang onto my job, but I had a feeling that it would be a fine and wonderful thing to have this girl around the office, watching her rehearse and work in a play that I would, after all, have something to do with.

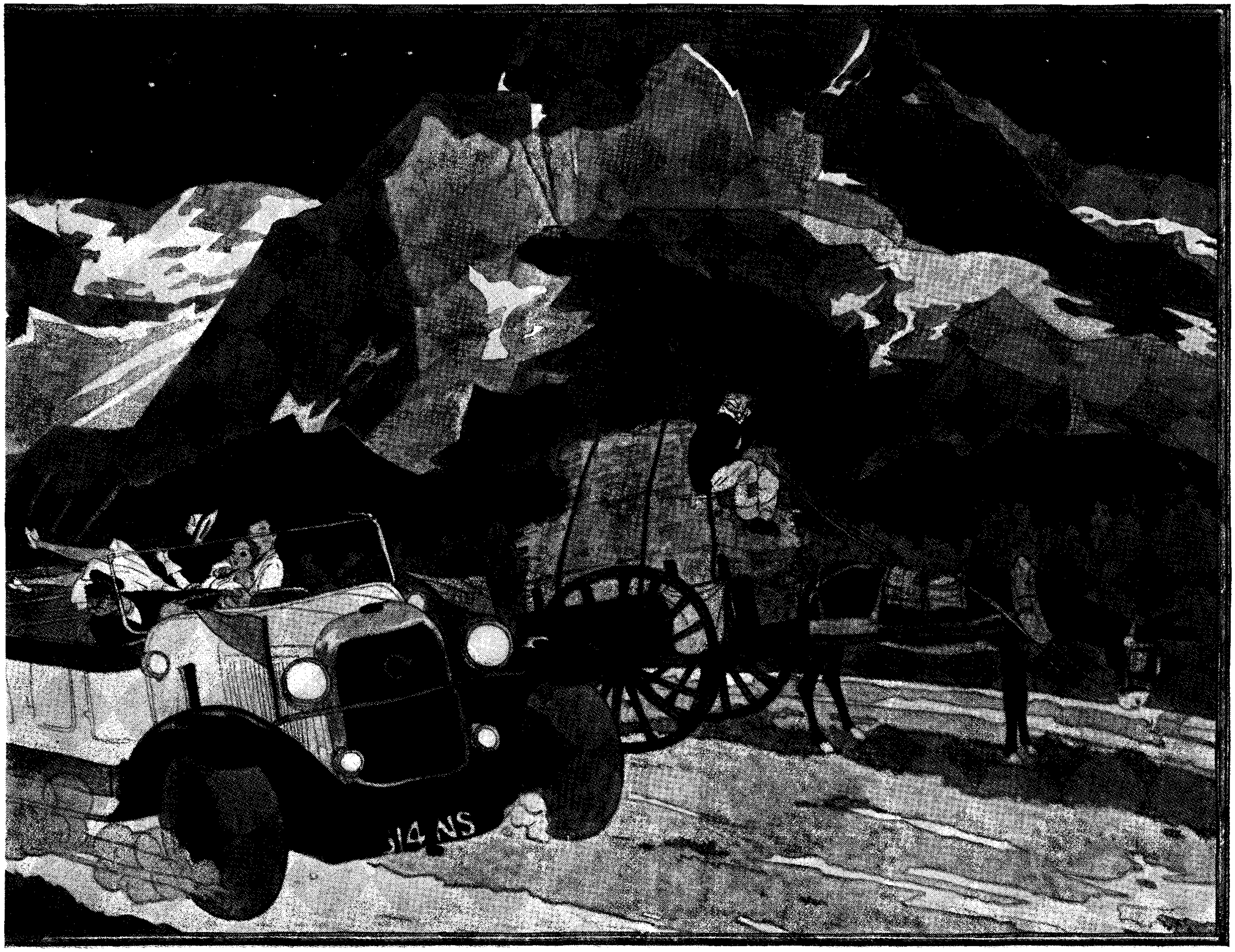
"AND how about screen tests?" I asked her, mentally tightening my belt. "I don't care who you are, if you don't screen well, then you're no good for pictures."

"But, Mr. Manson—" She waved a fingertip at me that was the color of fresh blood. "I'm not taking any screen tests. Mr. Sneddon has promised me that it won't, in my case, be necessary. But anyway, that Molly Brent part is all wrong for me."

"It's all right for you," I insisted. But



"Winkie darling," I said very firmly, "this is a beautiful and romantic spot, isn't it?"



I will not venture to guess how fast we went, because it would not be believed

I was getting dizzy again. I knew how those salmon that swim upstream in the newsreels must feel. There was no use in trying to make headway against this kind of logic, but I didn't have enough sense to stop. Winkie Hale, who probably knew better than I what I was up against, shook her head. "The part of Molly Brent," I pointed out, "has maturity, tremendous dramatic—"

"It's not sympathetic," she murmured.

"And five hundred a week is money," I said, pounding on the table. I heard later that I was beginning to attract attention, but at that moment I was just concentrating on the matter at hand. "With three per cent of the gross over fifteen thousand. We'll do eighteen thousand a week."

"There's really no use," Winkie said, introducing a note of sanity I should have welcomed. "I know Frances."

"Winkie is right." Ormsby turned the power on me. "I simply can't play in Three Nights. I'm sorry."

"All right." I tossed twenty francs on the table. "But Joe said to me, 'bring her back alive, Philip.' And that's what I'm going to do."

I SENT a cable to Joe telling him things were shaping up, which was more or less along the lines of truth, and then I took a walk because I needed time to think. I quickly dismissed the idea of cabling Joe that Frances Ormsby was, in my judgment, wrong for the part. Joe was what you might call stubborn, and he knew just as well as I that his ten years in the theater, as against my two, gave him the edge. . . . He might get the idea I was trying to crawl out of an assignment. He had sent a script of Three Nights to Ormsby's boat, and he'd telephoned her in Paris, and then he'd sent me. Everything was cast except the lead, and there was no one who could play that, for him, but Ormsby.

The road was dusty and quiet, gently rising toward the foothills of the Pyrenees which stretched up sharp and rock-scarred everywhere I looked. There were dusty-leaved olive trees beside the road, and then a grove of almond trees. I picked an almond and ate it and while it didn't taste very good, it gave me a feeling of magic because until then I'd never eaten anything more exotic growing on a tree than a pippin, or a crab apple. Pretty soon there was nothing but vineyards, terraced with little stone walls, and I hated to turn back, because it was so peaceful.

After I got back to St. Pierre, I had dinner and wandered over to a huge white building which had a gold sign over the door saying, HIGH LIFE CASINO. The casino was going full blast. The inside was all made of shiny white icing, and there were hundreds of gold and crystal chandeliers, and a red carpet and a dance floor, and boule tables and a bar. When I went over to the boule table I found Winkie and Ormsby tossing away a few francs.

"This is Mr. Sneddon," Ormsby admitted, introducing me to a tall, dark-haired guy who was standing beside her. She had her hand under his arm, standing close to him. I bowed, and she said, "Mr. Sneddon represents Peerless Pictures. You and he should know each other."

I WON'T say I liked his face, which was long and thin, but that may be because I didn't like the way Ormsby looked at him. He was handsome, all right, if you like beauty in men. And I couldn't blame her, altogether. Sneddon was offering her fame and fortune, the way she saw it. He was rubbing an Aladdin's lamp for her that made mine look like a little tin pot. But, anyway, there was something I wanted to ask him.

"I'll buy you a drink, Sneddon," I offered. "While the girls are going through their pocket money."

"Well," he hesitated, not hiding the fact that he wanted to have nothing to do with me.

"Go ahead," Ormsby cooed, giving him a little push. "You don't have to be enemies, just because you're business rivals."

I ordered the double Scotch he wanted and took a champagne cocktail for myself.

"What bothers me," I said agreeably, "aside from a couple of other matters, is how you can put Ormsby under contract without a clause contingent on screen tests."

"You keep on your side of the fence," he said sourly. "And I'll keep on mine." In a white monkey jacket he really was very pretty.

"It's a new one on me," I said. "But then, Hollywood is a screwy place. What gave you the idea, Sneddon? The job Ormsby did in Moonstruck?"

"I didn't see Moonstruck." He scowled down at me. He could do this easily because he was well over six feet, which is inches taller than I. "I was on the coast during the play's run. Solomon sent me over."

I started to make a slightly bitter remark on what I thought of Solomon's tactics, which were notorious, but Sneddon, who had finished his drink, turned his back. So I went to the boule table and slipped in between the girls.

"This is my lucky night," I said, and tossed a hundred francs on number seven. The ball dropped into zero and I said to Winkie, "See, what did I tell you? How about a stroll on the porch?"

We wandered through a hallway to a porch which ran along the harbor side of the casino. It was dark and still, with the faintest sound of waves swishing against the beach not a hundred feet

(Continued on page 57)

Hand in Glove

By Quentin Reynolds

For years boxing critics have been predicting that Tony Canzoneri can't last much longer in the ring. Tony has answered each prediction by winning another important bout and he's still lightweight king

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Tony Canzoneri, world's lightweight boxing champion

THERE is a quiet ecstasy about the feel of old shoes, the smoke in a well-colored meerschaum pipe, a slow drink from a cobwebbed bottle, and it's somehow the same when Tony Canzoneri comes through the ropes with his hands dressed in fighting leather."

Walter Stewart, who writes about fights and fighters so much better than the fights and fighters usually deserve, penned that about Canzoneri and he put into words what many of us have always felt about the little lightweight champion of the world. Canzoneri is a gallant little man who carries across his face the blunt tracery of honorable scars acquired in the exercise of a profession to which he brought an honesty and dignity not usually associated with the tawdry business of leather-throwing.

If these introductory remarks would seem to hint that I am possessed of an unbounded admiration for Tony Canzoneri, it might be well to add quickly that I am highly prejudiced in his favor. I know him and I have seen him fight. Anyone who knows Tony and who has seen him fight is bound to be prejudiced in his favor. Let me also add that I am not on the Canzoneri pay roll and in fact the only thing Tony ever offered me was a glass of very red barberone which was made by his father. It was very nice wine too.

Today, Tony at twenty-seven is in the twilight of his career and it won't be long before he will be hanging up those leather mittens in his barn at Marlborough, which is far up the Hudson from New York, and then Tony will grin at them and pat them tenderly and say, "We've both earned a rest." But that day may be postponed for some time, which brings us of course to the night a group of us were holding up Jack Dempsey's bar and talking of this and that but mostly of Tony Canzoneri. Tony was due to fight Lou Ambers, the Herkimer Hurricane.

"Ambers is a good, strong young fellow," someone said. "I figure he'll knock Tony off in a couple of rounds."

"Has any good, strong young fellow ever knocked Tony off in a couple of rounds?" a voice broke in. The voice was owned by Gus Wilson, a fight manager favorably known in cauliflower circles. "For several years I have been hearing that some good, strong young fellow is due to knock Tony off in a couple of rounds, but so far I have not seen it done. Not long ago I managed a good, strong young fellow named Jack Gnouley. He was going great guns, too, and then I matched him with Canzoneri."

"What happened?" a stooge asked, taking advantage of the bartender's lack of attention to snatch a bit of free lunch.

"Tony made my good, strong young fellow look silly," Gus Wilson said gloomily.

"But that was a year ago. Tony is older now," the stooge said, blowing the foam off his beer.

"A couple of months ago I had another good, strong young fellow," Wilson went on. "He was so strong he could have spotted Popeye two pounds of spinach and knocked him out. I brought him to the St. Nick to fight Tony. They were telling me that Tony looked very bad in training, that bantamweights were slapping him around. I felt very confident and, in fact, I ordered myself a new suit of clothes."

"So what happened?" the stooge asked, dipping into the pretzel bowl.

"So I haven't paid for that suit yet," Gus Wilson told us. "This time Tony knocked my pay check right into the

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Meals à la Cart

People are forever going places in auto trailers, and naturally they must eat. Stop at restaurants? It's much more fun to carry your kitchen along

By Ruth Carson

THE scene: A parking lot on West Forty-first Street, New York. The time: Midnight. The occasion: After-theater supper in the trailer wagon of Mr. and Mrs. Leonide Massine—the Russian Ballet Massine. Suddenly an old lady peers in the window. "Hst!" she says, "Let me tell you, if you want a good meal, go to a restaurant. That's the way we do in New York." Vanish the old lady.

Startled from their feast of caviar and lobster and sundry delicacies, the Massines set to again with undiminished gusto. For they know New York, and Paris and London too, and Miami and Rochester and Kansas City and Monte Carlo and a hundred other cities, the Russian Ballet being accustomed to prolonged engagements and one-night stands almost anywhere. Hence their trailer wagon. For the good Russian food that comes out of its four-by-four galley tastes better to them than the finest feast of the most de luxe establishment in the world, not to mention the hand-outs at station stops. So they take their kitchen and their cook with them wherever they go.

As increasing thousands of people are doing, for one good reason or another, they want to see the world, they want a vacation, they want to cut down expenses, they want to be carefree, they want to fish in the winter and go north in the summer. They have gypsy blood and like to wander—one night beside a mountain stream, the next on a woodsy lot, a week on a hard-packed sandy beach, with the white-capped waves, gulls and sandpipers their only neighbors. They are tired of the same old three meals, the same old place each day—so they pull up at the beach and cook swordfish fresh from the sea off Montauk Point, breakfast in a meadow on fresh scrambled eggs, creamy milk and berries with the dew still on them. Then they pick up their kitchen and set out to cook chicken à la Maryland on its home grounds, and to grill fresh-water bass, sparkling from Lake Michigan.

Young people are doing it, and older people who like the variety and ease of trailer life; people like the Massines, whose work keeps them moving, have seized on this means of taking their homes with them—all to the point that a housing show in New York last spring included trailer wagons among the exhibits. Business is even carried on in them, with itinerant salesmen offering their services or wares.

Corresponding to this movement on land is a rush to the water, with power boats and sailboats and houseboats bobbing up everywhere. Again the urge to get away, to go places and see things, to solve vacations and week ends, to have a hobby you can actually ride.

Independent travel of this sort has increased so enormously that the Automobile Association now declares there are over half a million trailers on the road, and veteran amateur sailors who were used to having the nearby waters to themselves are looking askance out of one eye and training their binoculars on mid-ocean with the other.

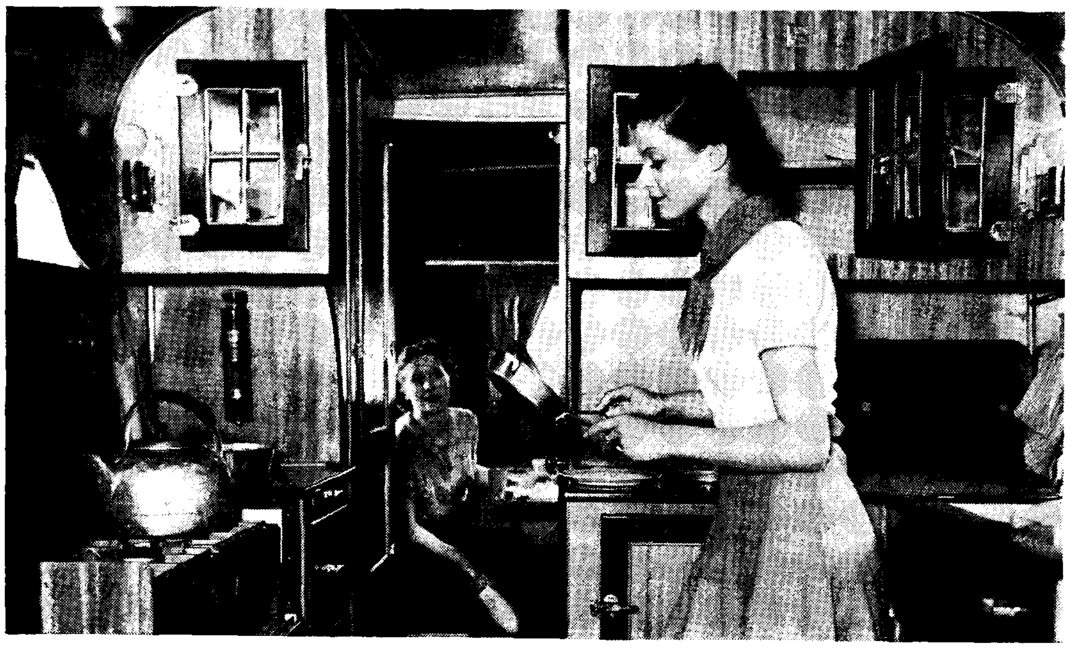
But the joys of moving your house into the wilderness or setting it on the bounding wave are short-lived if the culinary department doesn't live up to its

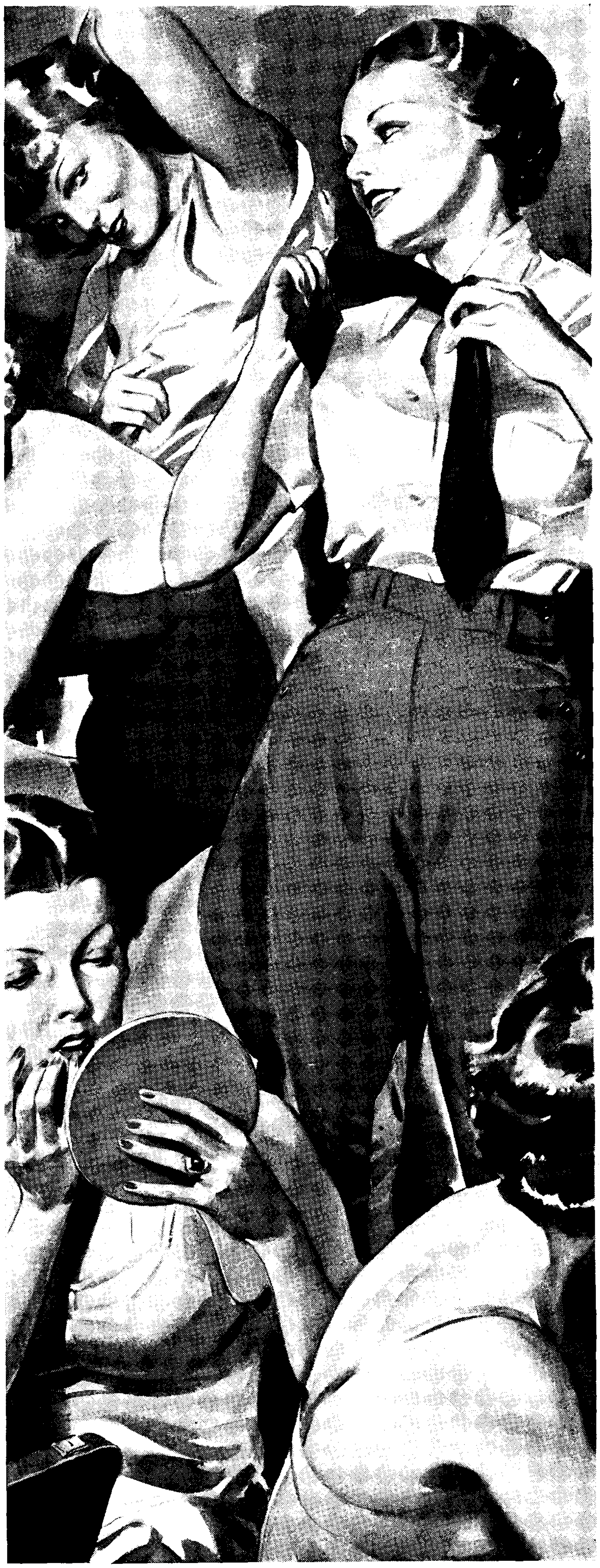
(*Continued on page 62*)

With a house on wheels you can pick up and go wherever you like—to the beach, to the woods with all the comforts of home and plenty of [illegible]

[illegible] THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

But be sure the culinary department comes up to its possibilities. These two young ladies [illegible] large plans for their small but efficient galley





She said, "Well, I may have been in larger places but not to pose"

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

BEAUTIFUL Celia Landis' experience as a trained nurse in New York City ends when the husband of a patient, Mrs. Carleton Daklin, falls in love with her. Thanks to the help of Carleton Daklin, who is head of a great advertising agency—she becomes a professional model. And her face, glorifying scores of advertisements, soon becomes famous.

A young physician, Anthony Starr, is in love with her. He knows her for what she is: a sweet, lovely girl. But he cannot quite close his ears to the gossips who, seeing her with Daklin often, say scandalous things of her.

One evening, two musicians—René LeMarr and Pietro Gallo, close friends—give an impromptu concert in LeMarr's apartment which is just below that occupied by Celia and Betty Yandell, another well-known model. Celia and Jane Leeds, a giddy debutante, are alone with the two men when Gallo, who is interested in Jane, although he has a wife, suddenly becomes furiously jealous of LeMarr—and stabs him.

LeMarr is not seriously wounded: but a newspaper scandal ensues, just as Celia is on the verge of accepting an offer from a great hospital, which requests her to become its operating-room's chief nurse. She does not get the position—the offer is coldly withdrawn. That evening, as she and Daklin return to her apartment, after dining together, Pietro Gallo's wife tries to shoot her with a revolver. Daklin saves her life, but in so doing is slightly wounded in the arm. A physician is needed—someone who can be trusted to remain silent in order that scandal may be avoided. And Celia sends for—Doctor Anthony Starr!

When Starr leaves, Celia wonders if she will ever see him again.

IX

IN THE morning Janet Daklin went into her husband's room. His arm was troublesome and he had decided not to go to the office. He sat by a window in his brocade gown, a breakfast tray at his side. He looked up in surprise when he saw Janet. It was a most irregular proceeding, her coming to his room like this—it had been so long since she had been there.

She was standing by the door, dressed in tweeds. She made even tweeds seem soft and gracious and somehow this morning she looked quick and gay and young.

She said, "Good morning, Carlie. I've worried—a little—about your arm. You looked so tired last night. How are you?"

"Never better." Now what was this? He waited, on his guard.

"You've been going too hard." She was looking around his room, she who was a stranger there. Then she turned her glance to him once more. Her face looked kind. "I am glad you are resting today. Have you called Kallock?"

"Yes. He's running in in a few minutes, to change the dressing."

She said, "Of course it wasn't just an accident, Carlie. I understand that. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thanks, my dear." Above his coffee cup he regarded her. "As a matter of fact," he said, "there's no mystery about the arm. It was an aftermath of that Gallo affair. His wife went after Celia Landis with a gun and I got in the way of it."

Again, gently, she was looking into his face. "What are you doing, now, to protect Miss Landis? Is there any reason to suppose Mrs. Gallo will not carry on?"

He told her about that, and she nodded absent-mindedly. One need never worry about such matters where Carlie was concerned. He arranged things always.

She said: "I'm running down to Shadowlawn. Everything is ready for the summer but the new gardener is tiresome. I can't think why he must see me about the roses but he insists he must."

"Perhaps you would prefer to go tomorrow? One of our photographers is taking a bunch of models down this afternoon to do some outdoor scenes. You won't like that. They'll be all over the place."

He was looking at her doubtfully. Somehow a curious idea was running up and down in his mind. It seemed to him that it wasn't Janet who was talking at all but some new Janet, or the old, old one who had taken her place. He put his coffee cup down thoughtfully, but her glance was frank as he looked back at her.

She said, "Will Miss Landis be there, do you think?"

"Yes, I expect she will. She poses for many of our accounts."

"Splendid. I'll give them all tea."

So commonplace. And still he was startled by something in her tone. Glancing up again, by her expression, too. Not because her face said much but that it said so little.

He said, "Are you taking Stevens?"

"No. I'm driving myself. In the open car." She looked out at the bright morning. "Such a lovely day," she sighed. She looked up at the sky, so blue, with great puffs of white clouds. "I should love," she said, "to fly back. Should you mind, Carlie?"

He threw up his hands, "I value that plane," he said. "Isn't one crack-up enough?"

SHE looked at him. She sighed. "I've no doubt it is." She turned to go. One of his gloves was lying on the table beside her and she picked it up as if unconsciously and smoothed it between her fingers. "About our conversation last night," she said. "I think we had better settle that. As soon as you feel better—"

In a daze of misery he watched her. "The sooner the better."

She looked up and smiled. Her eyes were unfathomable; they showed no sign of needing him so terribly.

"Goodby, Carlie," she said, still with that bright smile. She stood there a second longer. How enchanting this woman was, how—one felt it—disdainful of small things. And how unfulfilling. "I hope," she said, "that everything will be all right—with your arm."

He watched her go, wearing the bridal string of pearls. He did not see that she was carrying his glove. Carleton Daklin was unintelligent only about one thing in this world and that was Janet Daklin.

He was restless when Kallock had come and had dressed his arm, and he called up Celia. "When are you going down to Long Island?" he asked.

"At one o'clock."

"Is Betty going?"

"Everybody in United Models appears to be going. They say over there you must be staging a mob scene for these pictures."

He said, "Don't go with the others. Tell Betty I'll pick you two girls up and drive you down in my car."

"But should you do that? Your arm—"

"I don't expect to nurse this arm the rest of my life, and I need a little fresh air."

"All right," said Celia.

"Such enthusiasm, Celia!"

"Oh, that will be marvelous, Mr. Daklin!"

"That's better. See you later."

ABRUPTLY, as if she could bear no more conversation, she hung up. She said to Betty, "Did you know we are posing at the Daklins' country place?"

"No, I didn't know that. I knew we were going out to Long Island."

"Mr. Daklin wants to drive us down—you and me." Betty said that was all right by her. She was rolling up silk hose and piling them in neat little shining bundles in a stocking box. She seemed to have no other thought beyond her small task.

"I'm going out for a walk," said Celia after a minute.

"Run along." Cheerfully. Nothing they were saying that morning meant anything, really. They were merely talking to forget the strain of last night's emotion, and each would be glad to be rid of the other for a little while.

But when Celia had gone, Betty went to the telephone and called a number. When it answered she said, "This is Betty Yandell. I hope you won't think me too great a pest? . . . You got my note? . . . But you *must* believe it. Who would know better than I? . . . I wanted to tell you that we're going down to the Daklins' country place today to pose for some soap or something. . . . I thought you might like to know. . . . No, I suppose it doesn't interest you. But the place is Shadowlawn, near Smithtown. . . ."

She sat for a time after she had ceased speaking and gazed at the silent telephone. "A lot of good, that," she thought angrily, and tried to analyze the different kinds of moron she was. But when Celia came back Betty showed no sign of her irritation with herself. Betty, indeed, was too concerned by Celia's manner to remember herself. Celia was walking about this morning like someone who had fallen, broken and ill, and has, after a time, gathered herself together and gone on with unerring belief in her own futility. There was a kind of recklessness about Celia now, she was a pure well of heartsick frivolity.

Betty was glad when Daklin appeared. She could let them do the talking on the way down, she told herself, and proceeded as they drove towards the river to do so. It was her turn for a little peace, she who so recently had passed through the desperation of the Gallos. It was good to be on the way to work. Good to know that only Springtime Soap was important this afternoon, that McGregor and Celia and all of them would be giving their all to Soap, and that where McGregor and his camera were, no hysterical scenes would be there also.

THEY drove across the Queensboro Bridge and were on Long Island. May in Long Island. Green hedges, once you had got into the country, and flowers, and birds singing. Whispering trees in the long green lanes and a murmur beside you as if the grasses were talking. Dogwood petals dropping on you. . . .

"Something in the air today like Paris," said Daklin. He was not talking to Betty and he didn't pretend he was. But she looked at him sharply. Now, what was he up to?

Celia said to Betty, "Mr. Daklin may arrange to send me to Paris for a designer." She was listless about that. Her future looked black. Nothing to look forward to but fun, beautiful clothes, good times, ease, luxury.

Betty looked darkly at Daklin and then speculatively at her roommate. Something had happened to Celia lately. She was really beautiful now, not as she once had been, completely beautiful only at moments. The odd little curve around her mouth was deeper and she was thin in a fashionable way, this girl who wore clothes beautifully, whose eyes were expecting not much behind long lashes and whose face was unsmiling. Betty knew how it would be—all over the country readers of magazines would begin to copy that look of Celia's.

"Very nice," said Betty to that news about Paris. "That will be lovely—Paris." It sounded like a representation by one who is trying to make matters out better than they are.

They drove between white gates, between smooth lanes, to the white wings of the Daklin house. "You will want to make up," said Daklin. And a man showed them the way to a series of powder-rooms, down long cool halls, past a swimming pool and playroom. Betty looked around. She raised her brows at Celia. She said, "Well, I may have been in larger places than this but not to pose. Usually it's been for horse shows, first-run pictures or something of that sort."

"Good background for McGregor," said Celia, she who had been so impressed by the Daklin town house a few months ago. She could never, she thought, be impressed by anything again.

They went out on a terrace where McGregor was already setting up his camera. As Celia had told Daklin, nearly everybody seemed to be there. Pat Braddock and Jane Leeds and practically all the other star models. They posed amid horses and dogs, against swimming pools and under trees, and Daklin, who had, he said, come down to supervise, did not appear. Presently work was over and McGregor threw them his genial smile. "Who says we can't get the best outdoor scenes going?" he demanded and added that tea and things were waiting within.

He led them into a room arranged for a party. In the center was a long table decorated by silver pheasants and pond lilies in low crystal bowls and, most of all, by Janet Daklin, who stood beside it.

Celia looked at Mrs. Daklin and she stood very still to make sure of her sensations. And mainly that sensation was, she found, that she had no intention of being present in any house as Mrs. Daklin's guest. Janet looked up too and met her eyes and she smiled.

Celia acknowledged that smile but business was over and she had no need to remain. She said to McGregor, "I don't want anything to drink, and I'm not hungry. I'll go outside and wait for the rest of you on the terrace."

She found herself in a large, flower-filled hall and stood for a second wondering which of the several doors should be her means of escape. She started toward one of them but was arrested by a voice behind her.

"Miss Landis!"

SHE looked up and Janet Daklin was regarding her gravely, was moving toward her.

"I am glad to see you again, Miss Landis," said Janet Daklin, "and especially in this house. I am sorry that you won't stay."

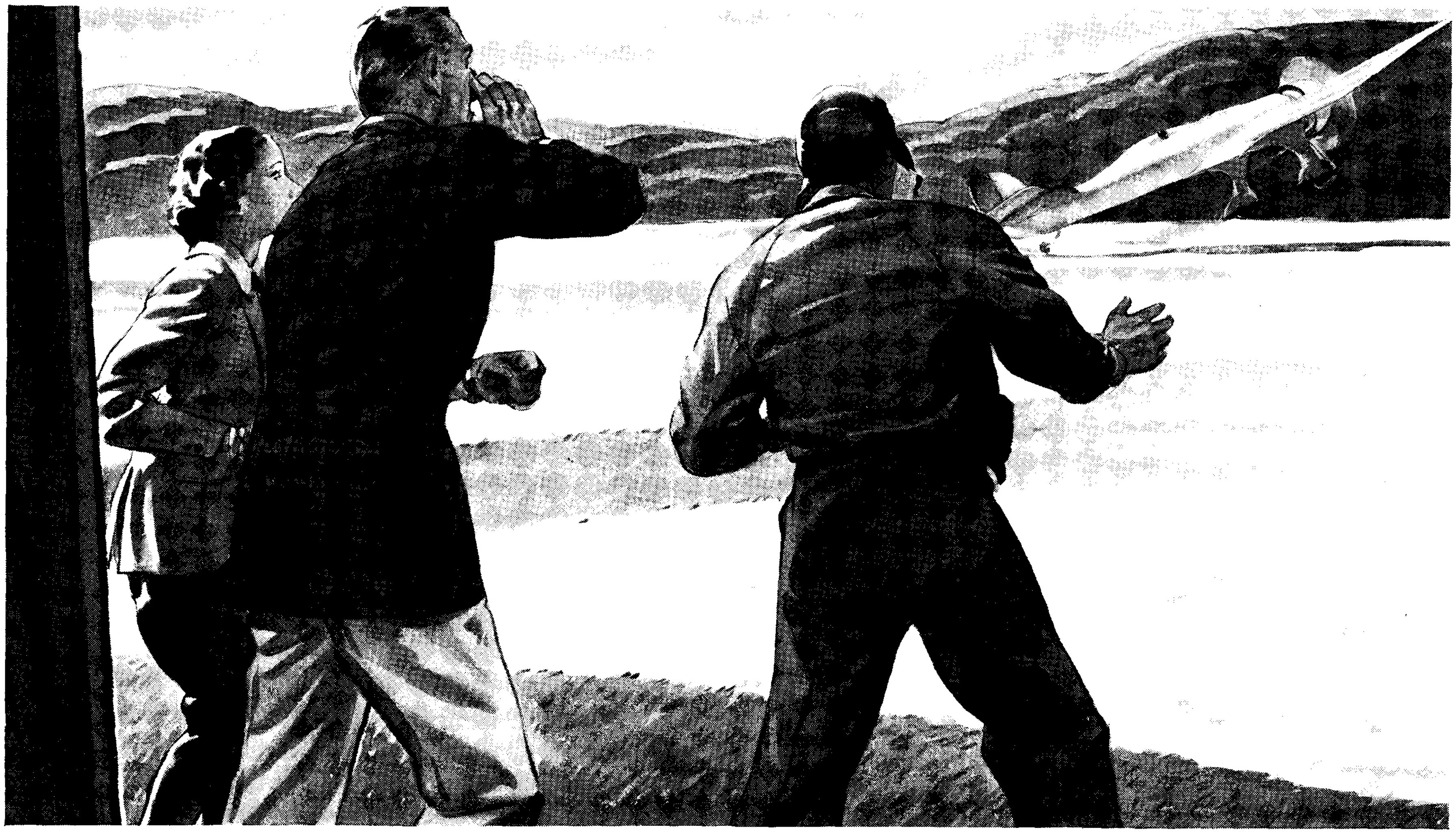
Celia said, "How do you do, Mrs. Daklin?"

Janet Daklin continued to look at her, still with that pleasant look. She said, "Apologies do not come easily to me, Miss Landis. Perhaps they do not to any of us. I think I have never apologized to anyone before. Perhaps I am not doing this very well. What I am trying to say is that I should not have let you go that day—you remember?"

"Yes," said Celia. She said, "Please, Mrs. Daklin—" She loathed apologies, they embarrassed her horribly. She was confused and she was conscious of a lump in her throat. Had this woman but given her a flicker of an eye Celia would have loved her. She did love her, she realized, searching her mind . . . she was on Janet Daklin's side.

Celia was honest. "You had every right to object to Mr. Braddock," she said. "You were annoyed and I don't

(*Continued on page* 52)

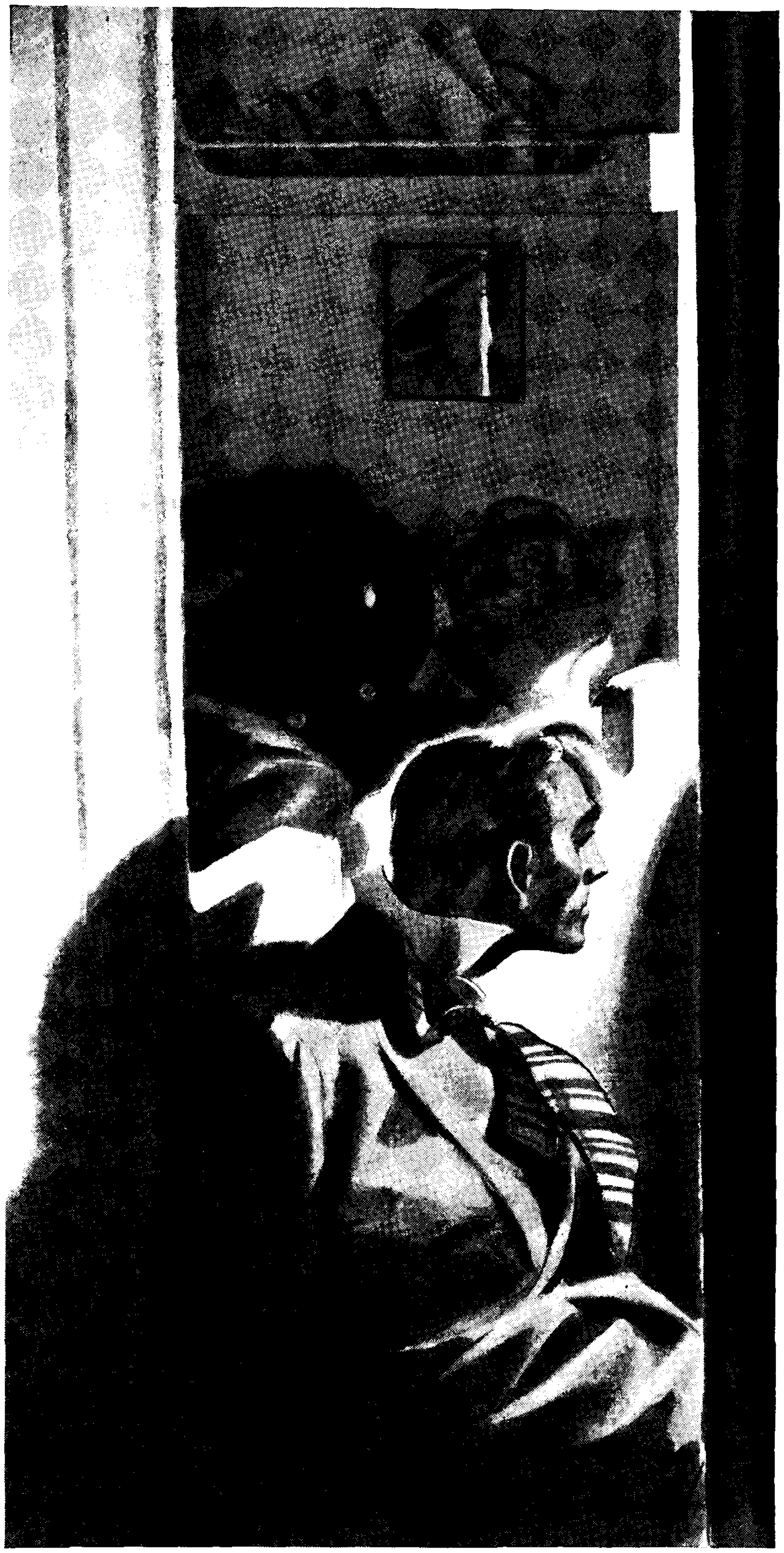


"Janet!" Daklin's voice was an agony rising in the still air. "Janet!"

Fog on the Bay

Natalie Marsh's father thought that the man she loved was too "sissified." He changed his mind

By Paul Deresco Augsburg



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

AT TWO o'clock this Saturday afternoon the transatlantic liner Navarre was moving warily through the sea mists thickening over Ambrose Channel.

At about the same hour the mail boat President set out from the postal pier in the Hudson to meet the Navarre at Quarantine. It was a routine trip down the bay. She would nose alongside when the liner had anchored, and a covered chute would be raised from her hatch to the towering foredeck of the Navarre, and through it some two thousand sacks of mail would be dropped aboard while the ship was waiting to pass the usual port inspection.

Likewise, at two o'clock on this day a man whose name was Herman Lueger—sometimes known as Herman the Otter—stood in a telephone booth at South Ferry and dialed the number of the Ship News Reporters Association. He could have walked there in just a minute; but Lueger, less than two months out of prison, preferred to handle the matter by wire.

"Say," he said, "I got a cutter pass for the Navarre. When's she due at Quarantine?"

Only a few minutes earlier the marine ticker in the Ship News office had stamped on a tape the laconic report: "Navarre, Sandy Hook, 1:40 P.M." The reporters were getting ready now to go aboard the Coast Guard boat which would take them and their cameramen, immigration inspectors and customs officials down the bay to meet the liner.

"You better step on it," Lueger was told. "The cutter's leaving in five, ten minutes."

"I'll be aboard," he nodded grimly.

Then he dialed another number.

IT WAS also at two o'clock this Saturday that a couple came out of a lunchroom in lower Broadway, not far from the offices where they worked. The fog had grown heavier while they were eating. Manhattan's soaring towers had vanished, wholly lost in the shrouding mists. An El train, crossing Battery Park, looked dim and spectral through the haze. The custom house was a dull, gray mass, and figures scurrying past its front were silent phantoms softened by fog.

"Come, little boy, I'll show you a tugboat."

He looked at her quickly. She was smiling. Her eyes were dancing lights in blue, and her mouth was a warm, disturbing frame for teeth which flashed at him like pearls, and her dark brown hair had got more curly just from being touched by the fog.

"Tugboat?" Then he blinked at the traffic.

"Not here, sonny. It's in the water. They have a rule in New York City: tugboats aren't allowed on the streets. In Venice it's different. Local customs. Here in New York—"

"What you talking about?"

The peal of her laugh was like the chimes in Trinity's spire. But it troubled Walter. At the age of eight he had taken apart his first alarm clock, A to izzard. At twelve he'd assembled some engine parts and made them purr like a well-fed cat. A small invention, five summers later, was patented for him and actually sold. At twenty-one—two years ago—he had graduated from Boston Tech.

Yet here was a girl who had him baffled. A *girl*, no more, and he couldn't solve her! Calculus didn't help him at all, nor any accepted laws of physics. A practical knowledge of tensile strengths, chemical formulas, metallurgy, thermodynamics, even of voltage—and Natalie had voltage—were useless to him.

OF COURSE he was hampered in one respect: he could not take her apart like a clock. Merely to kiss her was hard enough—and then she had laughed like a pealing chime! That was the trouble; she always laughed; Walter seemed to amuse her greatly.

"It's my father's tugboat," Natalie said. "He was going to tie up about two o'clock and— *Now*, then, what?"

For the youth at her side had taken her arm and was drawing her toward a window display. A replica of a famous liner occupied the center position. He studied it raptly from trucks to keel, from graceful stem to curving counter, bending down to peer at the screws, two to a side, on their tapering alleys.

There was a plaque which gave the dimensions. Walter clawed at his inside pocket and took out a well-worn leather case. He removed a slide rule from the case. Earnestly, then, he slid its edges.

"Well, Mr. Einstein?" Natalie smiled.

"Huh?"

"I'm dying to hear the score."

"The scale of that model," Walter announced, "is one to three hundred fifty."

"Gracious!"

He manipulated the rule again and then declared—a personal note which would surely please her: "If you were standing out on deck, you'd be eighteen hundredths of an inch high."

Sadly Natalie shook her head. "I can't help it if I'm a midget. How tall would *you* be, Empire State?"

"Me?" He slipped the slide rule quickly. "A decimal over twenty hundredths."

"My great big boy! Mother's so proud!"—and then the chimes pealed out on Broadway.

THEY sauntered down to Battery Place and turned their steps toward the water front. At the end of the street, between two piers, was a mooring place for tugs and scows. Four or five boats were tied to the dock, the ebb tide lapping against their hulls.

"Here we are—the Raritan. And there's my daddy guzzling coffee!"

They stepped from the dock to the larboard gunwale and Natalie's father lifted her down. He was a ruddy, stocky parent, with heavy shoulders and big, tough hands. He addressed her as "Sis" and his eyes, when he spoke, were smiling at her, fondly indulgent.

But when he greeted Walter they changed. In a glance they had weighed him, found him wanting. The young man's hand which he shook was small, nor had it the hard and callused feel of one who could batter his way to the top. His eyes were too mild and harmless-looking, his expression more like a boy's than a man's.

"Walter's come to play with the engine."

"Whazzat?" Barney Stolz, the engineer, popped his head from the galley door.

"Don't worry about it, Barney," said Natalie. "He talks your language. Show him and see."

The engineer beamed from her to Walter. Once he had been a welterweight fighter, lithe and sinewy, quick as a cat. Now he was plump and gray and placid, and greasy jumpers supplanted boxing trunks, and he viewed the world with calm good nature out of eyes which forever twinkled.

"What say your name is?"

"Walter Hanley."

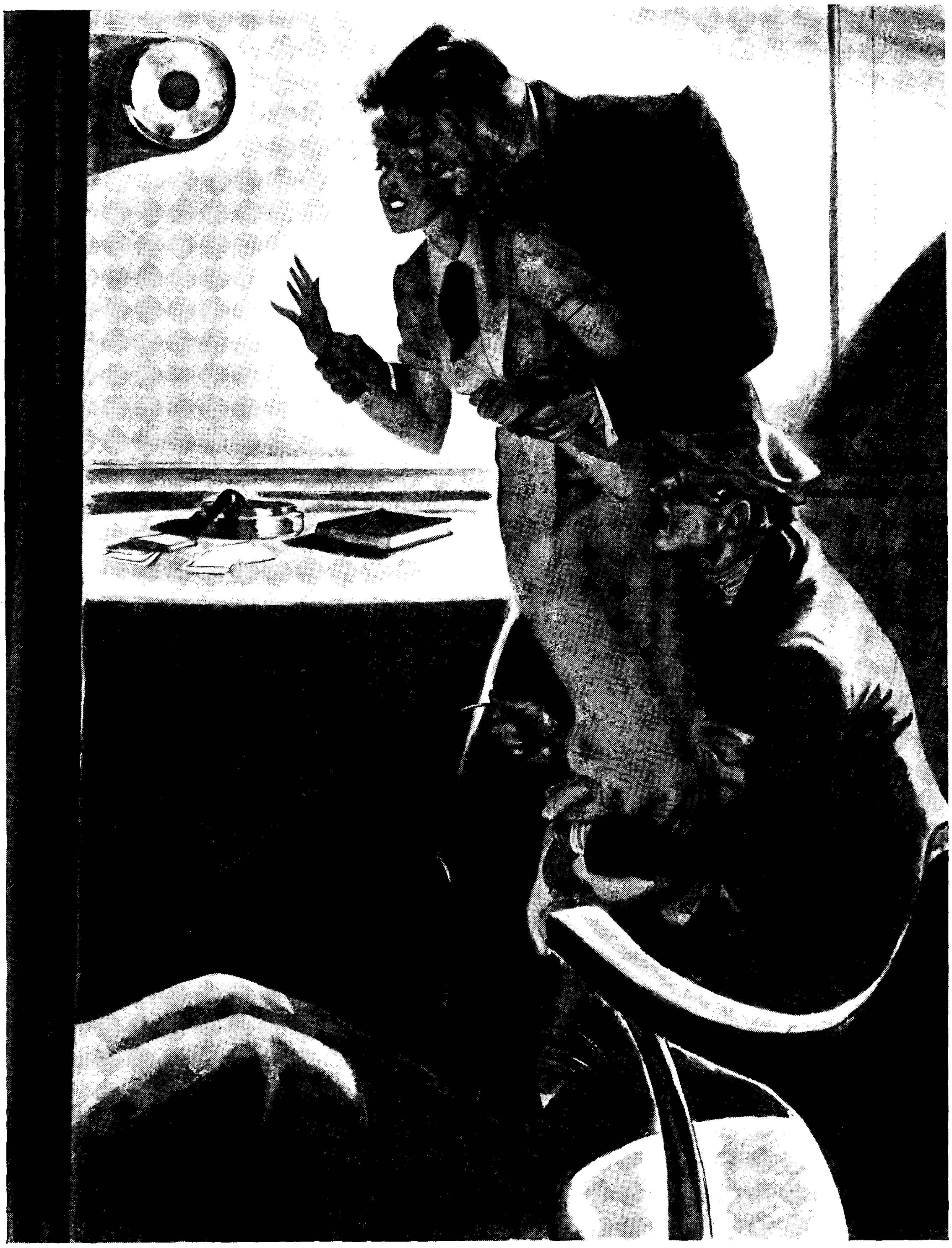
"Mine is Barney. Glad to know you."

"If he pulls a gadget out of his pocket," Natalie warned him, "don't be scared. He might even tell you how tall you'd be if you hadn't stunted your growth with that pipe."

Barney took the pipe from his mouth and placed a hand on the young man's arm. "Come on, Walter, let's beat it. The woman's talking way over my head."

They walked a few paces down the deck and then turned in at the engine-room door.

Natalie went ahead of her father up



"Let go of her," the captain flared, enraged as the man pressed a grinning cheek to hers

the steep iron steps to the bridge. It was a narrow, curving bridge which clung to the edge of the pilothouse and led on aft to the roof-like deck where the black stack reared its sooty head.

Directly behind the pilothouse and entered from it there was a cabin. Natalie settled herself on the bunk and wrinkled her nose at the tugboat captain.

"All right, what's the matter with him?"

"Looks sissified," her father grunted.

"Well, he's not," Natalie bridled. "You just don't know him. Walter's sweet."

"Sweet!" Now, there was an adjective for you! "Since when is a *man* supposed to be sweet? Getting along in this world's a battle. I want you to marry one that can fight."

"Whoa! Who talked about marriage?"

"Well—" Her father was confused.

"Besides, he's never asked me."

She giggled then and her blue eyes danced, thinking of Walter Hanley proposing. He would, all right, if she'd give him a chance instead of always laughing at him. One word from her or just a look—it would be all that was necessary.

BUT *she didn't want him to ask her* yet. She did not want to turn him down. Walter was unlike any fellow she'd ever known. He was queer . . . but nice.

The smile grew broader as Natalie thought of her first encounter with His Queerness. The phone in the place where she was employed as secretary, next door to his, had suddenly clicked and then gone dead. She had stepped in to call the telephone company, and there was Walter about to leave. "I'll fix it for you," he had said, and while she watched him he actually *had.*

"What in thunderation you grinning about?"

"Just thinking I'd beat you a game of rummy."

They could hear the puff of the Raritan's engine turning slowly—a demonstration. The tugboat strained against its bumper and then eased off as the screw was reversed. The captain, playing his cards, gave a grunt.

"What's he care about engines for?"

"He's an engineer. Not like Barney, but . . . oh, you know—the kind that works things out in an office. The people he's with are big shots, Daddy. Walter is going to be one, too."

"Humph!" grunted Captain Marsh.

"Oh, humph, yourself, Captain Marsh"—and she wrinkled her nose at him as he grinned.

Whistles kept calling from the river and from the bay beyond the Battery. A nervous quality in their voices told that the fog was getting thicker.

Presently Walter's footsteps sounded upon the stairs and then on the bridge. They hesitated outside the door. Natalie called to him, "Come in," and he entered the pilothouse.

"Back here, Walter."

"Some men are coming up," he said, pausing a moment beside the wheel.

CAPTAIN MARSH put down his cards and went to the cabin entrance to see. The pilothouse door was abruptly opened. Three men—strangers—crowded past it.

"What do you want?" Then he saw their guns, three blue muzzles pointing at him. They held the weapons low at their hips, so that a passer-by glancing up would not be aware of anything wrong.

"All right, keep your hands where they are. Lie down on the floor. That means you, punk."

Natalie's face appeared at the door. Her eyes were large.

"Get back," ordered Marsh.

"Daddy, what is it?"

"Oh, your daughter!" The voice had a note of satisfaction. "Just do like I say and she don't get hurt. But if you try any funny business . . . !"

It didn't seem real. It was like a movie. First Marsh, then Walter, were bound with wire which bit at ankles and wrists if they moved. Each in his turn was carried then into the cabin. Natalie screamed. A hand stopped her mouth. She tried to struggle. An arm swept her close.

"Tie this little devil, Al. . . . Take your time. I like the job!"

"Let go of her," the captain flared, enraged as the man who held his daughter pressed a grinning cheek to her own.

"Says who?"

Then Walter, without volition, kicked with his two bound feet. They struck one of the men on the knee. He snarled. With an oath he drove his fist at Walter. The young man's head snapped back and crashed—for he had been sitting—against the wall.

A voice from the pilothouse intervened: "Hey, cut it out. This ain't a party. We got to get moving. All set, Eddie?"

AT THE wheel of the Raritan, Herman Lueger—sometimes known as Herman the Otter—smiled as the shore dissolved in mist. The Twenty-seventh Precinct station, marine division of the police, was only a stone's throw from the spot where the boat had been tied a moment before. This fact alone pleased Lueger greatly. To put one over on the cops right under their noses—*there* was a touch!

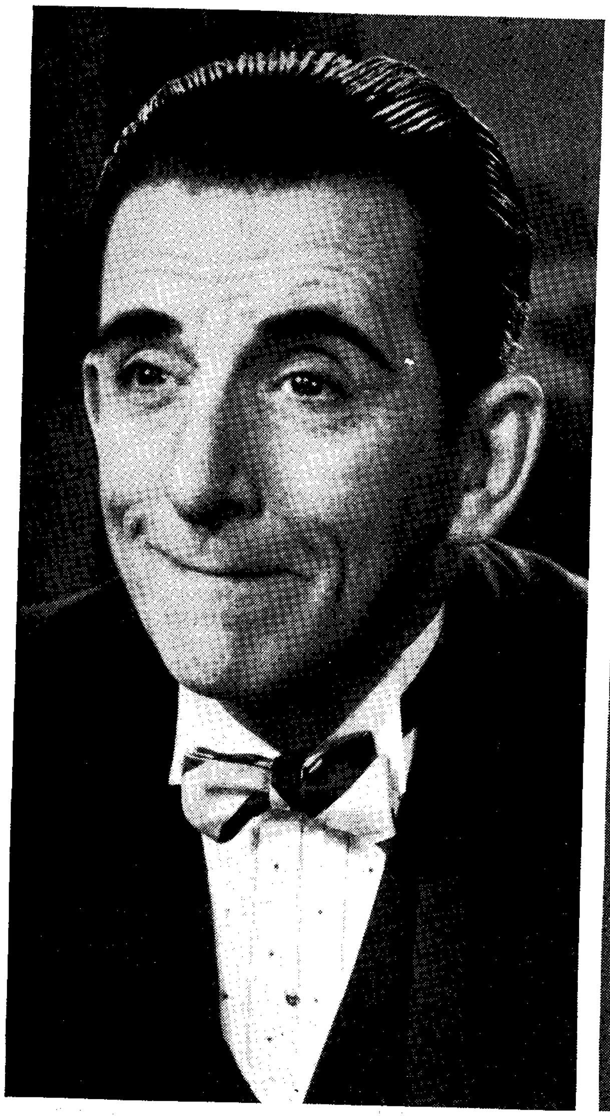
He leaned from the window, peering back as the tug cut past the end of the pier. He spun the brassbound wheel to the right and the Raritan, with her rudder ported, thrust her low stern into the tide.

Then Lueger pulled the signal bell. *T-ling:* stop engine. *T-ling:* go forward. The stolen tug was safe in the stream, chuffing along the steamer lane which leads from the river out to the sea.

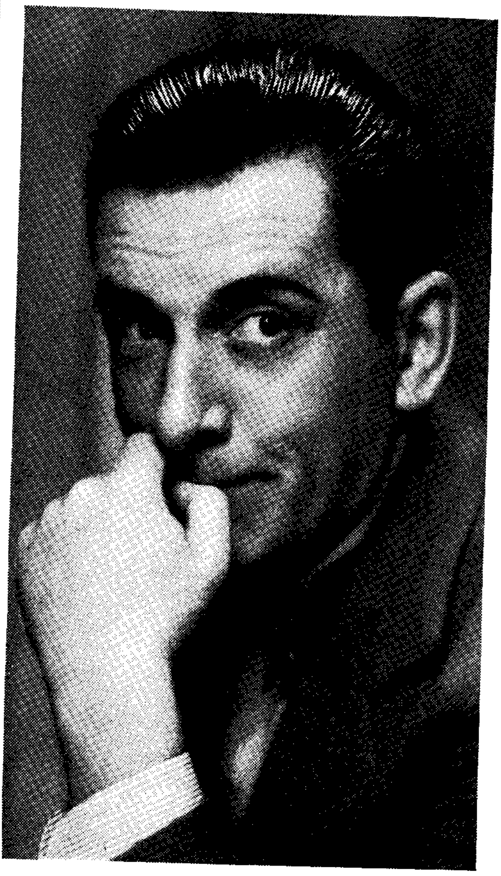
A shrouded lane, a haunted channel: banshee whistles wailed at him from harbor craft he could not see. Lueger stood alert at the wheel, gauging every sound which he heard. This fog was what he had waited for; without it he could not succeed; but if he should ram a boat or get lost . . . !

A figure flitted past the window. The door was opened and Eddie entered.

(*Continued on page 26*)



Mr. Edward Everett Horton, after practically ruining the movie industry in its silent days, has settled down to serving comedy—when he's not too busily engaged in remodeling his house or fooling around with the flowers



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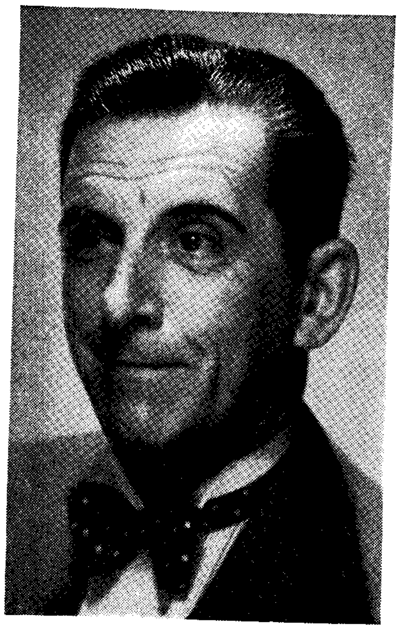

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By Kyle Crichton

Comedy—Six Days a Week

IN CERTAIN Hollywood circles there is a conviction that the era of sound in motion pictures can be directly traced to the activities of Edward Everett Horton. Actively, Mr. Horton had nothing to do with it. In the days of the silent films he ran a dramatic stock company in Los Angeles and was content. At regular intervals, however, a movie producer would drop in to see the Horton show and be carried away with the idea that he was not doing his duty to the citizens of Australia and Jugoslavia if he failed to give them a sight of this funny fellow. The movie gentleman would wave a contract, Mr. Horton would go out to the studio and the completed picture would lose two million dollars.

It became almost a ritual—Horton, a silent film and red ink up to the cashier's ears. With that established, it became a matter of mathematics. By the aid of a slide rule, it could be determined to the hour when Horton and the movies would make their last film. Faced with the vision of the buffaloes once again roaming over Beverly Hills, the producers took action. Hence, sound pictures. Hence, Horton, one of the great successes of sound pictures.

Horton has it analyzed now.

"The polite comedians in the silent days were handsome fellows," he explains. "Fellows like Reginald Denny, Wallace Reid, Douglas McLean, Raymond Griffith. The other comics had their distinct peculiarities. Chaplin had his cane and shoes; Harold Lloyd had the glasses; Lloyd Hamilton was the goofy type; Buster Keaton had the dead pan. I wasn't handsome and I wasn't funny-looking — at least not funny enough. The early films were two-reelers and you had to come right out and hit the ball. In the longer pictures I had a better chance, but even there they couldn't quite make me out. If anybody stayed to the end of the six reels, the women would be saying in sympathetic surprise, 'Why, he's just a nice dumb guy like my husband.' But by that time the rest of the audience was either gone or asleep."

He never really worried about it because he was a big shot in stock, getting $1,000 a week and having a following of such loyalty that he had to restrain himself from stopping his performance to assist late comers to their regular seats. When the talkies came in, it wasn't a question of Horton hounding the studios; they were around pleading with anybody who could speak the language. He knew he was sitting all right when the cameraman on the first sound picture looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, he ain't so bad," said the cameraman admiringly. "When he talks he shows human intelligence."

On Top of the World

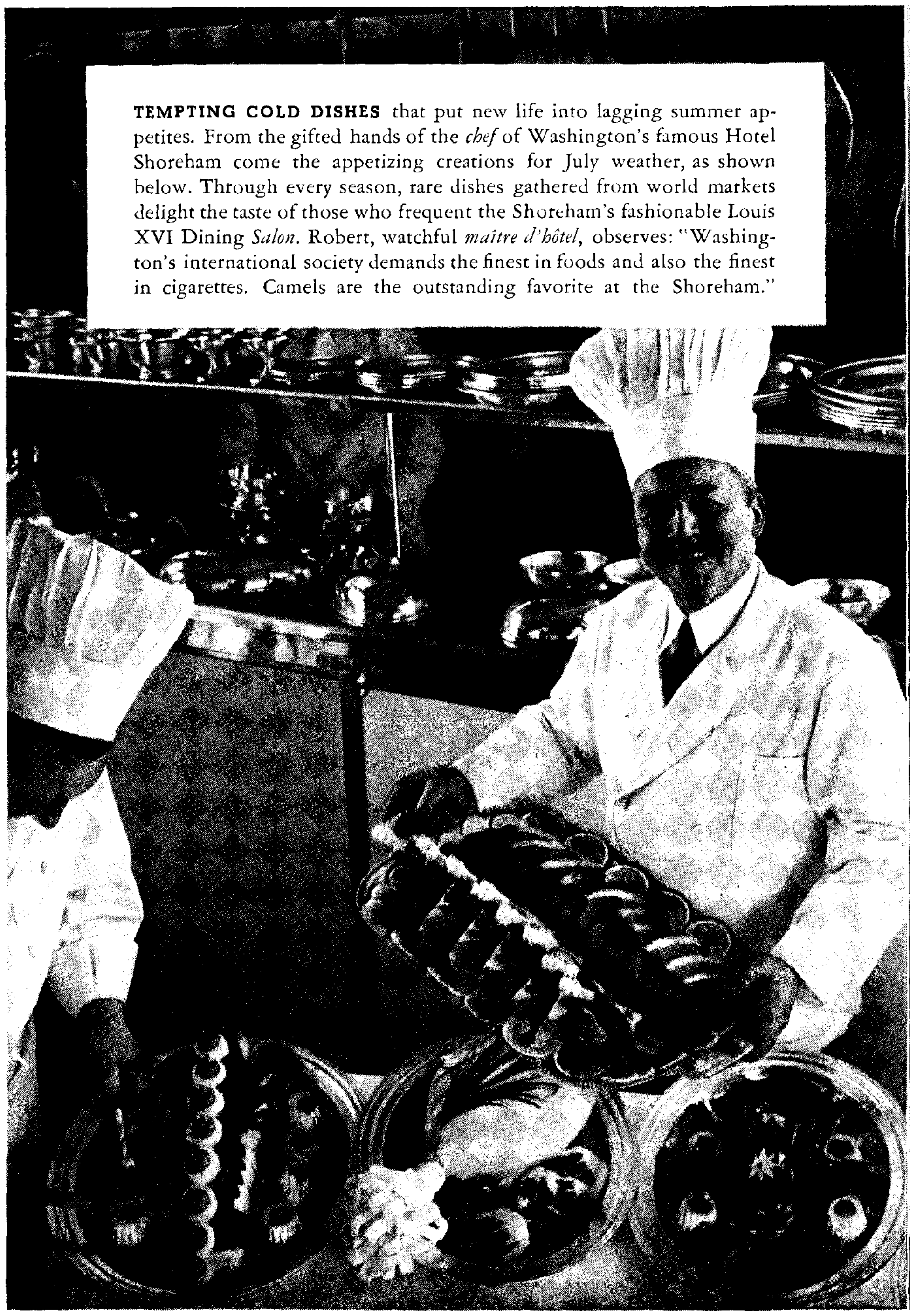
At the moment Horton is sitting on a peak. He is in constant demand from the studios, has several pictures waiting for him at all times, earns as much as most stars (around $5,000 a week, according to rumor), and has almost no responsibility. If the picture is bad, the audiences blame the star, forgetting that Horton might also have smelled a trifle. If it is very bad, Horton, as an old stager, will stand out triumphantly. In general, however, Horton is very good.

He was born at 17 Poplar Street in that part of Brooklyn, N. Y., which is known as Brooklyn Heights. He went to Boys' High and later to Brooklyn Polytech and thence to Columbia University. His father had started as a printer's devil on the Baltimore Sun and at the time of the advent of Edward Everett (named, of course, after Edward Everett Hale) was foreman of the composing-room of the New York Times. One of Horton's first memories was going over to New York to see the first linotype machine.

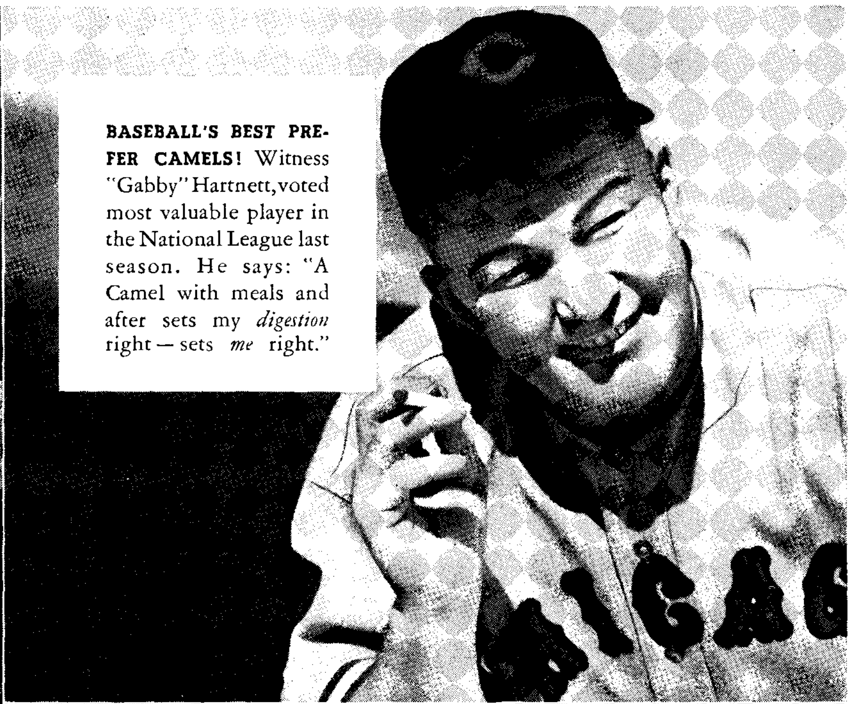
"We went by horse car and then over Brooklyn Bridge and then up Broadway on the cable car," says Horton. "The man at the machine made slugs with the names of my brother and myself on them. I still have mine."

Being a man who saves things, Horton also has a collection of his father's old clippings and his old typewriter. On his night off, the old man used to have stupendous beer parties, attended by proofreaders, printers and reporters.

(*Continued on page 30*)



TEMPTING COLD DISHES that put new life into lagging summer appetites. From the gifted hands of the *chef* of Washington's famous Hotel Shoreham come the appetizing creations for July weather, as shown below. Through every season, rare dishes gathered from world markets delight the taste of those who frequent the Shoreham's fashionable Louis XVI Dining *Salon*. Robert, watchful *maître d'hôtel*, observes: "Washington's international society demands the finest in foods and also the finest in cigarettes. Camels are the outstanding favorite at the Shoreham."



BASEBALL'S BEST PREFER CAMELS! Witness "Gabby" Hartnett, voted most valuable player in the National League last season. He says: "A Camel with meals and after sets my *digestion* right — sets *me* right."

ON THE GO ALL THE TIME. "There's nothing like a Camel to set you right during the day's grind," says Bill Ferguson, star salesman. "I smoke them as an aid to digestion—and because Camels renew my vim and are never harsh on my throat."

For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels!

Camels make mealtime more pleasant—digestion is stimulated—alkalinity increased

In our busy lives, mealtime is apt to catch us under nervous tension and physical strain. The excitement and nervousness slow down the flow of digestive fluids.

Remember then to pause for a Camel. When you smoke Camels, the flow of the digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal. You get more zest out of your food, and experience the well-being that good digestion brings. Time and again, scientists have checked this welcome effect of smoking Camels.

Camels are mild—gentle on your throat. And they never get on your nerves. With their "lift"—and aid to digestion—it has justly been said: "Camels set you right!"

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DARE-DEVIL. Miss Uva Kimmey, parachute jumper, says: "Camels encourage digestion in a pleasant way."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Three in a Row

By James Aswell

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

TOM thought: "If only I had a sign. If only the clouds up there would form into a No, or something, to tip me off. It's too big a decision to make without a sign. It's the biggest decision I've ever made in my life."

He was right. It was. He sat at the window of his room in Mrs. Duffy's boardinghouse and looked up at the sky but the sky was blue and bland, without any signs at all.

He walked to his desk, and glared at his clock. Twelve minutes after three. He had about eight hours to make up his mind.

He thought of Doreen then. He breathed deeply. All the inside of him grew resonant and bright like the inside of an organ playing. He remembered her gaiety, her improbable wheaten hair; her little perfect feet rollicking on the stage of Killman's Opera House.

He could see them—himself and Doreen—together, touring the country in The Spring Witch. The manager had promised him a bit part. It was a fine, warming dream: stopping in romantic small hotels, learning a specialty with Doreen, finally Broadway and—who knew?—fame.

"I guess I'm weak," he said out loud.

There were Pop and Mom. Pop had mortgaged the house in Jackson Heights and Mom had done without everything except necessities to send him to school. The hackneyed sacrifices. They had forced him into a sort of trap.

True, Dr. Finney had said he had "surgeon's hands." But Doreen had said he had "actor's eyes."

There was Mary Finney. He didn't let himself dwell on her. They weren't engaged, were they? He admired her with all his heart. She was lovely: slim and grave and cool. A week ago he'd have given a lot to be sure that he and Mary Finney *were* engaged. That had been before The Spring Witch came to town.

Doreen—why, Doreen was life, was youth, beckoning! Otherwise he could see the future. Another year at the university. Two, maybe three years interning at boarding-and-room-and-laundry. Ten years of slow, bitter-poor struggle. Maybe a living then, maybe not; in any case he'd be middle-aged.

He'd meet Doreen at a little after eleven, arrange with Mr. Dunston, the manager, for his job, and they'd be off on the midnight train. Get married tomorrow in Memphis. His heart pounded. He was almost sure, but he'd like some sign. It was, after all, a momentous decision and, although he wasn't superstitious, he felt that a man was entitled to one small omen at a juncture like this.

He remembered about the Bible. If you opened the Bible at random with your eyes closed and put your finger on a spot in the page, you were likely to find something applicable to the dilemma at hand. Pop had told him that. Pop was very religious.

He felt like a fool, had no faith in the experiment at all, even before he looked down to see where his finger had landed. He read: "Now the first lot came forth to Jehoiarib, the second to Jedaiah, the third to Harim, the fourth to Seorim, the fifth to . . ."

He closed the Book and replaced it in his trunk. Maybe if he had read on a little farther . . .

There was a light tap on his door and Dr. Finney came in, hurriedly and abstractedly as always. He was a thin, stooped man with a small, gray mustache. He was house physician at the university hospital and he was Mary Finney's father.

"Son," he said, "I want you to come with me this afternoon. I've got a man with a crushed leg over at the carnival in Belmont. You can assist and learn something."

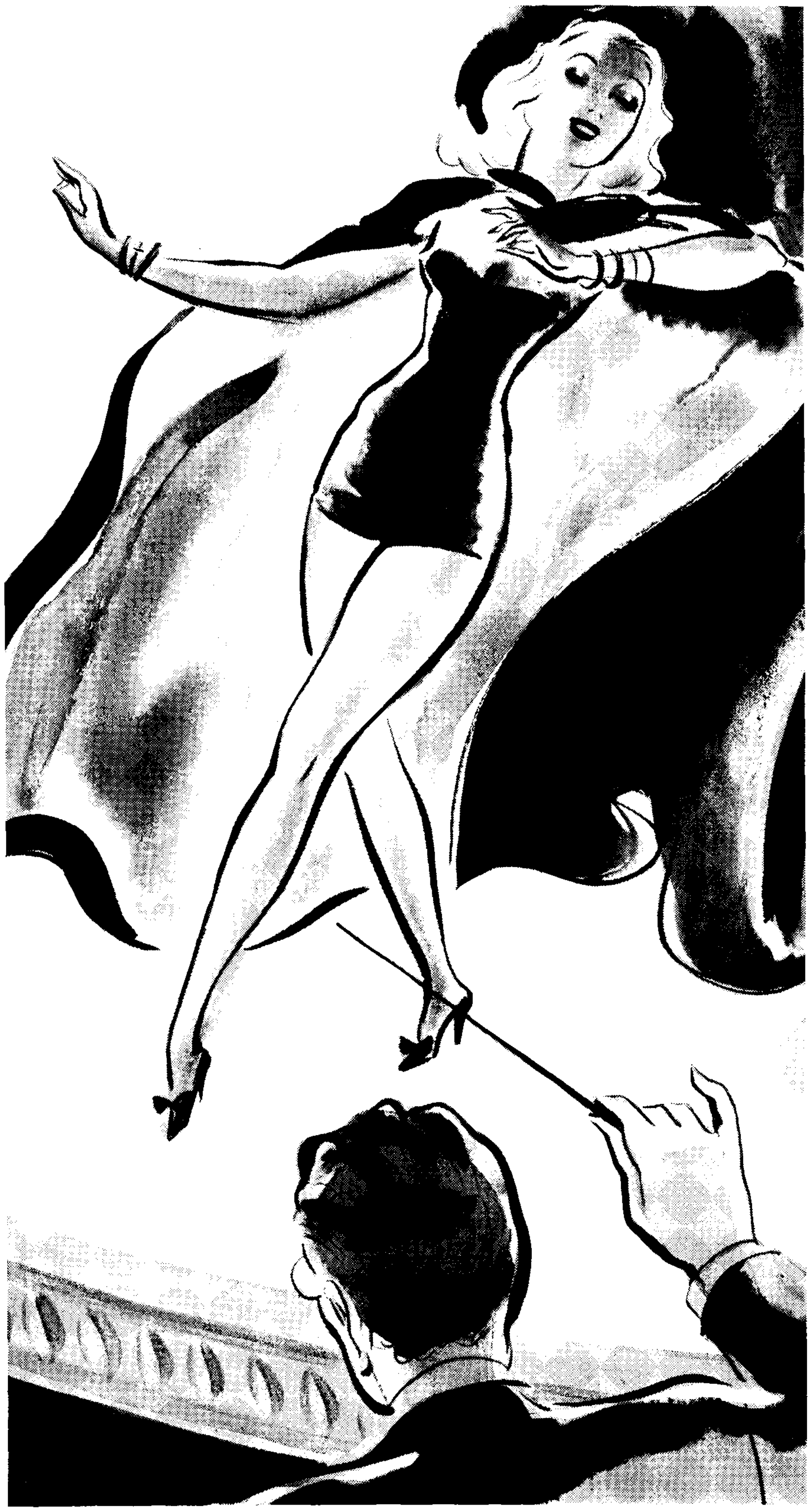
There wasn't anything to do but go.

THEY drove to the carnival. A man in a turtle-neck sweater pointed out Bunny Cassidy's tent.

They entered a khaki gloom, oppressive with the heavy smell of canvas in the sun. Bunny Cassidy, large and red-faced, with a white stubble of beard, lay on a canvas cot in a tangle of dingy bed clothing.

"Hi, Doc," he said feebly but with gaiety in his small, bright, fevered eyes. "Part of a Ferris wheel caved in on me."

"Let's have a look," said Dr. Finney professionally. He knelt by the cot, then straightened up. "Why didn't you get attention for this leg immediately?"



He remembered her perfect little feet rollicking on the stage

"I was drunk. You know—a dilute solution of ethyl alcohol. That's the lingo, isn't it?"

Dr. Finney cleared his throat. The patient's barrel-like figure shook slightly as if with some interior mirth.

"I see you gentlemen are surprised to find me literate. A circus roustabout who bears some of the stigmata of an educated man!" The faint chuckle came again. He reached out to where his trousers were piled in a heap beside the cot, fumbled with them briefly and presently exhibited a gleaming Phi Beta Kappa key. "My racket was going to be the law," he went on, "but I—I abdicated. It was spring and I was in love, gentlemen."

Tom stood there, crouching a little because he was so tall, listening with his ears but not his mind. Dr. Finney had a stethoscope glued to Bunny's chest now.

"Get me the hypo," he told Tom, low.

"Don't talk about cutting it off, now, Doc," said Bunny. His voice was suddenly weaker. "A one-legged man would be pretty useless here. I'm ready to cash my chips. I've had a fine, adventurous life, a glamorous life, if I may say so." The chuckle now was only a quiver of the bed clothing.

Tom became aware that someone else had entered the tent. He turned and saw a fantastic woman in a rumpled organdie dress and a wide-brimmed picture hat. She was about forty, with strawberry-colored hair askew at her ears and the fixed, drooping smile of the very, very drunk.

She wavered slightly.

"Gah com'ny?" she managed and then, very carefully, negotiated four steps to a rickety rocker. She sank into this with a sigh.

BUNNY CASSIDY opened his eyes. "My bride, gentlemen," he announced with suddenly returning strength. "My bride of five and twenty years. She has the gift of prophecy. You should see her with a deck of cards."

Dr. Finney paid Mrs. Cassidy no attention.

"Gangrene," he told Tom later as they left the tent. You saw that, of course, we've got to amputate."

"Crazy guy!" Tom murmured absently. "Gave up a career for that terrible woman. How will he eat?"

"I only know what has to be done. We'll have to amputate."

It was dusk when Tom left the hospital. The first stars were out. Eagerly he peered again for some sign, some instructive pattern in the sky. He could find nothing in the mildly blooming night. No sign at all.

He halted, grinning, reached in his pocket and found a quarter.

"If it's heads, I go with the show," he said softly.

The coin spun and came up in his palm—tails. He frowned.

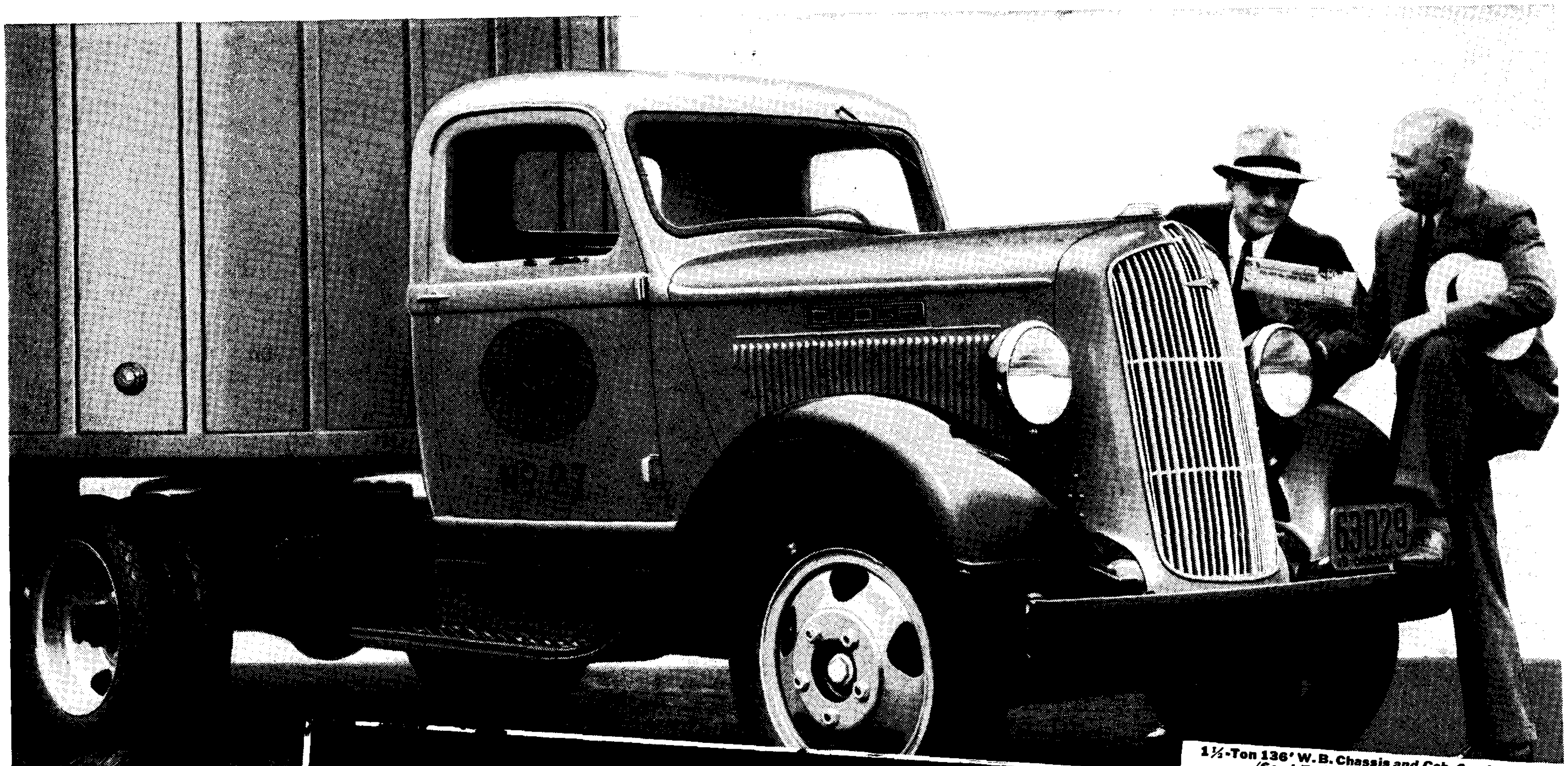
"Best two out of three. Two heads now, and I take the road with Doreen."

He flipped again. Tails. It meant give up Doreen.

He was trembling when he whispered: "Three out of five!"

Sure enough, the next three tosses brought heads. Doreen had won! He sighed with relief. Warm around his heart was the certainty that he had had his sign.

Funny—when you needed a sign so terribly the heavens were silent. . . . To have to flip a coin to get your sign!



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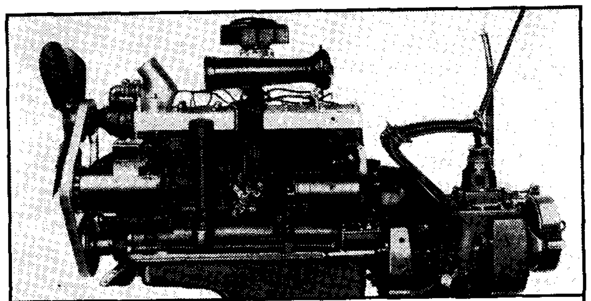

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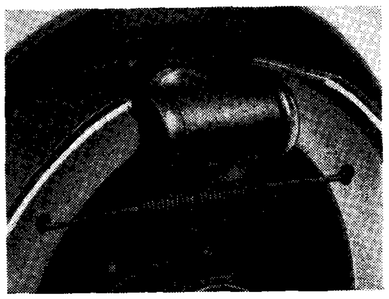

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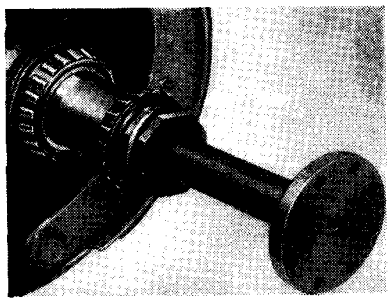

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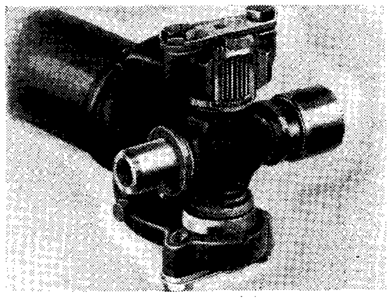

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Still another quality feature that Dodge has pioneered in the lowest-priced truck field. Check backlash...make your truck more dependable and economical to run.

"How can Dodge give all these known, recognized quality features, now that Dodge trucks are priced with the lowest?" Truck buyers everywhere, amazed at the extra value Dodge offers today, keep asking that question. The answer is that Dodge has always built quality trucks. For years, these Dodge quality trucks have had high-priced truck features, like hydraulic brakes and safety-steel body—two features that you won't find combined, even today, on either of the other two lowest-priced trucks—and Dodge offers not just a few of these extra-quality features, but over two dozen of them. Features of all three lowest-priced trucks are shown in the 1936 "Show-Down" Score Card. Get one FREE from your Dodge dealer.

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DODGE TRUCKS

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton, extra. Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.*

Fog on the Bay

Continued from page 21

"It's getting thicker."

Lueger nodded. "How's the guy that's running the engine?"

"He ain't friendly," Eddie chuckled.

"Tough guy?"

"Maybe thinks he is. You don't need to worry, Otter. He's an old guy, gray in the head."

Lueger spat through the open window.

Behind him Eddie glanced at the trio of captives in the cabin. Then he returned to a place beside the wheelsman.

The Raritan pushed on through the fog. Steadily she proceeded south to reach the bottleneck of the Narrows.

"Hear that?" Lueger spoke up.

"What?"

"That gong straight ahead. Sure as hell, the Navarre. We're getting near to Quarantine."

Again the nervous clamor swelled—a quick, prolonged reverberation made by striking the gong with an iron.

"Louder now," Eddie observed.

"Ought to see her pretty quick."

The Otter was right in this supposition. Out of the mist the giant vessel gradually loomed, a wraith to starboard.

Lueger did not pass too near. He swung the tug in an ample arc and came about on the liner's larboard. Here he discerned three other boats which nuzzled against the monster's hull. They appeared in succession, each indistinct: first the tug from Quarantine, waiting to take the doctors ashore, then the cutter that Lueger had "missed," lastly a craft which he recognized as the little postal steamer President loading mail through a wooden chute.

"Ah!" breathed the Otter, his breath coming faster. He spun the wheel and the tug fell away, a phantom gliding over the water. But now, instead of ringing the bell to the engine room, he spoke through a tube. The chuffing stopped; the screw ceased turning; the Raritan drifted without a sound.

Long minutes passed in nervous waiting. This was the hardest part of the job. The fog was a thick, concealing cloak, but it was a cloak with a double lining. Lueger, keeping the tug in ambush, must still take care not to lose his prey.

Twice he addressed a tense, low order down the tube to the engine room. The warning gong on board the liner helped to keep him in position. A dead cigarette hung from his lips, and damp air filled the pilothouse, and the Otter clung to the brassbound wheel and strained his eyes and ears for a sign.

IT CAME at last—a faint, brisk bell from over the water. Two strokes: astern. A single stroke: cut off the engine. One stroke more, then: go ahead.

The Raritan crept through the heavy mist and passed the bow of the anchored liner. They could hear the mail boat's whistle ahead: a prolonged blast to warn of her presence, a moment of silence, a repetition.

"It won't be long now," Lueger muttered.

Eddie nodded.

"You better get ready."

"Okay, Otter."

He slipped through the door and passed the window, vanishing down the stairs to the deck. Lueger heard whispering in the cabin. Half turning, he snapped, "Shut up in there!" In his irritation he added an oath and the girl started sobbing. The sound annoyed him.

"I'll give you something to cry about when I get the chance," he said to himself. But now he would have to stay at the wheel. That moment for which he had so long planned, serving his time, was coming at last.

He called through the tube, "Full speed ahead." Then, as the tug surged through the water, he saw a dull gray blot straight ahead.

LION (A
Wilkinson

"He doesn't know the meaning of the word fear!" FRITZ WILKINSON

The Raritan overtook it quickly. Lueger moved the wheel a point to bring the prow to the left of the stern. He cast a hurried look at the deck. His men were ready, crouched by the gunwale, awaiting the moment of mild collision.

"Stop the engine. Let 'er drift."

Now! He eased the wheel a bit as the Raritan's bumper struck the mail boat. It slid along the other's hull in a glancing blow. By porting the helm, Lueger was able to keep them close while shadowy figures leaped from the tug.

"Ahoy! Are you all right?" he called to divert attention and lull suspicion.

From the pilothouse a voice came back. Lueger, leaning out of the window, watching his men, made some reply. He could see Pagano, as quick as an eel, emerge from the porchlike cockpit, aft, and reach the edge of the hurricane deck. Now he was snaking his way across it, gun in hand, to surprise the captain.

Tensely Lueger watched and waited. Another man—that would be Ike Finkman—joined Pagano in the pilothouse. Eddie was leading the rest of the gang, which burst through a door on the lower deck to cover the postal clerks with guns and bar the engine crew from ascending.

AS THE minutes passed and no shots were fired, the Otter's feeling of exultation spread like heady wine through his blood. He whistled a tune of triumph. Hereafter he would be Herman the Pirate! A line was made fast to the towing bits and the tug proceeded to haul the President toward the shoals on the Brooklyn side. This was also a part of the plan which Lueger had formed in his cell up the river. Clear of the channel, out of the traffic, groping cautiously through the fog, the transfer of sacks could be effected without the danger of being discovered.

HE STEERED for a buoy whose mournful tinkle marked the boundary of the channel. Passing ships would avoid that buoy as if its presence were pestilential. He towed the mail boat just beyond it.

"All right, drop her anchor," he called.

Lueger waited to hear the splash. But what he heard was no sudden sound of a heavy mudhook hitting the water. Two pistol shots roared out instead, and they had been fired on the Raritan!

The wheelsman snatched his gun from the holster under his arm. He rushed out on the bridge. Aside from himself and Shorty Hogan, who guarded the engineer and the fireman, all his men were on board the mail boat.

He heard the patter of feet below him.

"Who's that?"

"It's me."

"What happened?"

"I shot him. He tried to crack me down with a wrench."

"Dead?" asked Lueger.

"Yeah," gulped Shorty.

The Otter cursed. The worst had happened. Not only murder—but now they were trapped on a fog-bound bay with no means of moving! For a tug is not like an automobile, which almost anybody can drive. Lueger himself, who understood boats, would not have known how to run the engine.

In a flash of hope he thought of the captain tied on the bunk in the little cabin. He strode to the door.

"Can you run that engine?"

"No," said Marsh.

"Cut out the stalling. You run it, or else."

"I don't know how."

The Otter glared. If he were bluffing . . . ! His hard eyes moved from Marsh's face to that of his daughter, trembling beside him.

"Okay. If that's the way you feel, I'll just take her along with me!" He could row ashore in the Raritan's dinghy, slung from its davits abaft the stack. "But you'll stay here. You know too much. You and that guy downstairs—understand?"

He had him now, if the captain were bluffing. The latter's face had a stricken expression.

"I can run the engine."

"Huh?" grunted Lueger. This mild young punk who looked like a clerk!

"I went to a school of engineering. Besides, just before you came aboard, he . . . he was showing me how it works."

AS WALTER was led along the deck a bell kept sounding petulantly from an unseen buoy somewhere astern. A seagull, ghostly gray in the fog, uttered a plaintive cry and vanished.

"Open that door and go in," snapped Shorty.

Walter stepped down and stopped abruptly. There at his feet lay Barney Stolz, a dark, reddish stain on his greasy jumpers.

"He won't bite you," Shorty growled, closing the door. His eyes were sullen. "You'll get the same if you try anything," he added presently, nodding his head.

Walter gulped but he did not speak. He felt giddy enough to faint.

A voice which he recognized as Lueger's startled him. He glanced around. "Reverse the engine. Run 'er slow." It had come from the flaring lip of a tube, fixed head-high to the forward bulkhead.

"Reverse 'er and run 'er slow," barked Shorty.

Shakily Walter grasped the lever leading down to the cylinder valves. He moved it up to the top of its arc and opened the throttle a little way. Then he drew the lever down past center. He pushed it up half a dozen inches and pulled it down an equal distance, repeating the movement two or three times, manipulating the valves by hand until the engine was fairly started.

The giddiness passed. He was more composed. Walter could sense the thrust of the piston, could hear the swirling lash of the screw, could feel the tugboat's deep-slung body moving easily through the water.

The voice came through the tube once more—"Stop the engine"—and, as he did so, there was a grating sound to starboard. He heard the shuffling of feet on the deck.

Shorty opened the door to look out. Over the stocky killer's shoulder Walter could see that the tug was lying beam to beam with a larger vessel. Sacks of mail were being tossed through an open port in the latter's side. Figures of men kept coming and going, taking the bags from the Raritan's deck and hustling them to the galley, forward, and into the lazaretto toward the stern.

A painted legend, "U. S. Mail," on the side of the boat caught Walter's eye. So that was why this tug had been stolen—to go down the bay and rob the mail under cover of blinding fog!

Shorty closed the door. He looked at Walter, measuring him with eyes which

(Continued on page 28)

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Don Herold Says-

Even If Women Did Use It First

A few of my men friends have said they thought Mum was exclusively for women.

They've classified it erringly with perfume and other strictly feminine fol-de-rollies.

Well, maybe their error is natural, because it is true that women did use Mum first. Women probably used a lot of good things first—probably soap and bathtubs and knives and forks and tablecloths.

I can remember when we tittered at any man who wore a wrist watch. Then the very masculine World War taught us that the wrist is exactly WHERE a watch *should be* worn.

I say to these men friends: "You perspire, don't you?"

And I ask 'em: "Is it sissy to use something which will insure you all day against giving off perspiration odors, if I am not too subtle?"

You'll even like yourself better

I point out that many druggists now report 1 out of every 4 Mum sales to men and that thousands of men now have the fine MASCULINE habit of using a dab of Mum under each arm every morning and again before evenings out, and often touches to the feet to cool 'em and to keep hose and shoe linings fresh. (Mum is a fragrant cream which stops perspiration odor for the day, without interfering with perspiration.)

Don't take anybody's word—least of all mine. Yank off the edge of this page and ask for a free sample of Mum from Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. M76, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Fog on the Bay

Continued from page 26

glinted. Three men—one dead—shut in together; and the killer hated this youth who lived, because of what he knew about him; not only hated but feared him as well for seeing his victim's lifeless body.

Walter knew what Shorty was thinking. He did not need a technical training to realize what was in his mind. Shorty would rather kill him too, for what he knew, than let him live. He would kill him now—it was in his eyes—if Walter were not so necessary to bring this tug to safety ashore.

But when the tug *was* safely moored, then what would happen to him and the others? Walter recalled the pilot's words to Captain Marsh: "You know too much." But he knew no more than Walter or Natalie. Any of them, on the witness stand, could—

"Let 'er go forward," came Lueger's voice to interrupt his anxious reflections.

"Go forward," barked Shorty.

"All right," said Walter.

He pulled the lever all the way down on the bright steel arc over which it slid. It was necessary to start from there to give the propeller a forward thrust. He opened the throttle and worked the valves by moving the lever back and forth. Then, with the piston moving smoothly, the cam taking care of the cylinder ports, he returned the lever to its position down at the end of the bright steel arc.

He widened the throttle.

"Not so fast," the voice came down. "Where in hell you think you're going?"

WALTER, complying as Shorty glowered, asked himself, "Where *are* we going?" There were miles of water front in the harbor, scores of inlets and lesser bays, hundreds of obscure docks and piers where the tug might moor and land her cargo.

It would have to be soon to avoid getting caught. When the mail boat failed to return to her pier, a search would be started. At last they would find her. Then it would be just a matter of minutes before the port was thoroughly covered by armed police and federal agents, Coast Guard cutters and harbor patrols.

Walter returned again to the question: What would be done with those on the tug? He stole a glance at Barney Stolz. The dead man's body trembled slightly under the throbbing lash of the piston. The pipe he had smoked as he talked to Walter skidded and rolled on the engine-room floor.

"Reverse 'er!" called the voice through the tube. It sounded anxious. "Give 'er the works!"

Shorty watched him cut off the throttle and move the lever clear to the top. The Raritan shook as the screw started pulling. After a moment Barney's killer opened the door and peered outside. He shut it softly.

"Close!" he muttered.

"Almost hit something?" Walter asked, but Shorty ignored him. The tug proceeded.

It was moving steadily through the fog, passing boats unseen, unseeing. Countless craft in a busy harbor—ferries, barges, cargo vessels, square-nosed lighters, railroad scows. Misty or clear, the looms of commerce had to have their busy shuttles.

That was the picture which came to Walter as he stood ready beside the controls. Ferries and barges, cargo vessels, square-nosed lighters, railroad scows . . . wraithlike shapes upon the water plying cautiously through the fog. They formed a gantlet which had to be run before the Raritan, safe at last, would reach her shrouded water-front haven.

Something else came to Walter then—words from a dog-eared physics textbook. They were Newton's third law of a mass in motion: "To every force there is an equal and opposite reaction." *Opposite!* Walter's body began to tremble.

Walter looked up as the door was opened. Someone stepped down from the fog-drenched deck.

"This is more like. Steam heat!" Then he stopped, his eye gaping large as he saw Barney Stolz. "You bumped him off!" he gasped at Shorty.

"So what if I did?" the killer snarled.

He was glowering at the man who had entered. The latter exclaimed an irreverent oath and, shrugging his shoulders, turned toward the door.

"I'll take the fog," he said as he left, glad to be quit of the presence of death.

Time ticked on to the rhythmic beat of the heavy piston driving the shaft. They had come, to judge by the wailing whistles, into a section of crowded traffic—the waters, perhaps, where the upper bay is merged with the Hudson and East River channels. Walter waited beside the controls, and his heart beat fast and his nerves were tense.

A siren sounded its frantic warning. Almost at once the bell clanged twice and Lueger's voice leaped out of the tube: "Full speed astern! Hurry it! Quick!"

Walter jumped. It was now or never. He moved the lever halfway up the bright steel arc to the neutral position. Now steam could no longer reach the cylinder, although momentum still moved the piston.

The voice repeated the order to hurry.

"Tell him all right," Walter said to Shorty.

As the latter sprang to the speaking tube, the young man pulled the lever *down* to the same position from which he had moved it. He opened the throttle all the way. The engine thrashed in maddened frenzy, the piston raced, the propeller kicked. Seven hundred horsepower: power enough to tow a string of laden barges, to swing a liner's stubborn prow and hold it checked against the tide: it was sending the tugboat straight ahead with all the force of her unleashed steam.

Shorty had opened the door to look out. Walter wrapped an arm around a stanchion thrusting up to the beam above him. He braced himself. Lueger's voice came down: "*Astern*, you lug! *Reverse* the engine!"

SHORTY wheeled with a snarl of surprise. His eyes were slits of glinting light as he reached for his gun. Walter met his gaze and, surprisingly, smiled, and in that moment the Raritan struck.

Seven hundred horsepower drove her on, pushing her chunky deep-slung body like a catapult crashing a wall. She seemed to shudder back on her heels. Walter clung to the iron stanchion, shutting his eyes as he hugged it close. He sensed the rush of a hurtling body, heard its impact and opened his lids. Shorty had smashed against a pipe which curved along the after bulkhead. He lay in a senseless heap on the floor, with Barney's body piled beside him; and on the grating, where it had fallen, the killer's pistol was trembling slightly.

Walter closed the throttle and seized the weapon. Although he had never fired a gun, he understood its mechanism. A moment he stood there, listening tensely. He could hear sharp shouts and the patter of feet. If he stayed in the engine room he would be trapped, but out in the fog there would be a chance.

He opened the door on the larboard side, recalling a ladder which led from the deck to the roof-like space where the stack was guyed. From there he could get to the pilothouse—perhaps might even reach the cabin and join the captain and Natalie Marsh.

The fog was so thick that the tugboat's gunwale looked vague and nebulous, close as it was. Footsteps receded along the deck and a voice, cursing nervously, reached his ears. The touch of the ladder rungs was cold as Walter scrambled up to the roof.

He crouched there a moment beside some buckets held in a rack for emergency use. For the first time, then, he saw the boat which the Raritan's thick rope bumper had rammed. It was barely visible—a shade, no more, through the cold damp mists just off to starboard.

From overhead a voice hailed the tug: "Are you in trouble?"

"All right down here," came Lueger's answer, and Walter sprang to his feet at the words.

"Oh, no, it's not," he shouted desperately, lifting his face toward the hazy bridge. "They stole this tug. They robbed the mail. We're prisoners here. A man's been murdered."

He was vaguely aware of an angry shout, of footfalls pounding along the deck. Then a spurt of flame and a loud report, and a bullet struck the near-by stack. Walter dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward the Raritan's pilothouse. He saw someone rushing up to meet him. He raised the pistol used on Barney and, aiming carefully, started to fire.

IN THE hospital bed Walter sat bewildered with pillows to prop him. One arm was bandaged. His thigh stung smartly where Lueger's bullet had pierced the flesh while he knelt with the gun.

"Now, give us a smile." A flash lamp popped. "One more now, with Lieutenant Brophy. You're telling him—see?—just how it happened."

"But I don't remember," Walter protested. "I saw the man coming. He had a gun. He started to shoot. That's all I know."

"That's more than Lueger remembers, brother!" A laugh went up at the cameraman's quip. Everyone present seemed in good humor. Everyone present was smiling at him.

And then as a second flash lamp flared the group in the room made way for a girl who entered hastily with a man. She advanced to the bed and stopped abruptly, her blue eyes wide as they looked him over.

"You're . . . you're all right?"

Walter grinned. She started to cry and her father soothed her, patting her arm with a tough brown hand. He smiled at the youth on the bed and nodded.

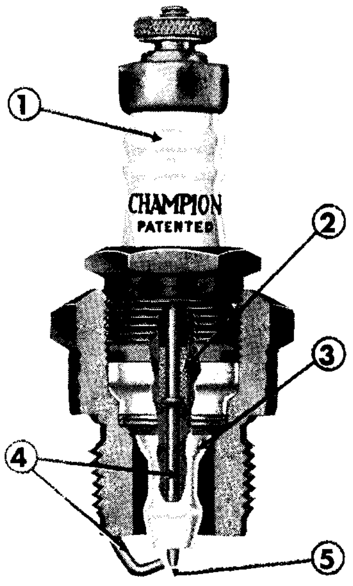
"Worried, that's all. We both been worried."

The photographer called for another picture. With the young lady—see?—whom Walter had saved. He arranged the pose with enthusiasm, her arm behind Walter, her head near his, smiling down at her hero—see?

"You look at her, Walter."

Walter did so—and though she was smiling, her smile was different, for there was no longer amusement in it. Her eyes on his were different too. There was something in them which stopped his breath, and he knew with a shock of dizzy surprise that he would be able to solve her, at last.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG FEATURES



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④ **ELECTRODES** — Special alloy with catalytic agent to prevent bridging of gap — oxidation or carbon formation on the wire itself. Covered by broad and exclusive Champion patents.

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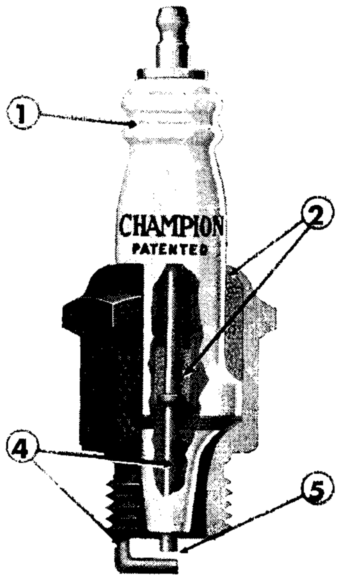

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Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous and pliantly young.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Comedy—Six Days a Week

Continued from page 22

The biggest binge came on the night before the elder Horton went abroad to attend the Paris Exposition, with the purpose of running a Paris edition of the Times to buck the New York Herald, which was already on the ground. Young Eddie hung around the edge of these gargantuan feasts, hustling down to the corner for buckets of beer and getting saturated with thoughts of newspaper work.

He thought he wanted to be a writer, but whenever he got two bits he went to the theater. At times he went with his father, who had scorn for all actors who weren't Edwin Booth.

"Listen to him," the old gentleman would say disgustedly. "A little pipey voice like that. You should have heard Booth say those lines."

At Columbia, Horton had no particular ambitions. He was a high jumper and he liked history and mopped up on German, but he was doing little thinking about the future. All he knew was that he didn't want to be a teacher, which was what the family wanted. He had a part in Kenneth and Roy Webb's show, in Newport, but got nothing out of it but a lot of cuts in class, which eventually resulted in his being busted out of college. When that happened he had to get a job to show the family that the Hortons weren't disgraced, so he went over to Staten Island (at the suggestion of the Webbs) and got a job in the chorus with the Dempsey Opera Company in The Mikado.

Knowing nothing about make-up and not daring to ask anybody, he went to a drugstore and bought a general assortment of Japanese yellow, chromes and vermilions. The stage manager saw him in the wings after he had got this adjusted on his pan.

"The prima donna," said the stage manager gently—"the prima donna is very sensitive. She sees you and she faints. Go back and get that off before we're all sick."

He got his first speaking part in The Bohemian Girl. It was only one speech but he still likes it. Coming on from the rear in some agitation, Horton said:

"The Count's family have been attacked by an infuriated animal and no doubt ere this are killed."

He still thinks that "ere this" is language with meaning and feeling and soul.

Extinguished by Firemen

After that he was with Louis Mann for three years as bit player and stage manager. He learned all he ever was to learn from that experience—acting, voice placement, stage confidence. They played Elevating a Husband and The Man Who Stood Still. Whenever anybody wanted a day off, Mann said:

"Sure. . . . Horton'll play it."

When the play was over, Horton would go to him.

"Mr. Mann," he'd say anxiously, "was I all right?"

"Simply terrible," Mann would say. "Why do you keep at it?"

He started at twenty dollars a week, got forty dollars at the end of the first year and ended at seventy-five dollars after three years. He had a chance then to play juvenile leads with the Chestnut Street Stock Company in Philadelphia, the best of its day.

"How much can you work for?" they asked him, and Horton thought fast. He knew he could stay at his fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, at Penn, so he said, "Fifty dollars."

"The part only pays twenty-five dollars," said the theater people.

"Oh, that's quite all right," said Horton. "Entirely all right."

That was in 1912 and he stayed until the fire department asked for a drill.

"Nobody knew where the hoses were," said Horton. "And it was discovered that the fire buckets were sieves. They closed us up."

He played for a time with Beulah Jay's Little Theater in Philadelphia, and finally caught on with a stock company in Portland, Maine, playing eighty-eight consecutive weeks. In the company was Dorothy Dalton, who created considerable of a scandal in the theater by leaving to take a job with the movies at less pay.

"But don't be foolish, Dorothy," they cried. "It may be steady work but is it Art? Think of your career."

When Horton was through at Portland, he was hired by the Wilkes Stock Company in Los Angeles at $200 a week. When he agreed to throw in a Sunday matinee, the edge was tilted to $250, which was money. He was with Wilkes for six years and then had his own company for three years. He had women out talking to clubs and carried on an extensive campaign in near-by towns. A visit to L. A. without seeing Horton was accounted a social error in Southern California.

He's a Bit Superstitious

In the meantime, he was carrying on his campaign of ruining the movie industry. He played in the silent movie of Ruggles of Red Gap and the losses constituted a Hollywood record. He played in Beggar on Horseback and they didn't get back enough money to pay for mimeographing the script. After To the Ladies had been a rousing success in his stock company, they felt they had the jinx licked.

"This one's *bound* to be good," they cried.

It lost something like eighteen billion dollars.

His first talkie was Miss Informer, with Lois Wilson. The studios weren't too experienced in sound and were taking no chances.

"There were microphones everywhere," says Horton. "Behind pictures, under the tables, behind pennants."

He was good in the two-reel talkies and even better in The Terror, which was the third full-length sound film. He followed that with The Hottentot, The Aviator, The Sap and Sonny Boy, and then suddenly they were through with him. He had been going along all right, audiences liked him, but the studios selected that moment to forget he was alive. He was out for a year, filling in the time as usual with his stock company.

It couldn't be money this time because the talkies were coining it. He tried to rationalize it into jealousy of his beauty, but that didn't stick. He finally put it down to pride.

"I looked like I *knew* I looked like," said Horton, "and I had enough sense to quit."

He was brought back by Lewis Milestone, who cast him in Front Page and since then it has been easy.

However, he is still a bit superstitious about it, which accounts for his place out in San Fernando Valley. It sits on a little knoll and has about four acres and contains his own house, where he lives with his mother, and a house for his brother and his family and another for his sister and her family.

The property is in a constant state of development. At one time last fall there were forty-two men working on the place, and he keeps two carpenters the year around. In a part of the barn he has his own planing mill and machine shop.

The tennis court is a sunken garden effect which looks like a Roman bath. It is of concrete, base and sides, was hewn out of the hillside and could have been built almost as cheaply out of platinum. The main house, which is of colonial style, will perhaps never be finished as long as Horton is successful in movies. Whenever it is about to be all right, he discovers it's all wrong and begins tearing it down again.

Making His Five Grand

The matter of the linotype slugs is also significant, because Horton is a demon collector. His original and perhaps permanent hobby was flowers. He has spent as much as $2,000 on a mess of bulbs, and once almost ruined the Los Angeles white carnation market in a contest with a screen writer who thought he could corner it. He goes in for dogs, but in a small way, having a kennel for them which includes individual dressing-rooms, shower baths and special diets.

He has Hollywood pretty well tamed. Since he works practically every day, his life is a combination of studios and farm. He gets up at six, sits around all day while the cameramen monkey with the lights, and gets back home around seven. In good weather he plays tennis under the lights, having a perfect alibi for bum shots in the fact that, although the lighting costs in the thousands, there is still one dark spot where the ball seems to make up its mind to disappear. He has never been married, looks like Edward Everett Horton on and off the screen, plays a fair game of tennis despite the darkness, likes to swim and fool around with the flowers, and has been known to wear out architects by the dozens. He very rarely goes out at night.

When he isn't playing tennis or looking at the barn with a jaundiced eye in those intervals when the houses are resting from their wounds, he is out making his five grand.

"They've got over that obsession that a screen player has to be handsome and rough," says Horton, explaining it modestly.

As a consequence he seems to appear in half the pictures coming out of Hollywood. If he is afraid of crowding his luck, he shows no signs of it. When last seen he was on the set of Hearts Divided conferring with his brother, who acts as his business manager. With the success of the Fred Astaire pictures in which Horton carried the comedy, his status in the film colony has never been higher; but, on the other hand, Brother Horton was most closely connected with the family fortunes in the old stock days at the Majestic.

Was Eddie thinking about another whirl at the legitimate stage, sort of a sentimental pilgrimage to the scene of his former triumphs?

"Stage, nothing," said Brother Horton wearily. "It's windows again. We're changing them. Every time he reads another magazine, we change the windows."

The more celebrated of the Hortons looked a touch embarrassed at such matters being discussed before strangers, but it was evident from the steady gleam in his eye that nothing Brother Horton said about windows was going to have any effect upon Brother Edward.

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He walked in the locker room and spread

Athlete's Foot

HE WAS A

"CARRIER"★

HE'S one of the most popular men in the club—plays a beautiful game and sings a fair to middlin' tenor at the 19th hole.

But if the members only knew he was a carrier of Athlete's Foot, they'd give him a wide berth in the locker room and bath where his bare feet spread the infection.

The trouble is, he himself does not know that he has Athlete's Foot. For the insidious thing about the disease is there is no pain at first, no distressing symptom to warn of infection and pain to follow.

Look for red, itching skin

Even now you may be infected yourself and not know it. Don't be a carrier—to your friends at the club, to your own family, spreading infection in your own spotless bathroom. For your own sake, as well as others, examine the skin between your toes. If you note the slightest redness, take action at once with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Or else tiny, itching blisters may appear. Often there comes excessive moisture; white, dead-looking skin; painful peeling; broken skin, raw distressing tissues.

Absorbine Jr. soothes and heals

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Keep a bottle at the club as well as at home. Take Absorbine Jr. with you on your vacation or when you travel. For the fungus is hard to destroy. In extreme cases, see your doctor in addition to Absorbine Jr. treatment. So difficult is the disease, your own socks may reinfect you unless they have been boiled 20 minutes.

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Absorbine Jr. soothes raw tissues pleasantly and aids in healing them. It is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Beware of cheap imitations. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective, but actually dangerous to your condition. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle, or try it at our expense. Write for a generous sample to W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

★"CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot—on shower and locker-room floors, on beach walks and in bath houses, on the edges of swimming pools, even on your own bathroom floor. Don't be a carrier. Don't take chances. Get rid of Athlete's Foot with cooling, soothing, healing Absorbine Jr.

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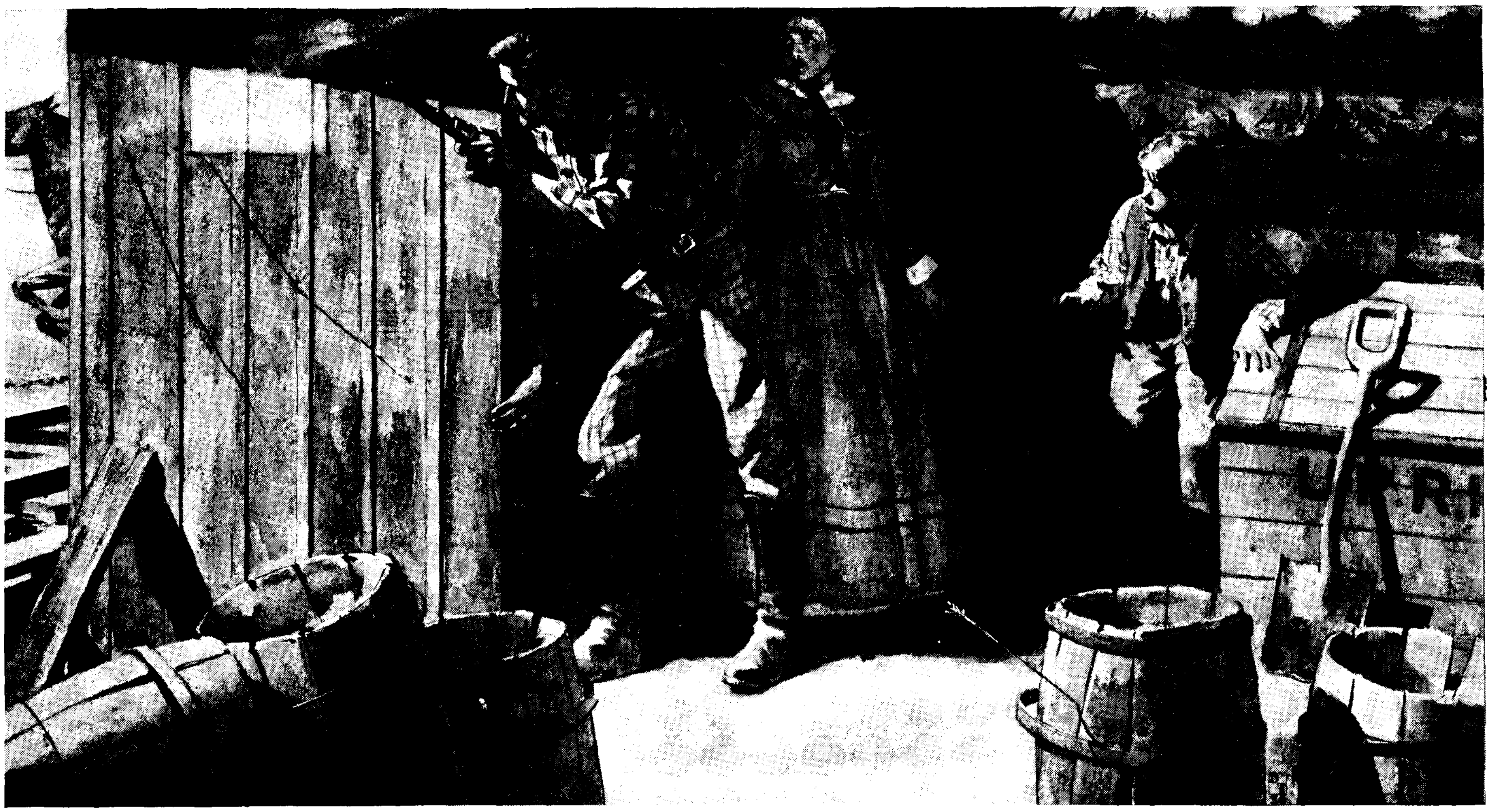


Peace said, "Arapaho," and opened up with his revolver, targeting those ruddy shapes

Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

FRANK PEACE receives a dangerous assignment: employed by the Union Pacific Railroad (engaged in its historic race with the Central Pacific which, laying rail eastward from San Francisco, is striving frantically to arrive at the junction point in Utah before the Union), he is given the task of suppressing all troublemakers along the right of way.

The road has reached Wyoming. Whereever Peace turns, he encounters ruffians, gamblers and other riffraff. And he soon learns that the most undesirable element is dominated by a notorious gambler: "Big Sid" Campeaux. As the railhead advances, Campeaux advances with it. At each railhead he establishes a disreputable joint.

Peace understands Campeaux. The man's companion, however—a beautiful girl who says her name is Nan Normandy—mystifies him. Again and again he encounters her; and once, in an unguarded moment, she tells him that she is looking for her father, who, years before had gone west and disappeared. But she is singularly reticent concerning her past and her relations with Campeaux.

Peace is engaged to Eileen Oliver, whose father has a little store at the railheads. An Eastern girl, she does not care for the West; nor will she marry Peace unless he promises to go east. Peace has been given a man's job; he will make no promises. And gradually the realization comes to him that he may be in danger of losing Eileen to another man—Ben Latimer, who is quietly paying her much attention.

Among Peace's friends is young Archie Millard, an Army lieutenant. Millard is madly in love with a girl known as "Cherry." a half-breed. The girl has learned that an effort is being made to separate them. She comes to Millard, tells him of her fears. He takes her in his arms. "There's some way out of this, Cherry," he whispers. "There has to be."

V

ROY LOVELACE and his wife Helen had two rooms in Benton's flimsy hotel. A touch of air came through the windows to relieve the trapped heat of late July day. Dusk was flowing down into Benton in layers of powder-blue color, and lights were once more setting up a crystal glitter along the street. For a brief hour it had been quiet but now the work trains loaded with Irishmen were pulling in from end of track to fill the veins of the town with a wicked vigor. It was Saturday evening.

Peace drank the last of his coffee. He pushed his chair back slightly from the table so that he might cross his legs. The shadows of the room were round and pleasant until Lovelace's Irish girl came in with a lighted lamp. Helen Lovelace said: "It is too hot for the twins to sleep yet, Mary. Take them for a walk."

The twins slid from their chairs and stood formally in the center of the room a moment—two small girls with their hair combed tightly back from their heads into pigtails. One of them bowed and showed her company manners. "Good night, Mister Peace." The other gravely mimicked that; and then a little gust of giggling disturbed them and they ran from the room, Mary following.

Lovelace put his hands flat on the table, his long fingers flexing. "How long do you suppose we'll be in Benton, Frank?" The whiteness of his stiff shirt front accented the pale and solemn and wire-thin face. Somewhere and sometime, Peace knew, this man had lived in well-born surroundings. It was to be seen in his soft ways; it was to be heard in the smoothness of his speech. Lovelace and his wife were altogether alike; living in a world to which they didn't belong, with a shadowy strain showing, with a remote sense of tragedy showing.

"Green River," said Peace, "is the next controlling point. There'll be a good town there. We'll reach it around the middle of September."

"SIX more weeks here then," murmured Lovelace. Campeaux's musicians were collected at the Club doorway, throwing their brass blare up and down the street to announce the beginning of another roaring night; instantly the sound of Benton stepped up to a quicker and more humming pitch. Lovelace looked at his hands. Helen Lovelace rose as though possessed by impatience. But she stood motionless, her head turned toward the windows, her smooth features stilled by some remote thought. She was to Peace the meaning of fidelity; and he thought then that she would be beautiful in a black velvet dress, with diamond eardrops glittering against the dark luster of her hair. That kind of a woman. Gracious. Too proud to show her hurts. They were both listening to Campeaux's band in a way that seemed to tell Peace they hated it—and could not help obeying it. A rebel yell from the construction hands lifted Benton's flimsy rafters. Helen Lovelace tipped her head at her husband, quietly watching him. Lovelace said:

"I never knew a more evil town than this. But it has been good to us. The best of all towns for a gambler. In a way, I shall hate to leave it. My luck's run good here, as good as it ever has. Something tells me it is a climax."

Peace stirred in the chair. "A dead man every morning. A girl dead from laudanum every week. When are you going to take your family out of this, Roy?"

Lovelace lifted his steel-indifferent eyes. But Peace knew he had struck a tender spot, and wasn't sorry. Lovelace's shoulders shrugged. "When my luck goes out, Frank, I'm through. This is my life. I can make money no other way. But I'm not the fool you may think. My draft goes to San Francisco every week—and some day my family will be done with this."

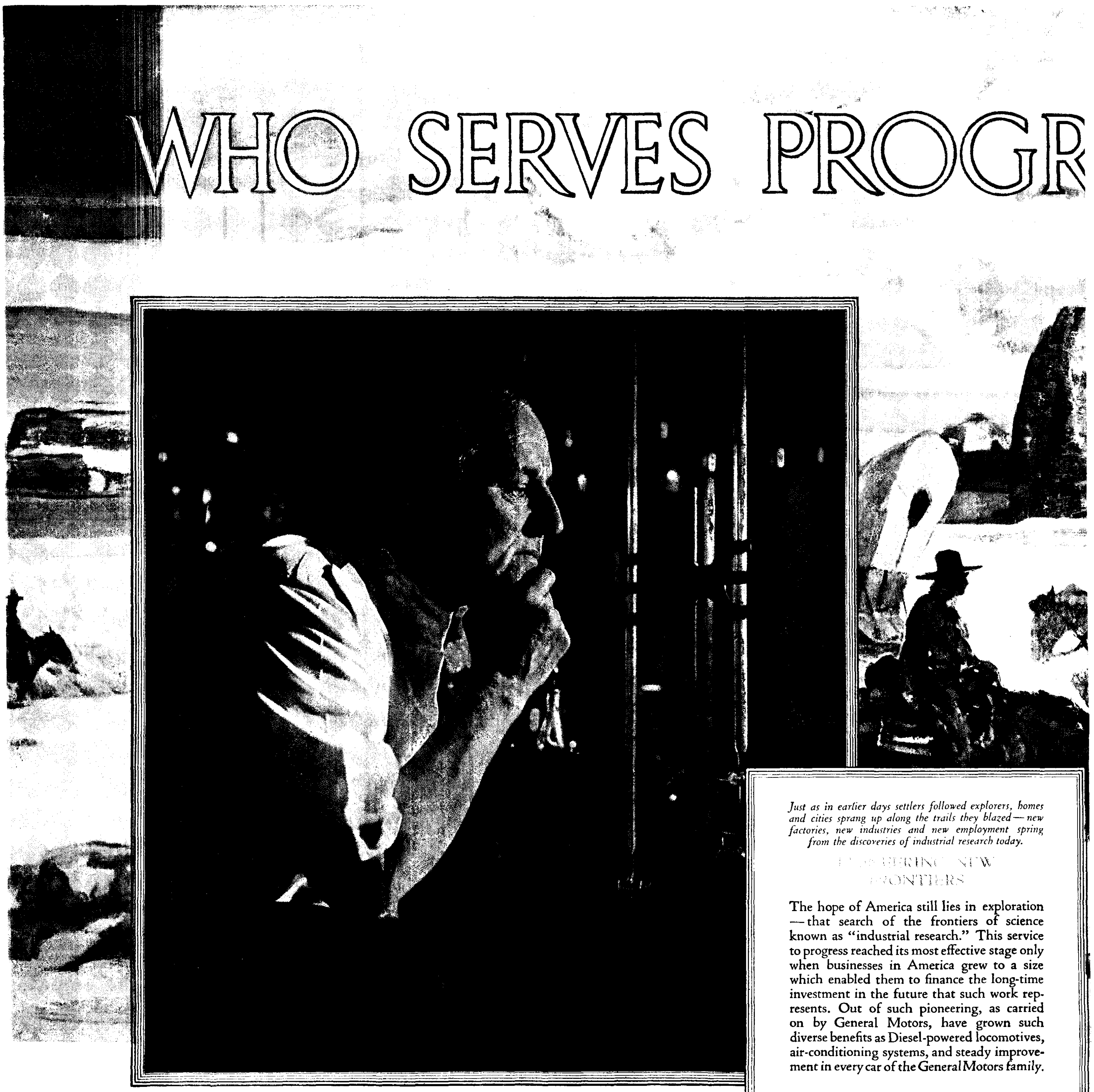
"When?" said Peace skeptically.

"Fortune always runs out. When I get my warning I'll obey, because I understand. Will you?"

Peace said: "What?"

"Sure. It applies to you as well. Helen

WHO SERVES PROGR



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SS SERVES AMERICA!

Charles S. Chapman

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ICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

and I often talk about it. You bear a charmed life. The risks pile up, and still never hurt you. There is no man on this right of way better liked, and none better hated. You think that's going to last forever? It won't. The law of percentages will take care of that. One day your luck will run out and that's the end of Frank Peace."

Peace said: "Where will you go when you're through with the game? Back East?"

Lovelace let a quick gust of irritation come out of him. "Why don't you listen to me when I give you good advice?" He shook his head, his voice changing to a tone that was regretful. "No, never back East. That's closed to us. San Francisco, I think."

He rose and went across the room for his hat. For a moment he stood in the soft light, clipping the end from a cigar. There was a scene here of a man mustering up the ingredients of the part he had to play; the quietness, the detachment, the tight-lipped indifference of the gambler. Pushing himself to his feet, Frank Peace could not help asking this:

"Why," he murmured, "why do I always find you standing behind him, Helen?"

But it was Lovelace who answered that, swiftly and very simply: "Because she's my luck. I couldn't turn a card without her."

THEY were tall and still in the room, with that deep silence full of a speechless pride. Peace turned his eyes away from them; it bothered him to be a witness to something he had no right to see. "Your luck," he said, "runs in more ways than one, Roy."

"Perhaps I have thought of that," answered Lovelace, and led the way from the room. The twins were racing up the steps, noisy and out of breath. Lovelace bent down; he removed the cigar from his mouth, and kissed them and went on. At the bottom of the stairway Peace looked back and saw their round, big eyes peering between the stairway standards. They were giggling at him again.

Peace stopped in the street and removed his hat. "The meal was a treat to me—and the visit pleasant, as it always is." Helen Lovelace gave him one quick glance, as though that touch of civility startled her. She had no smile for Peace, yet he saw the softening of her glance. He watched them go, two fine figures moving side by side with a self-contained dignity through the thickening traffic of Benton's undisciplined crowd. The fragrance of a passing pipe reminded him of his own and he stepped to the edge of the walk and casually filled it. He saw Overmile stationed against the front of a building ten yards away; he caught Overmile's eye. Overmile barely nodded. Drawing in the good smoke, Peace tried to understand his partner's sudden remoteness and could not. Something, he thought, had gotten into the string-shaped Texan to turn his sunny humor sour.

AT THAT moment Peace's head lifted another notch, a keenness threading his nerves. Jack Cordray appeared from the black maw of an alley and stood indecisively at the edge of Benton's Main Street, having a general look at the scene.

Peace thought, "Why is he here?" and watched carefully. Cordray was thinner and flimsier than when he last had seen the man—which was at Julesburg the year before. After that affair Cordray had vanished with a bullet hole in his shoulder. He seemed to Peace to be on the edge of tuberculosis; a grayness lay on the skeleton-bare outline of his face, a grayness like the powdery alkali dust of Benton's street. Against that pallor his eyes burned bitterly black and a roll of jet hair lay down against his forehead. It meant something to Peace that Cordray had again appeared. He thought, "Campeaux needed another clever hand with a gun," and noticed how Cordray's quick inspection roved its way through the traffic. In a moment Cordray had found him; he saw Cordray's whole face break with a recognition, and afterwards strictly compose itself. The man wheeled swiftly back into the alley.

Overmile came out of his spurious repose, noting Peace's steady-placed stare. It turned the Texan at once, and he had his own sight of Jack Cordray disappearing. He breasted the flowing column of Irishmen on the walk, coming directly up to Peace. He said: "Listen, Frank. Be smart now."

The two were knocked apart by a huge rawboned shape that swayed and was near to falling. The man had a long bronze beard, beneath which his lips moved vaguely. "I'm from Tennessee. You from Kentucky?"

Peace threw him backwards. "Get out of here."

"I can whip anybody from Kentucky," growled the big one—and lurched beyond them, looking for trouble. Peace said: "It's all right, Leach." He stepped into the traffic and let it carry him onward past Campeaux's Club, past Lou Queed's smaller joint, past the lusty riot of a dance hall. Abreast Nan Normandy's he paused, pushing Irishmen off his elbows, and saw Nan serving a full counter. Campeaux, he noticed, was sitting in there talking with her. He let the tide boost him forward again, and slid out of it at the next alley. A line of freighters was jammed up in front of Bardee Oliver's store, loading merchandise for the Salt Lake trade. Lanterns danced here and men were laboring hugely through the threshed dust. Peace, heavier-humored than he realized, pushed his way into the store. He went on back and knocked, and entered the rear room at Eileen's cool call.

The noise dropped off and the feeling he had was of being suddenly folded in a soft comfort. For a moment it was always this way. Something in him let down; the edge of his hard temper dissolved. The room cushioned his weariness.

"Sit beside me, Frank," Eileen said gently.

He took the near-by chair and settled his frame in it, letting all his muscles go loose.

"Have you had supper?"

"With Roy Lovelace and his wife." He stirred, impatient even in his weariness. "I wish they'd get the twins out of this."

A quick hurt thrust through her. She laid her small hands on the sewing, and faced him. "You could have come here," she told him.

"Lovelace," he said irrelevantly, "is the only square gambler in town. His wife has a quality hard for me to define. You ought to know her."

"No."

His faint grin appeared. "Don't always push the world away, Eileen. There's fun in it, which you're missing."

She tipped her chin toward the sewing again. She laced her fingers together and held them still. "I can only be what I am, Frank."

HE DIDN'T answer. Sprawled back in the chair he watched her face rise to him, so stirred that all its lines were lovely. Yet even then she couldn't forget the orderliness she had to have. She put the sewing basket on the table, and smoothed out her dress. Her shoulders lifted, and then she had put her will against him.

He said brusquely: "If you wish me to leave, say so. But don't stiffen against me as though I were a stranger."

She let go with an anger that straightened him in the chair. "Don't bring your work manners in here! You have become callused and brutal. All the gentleness is gone out of you! It is your way you've always insisted upon—and now you're sullen because I don't give my mind over to you for keeping."

He said, "You become human, Eileen."

"I think we've had enough of that, too," she retorted. "I can't be vulgar if that's what you mean by human."

He hoisted himself wearily to his feet. "Why are we fighting again?"

She faced him with a touch of defiance that was strange. "Frank," she said, "we never fight when you have your way. It is only when I stand by myself that you talk to me like this. I can't go any further. I told you that last time. I mean it. Do you see? I'm a person; I'm Eileen Oliver. I can't be part of your baggage, to be thrown in stray car seats and lugged around from one construction town to another for another forty years. And I can't be just a casual wife, living outside your world. Your world is your job. I'm not in that. I have no share of it. You come here when you are finished with that. You go back to it when you're finished with me. No. Not ever, Frank."

He had nothing to say. When she had quit talking the silence was thick. And, after a time, Peace left her.

PEACE tramped back down Main Street as far as Nan Normandy's. He had no purpose in his head but when he saw her place to be empty he turned through the doorway on impulse. She had her back to the counter, arranging a pile of dishes; but she swung about when she heard him. There was a change on her light-loving face, a quick expression in her eyes.

He said stupidly: "Maybe it's coffee I need. We'll try that."

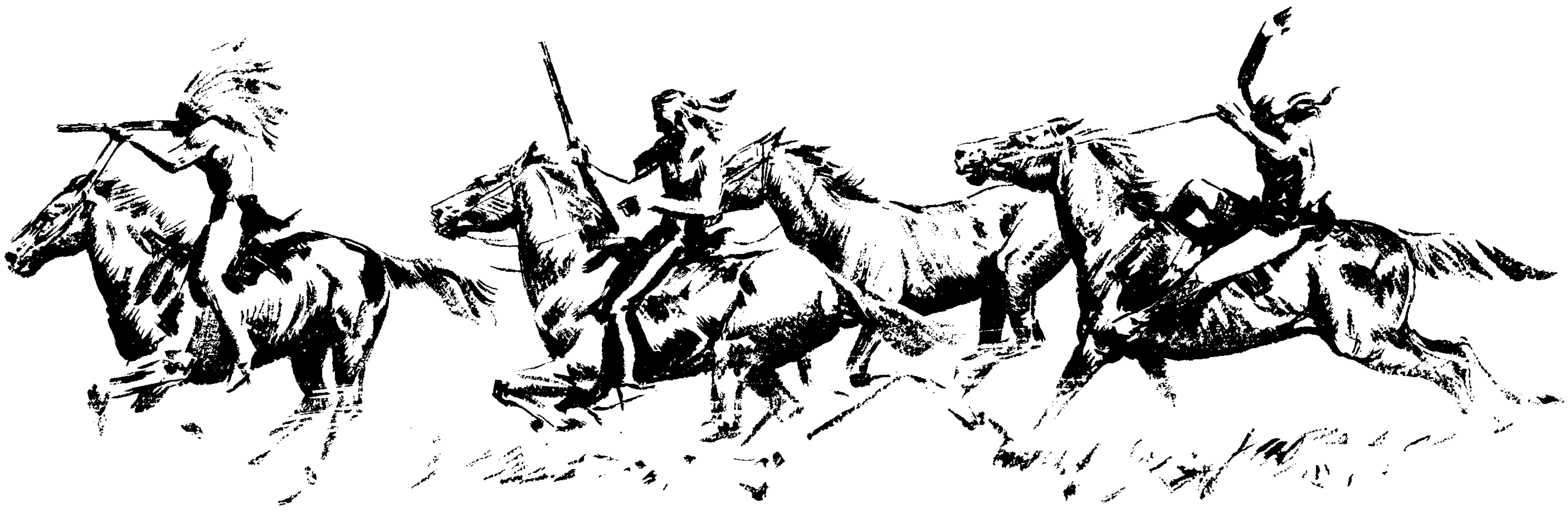
She put her hands behind her. She had a gentleness for him. "How long has it been since you've slept?"

A little current of humor rippled the set of his face. "It wouldn't be the help you'd think."

She shook her head. Suddenly she went toward the door of the kitchen. "You're careless, Frank. With yourself as well as with others. Come back here."

He followed her through the kitchen to her own room in the rear. There was a decent bed in the place and a few matched chairs and a table supporting a lamp. On the wall one picture. She said, "Sit down," and returned to the kitchen.

He dropped to the chair and got out his pipe. But he held it idle, elbows propping him against the table. The weariness in him made his head dull; it was deep down in his bones. Through the thin partitions of this building he heard the diminished brawling of men in the adjoining joint. Gunshots beat doggedly along the street; the rumble and jolt of a big freighting caravan on the main street telegraphed through the walls. Nan returned with his cup of coffee, placing it before him. He laid aside his pipe. The coffee helped some. That sound of shooting kept up and a man yelled in a wild, savage way out in



The Indians, holding to that single wedgelike column, tore straight down upon the camp

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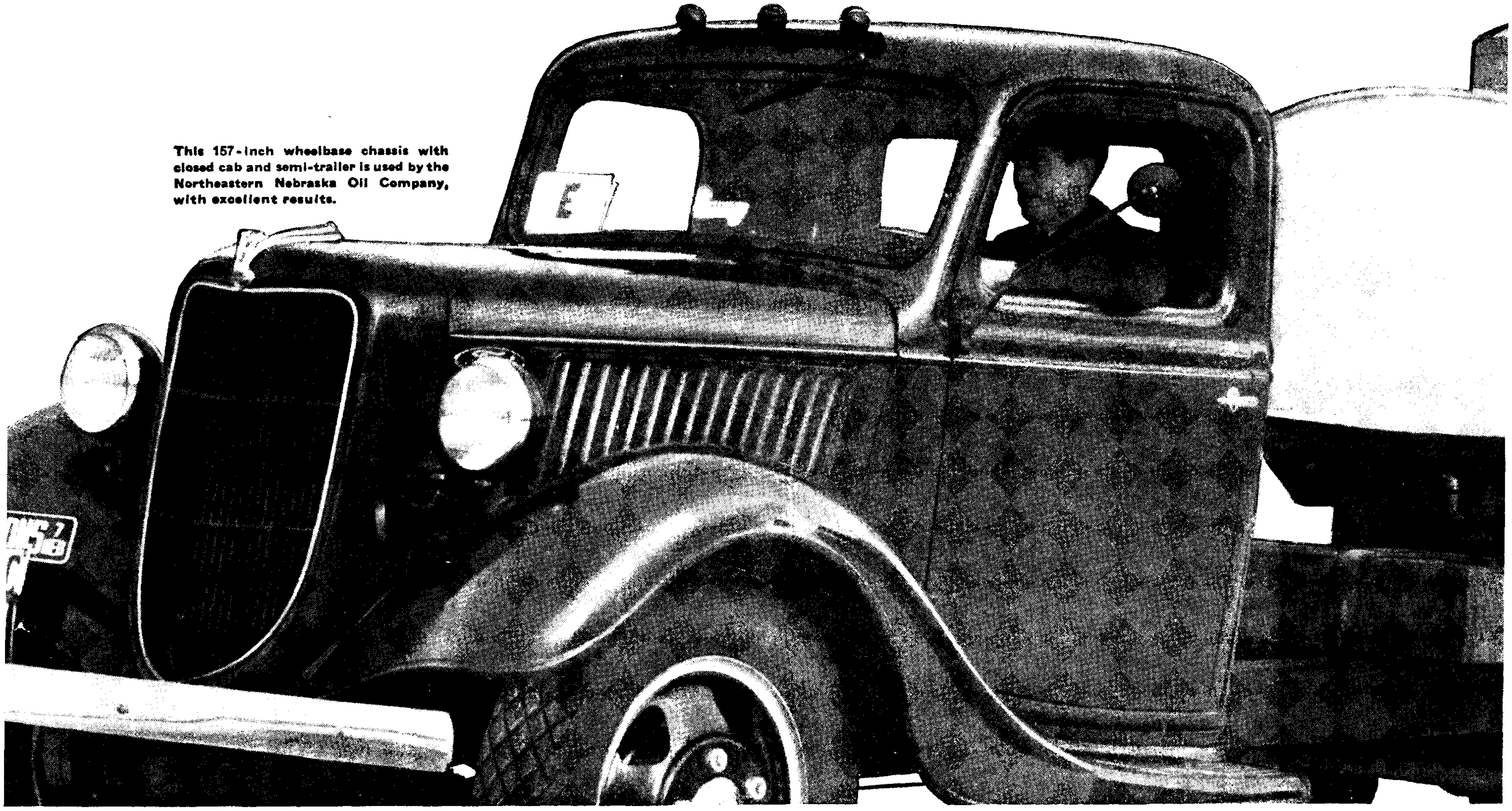

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Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 36

front of the restaurant. Peace pulled up his head to find her standing against a wall of this little room, carefully watching him.

He said: "I wonder why I'm here."

"Perhaps I get a little lonely, too, Frank."

"Do I strike you that way?"

"Not lonely, so much. But of being terribly alone, even with your work."

"How do you know that?"

"I know you," she told him gently.

He rose, no particular thought in his mind. "The coffee helped," he said, and turned about. The pressure of fatigue was in his knees, strange to him. He had not known that he could be this tired. He put his hands on the edge of the bed and sat down. The softness of it pulled him back, and he lay full length, one hand shading his eyes against the light. She saw that and came about the table until her body shut off the glare.

SOMETHING brushed him faintly across a cheek, and suddenly he was wide awake. Nan Normandy sat beside the bed, her face lifting away from him. Her cheeks were soft and rose-colored in the gentle lamplight. She said: "Do you know you've been asleep for two hours?"

He sat up at once, ashamed of himself. He rose and walked around the room, his restlessness returned. He got out his pipe. "The sleep helped. You're a wise woman, Nan."

"I said I knew you, didn't I?" She sat in the chair, hands folded.

He stopped in front of her, looking down. Her blond hair was palely shining in the light; all her features were clear and even and vivid to him. He said: "I like women who follow Eve's pattern."

The color deepened instantly on her cheeks. She dropped her chin, not looking at him. "She was a restless woman, Frank. She made Adam miserable."

"But she was a woman," he drawled. "And I never thought much of Adam's farm and fireside disposition."

It made her laugh. She rose. "You're feeling better. So I have done my Christian duty. You'd better go."

"Been out to end of track yet?"

"No."

"Tomorrow's Sunday, but they'll be laying steel. We'll catch the morning work train."

"Why," she said, "I'd love to go."

He said, "Good night," and went to the door. He turned there and looked back. She wasn't smiling. The barrier was between them again, as though danger had come to this room. He felt it and could not understand it. One moment they were friends; and then they were strangers looking across the wall. He went out through the kitchen into the full boil of Benton's street. Back at the engineer's quarters he found Morgan, as usual, propped up in the bunk reading an old newspaper. "Where's Leach?"

Morgan looked over the top of the paper. "Out nursin' a grouch somewhere." He let his shrewd eyes cover Peace a moment and then returned to his reading.

AT EIGHT o'clock they left Benton on the work train, Nan and Peace and Overmile and the imperturbable Morgan. On the train also were the two inseparable bulldogs of the road, Sam Reed and Jack Casement. One of the government commissioners joined them at Rawlins, fifteen miles out. These and the usual quota of Irishmen bound back to grading camps filled the coach.

For some reason Morgan exhibited a quality of cheerfulness not usual to him; and for some reason Leach Overmile, ordinarily full of dry humor, had nothing to say. The same dismal temper that had been in control of him for almost a month still possessed him. Relaxed in the coach seat, Peace painstakingly sought a reason for the Texan's aloof silence and found none.

Morgan's good nature was easier to explain. In the beginning Phil had disliked Nan, as he disliked most women. But it wasn't hard to look at Nan this morning and understand why a man should be charmed by her personality. Her gayness went along the car like warmth. Jack Casement came forward and sat on the arm of a seat, his scrappy Irish face openly appreciating Nan. Reed came up to have a word. Silent while the talk went on, Peace noted the way her mouth stirred, softly showing the play of an inner laughter. She was speaking to Reed, her voice composed and calm; and the tilt of her strangely quickened Peace's interest. She had a womanly fullness behind that smiling reserve; a richness that was for none of them.

Her eyes came to him, feeling his glance. Reed said: "We'll have to put a guard around you when we get into Utah territory, Miss Normandy. Brigham's boys are shy on wives." She nodded, holding Peace's attention. Her lips were straight and still, with sweetness on them, and a thought struck straight across the space to him, direct and plain, excluding the other men.

Overmile abruptly rose and went down the aisle. Morgan smiled. "Our long drink of water from the Lone Star state feels like bitin' himself this mornin'."

"I wish," said Peace earnestly, "I knew why."

Morgan stared at him. Morgan shrugged his shoulders. "Let it go."

All the desert ran its monochrome surface off into the dim powder-blue mists of this heated day. The flash of the sun was full and harsh. They ran up the gentle Creston grade and dipped over the Continental Divide, passing through the red walls of the recently cut right of way. Beyond, on the baked flatness of the Red Desert, they passed a half-mile line of laden material trains waiting turn on the siding. Two hours from Benton they reached end of track.

Casement and Reed hurried off. Overmile wasn't to be seen and Morgan went his own way, leaving Peace and Nan alone. Peace took her arm and started straight down the track.

This was Casement's capital city—this formless, dusty, confused and hurry-scurry habitation lying across the sun-blasted Wyoming plain. The long boarding train stood on a siding; the shacks and warehouses and corrals and shops that fed materials to ten thousand men scattered two hundred miles to the front stood in formless row under a pall of alkali whipped forty feet into the sky. Great dumps of steel and ties lined the right of way and wagons and men crossed and recrossed the powder-churned earth. A material train slowly backed along the rails, stopping at the very end of steel. Half a dozen soldiers squatted under the false protection of a tin-roofed lean-to, their faces broiled black. Coming beside another huge row of ties, Peace gave his arm to Nan.

"We'll get a good view from there," he said, and helped her climb the ten-foot vantage point. From that spot the activities of the track gang lay directly under their eyes.

NAN turned to him, her voice wistful. "They work so very hard."

"And fight hard and play hard," he said. "That's your Irishman."

"And die from heat and disease and accident and bullets," she added. "I have wondered why they are so violent and so savage when they hit Benton. Can you blame them?"

"I wish," he said, "you'd tell that to the Eastern moralists who come out here to pass judgment."

Sam Reed came past the tie pile rapidly, shaking his head. "This sun's no place for you, Miss Normandy. Should have a parasol."

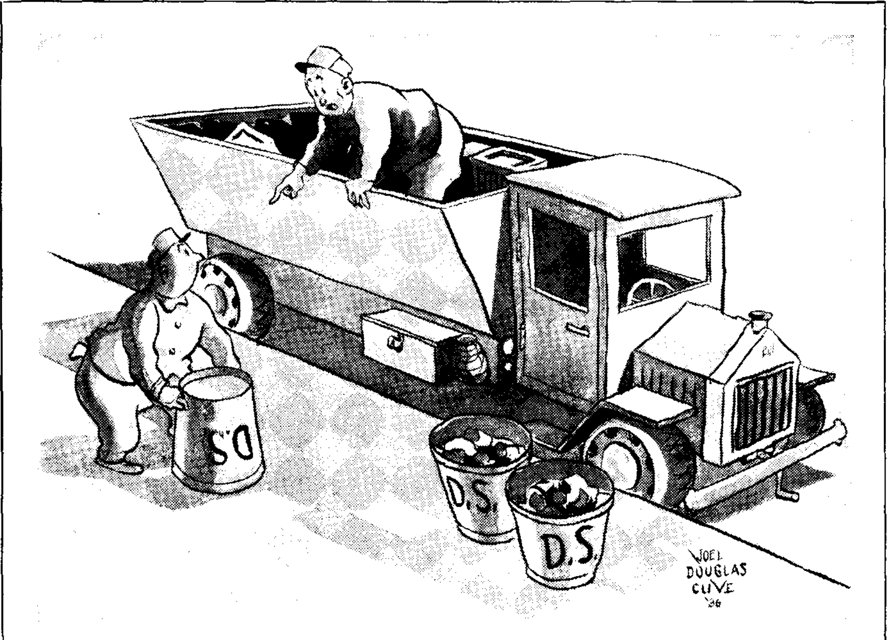
Peace started to climb down, but she caught his arm and said, "Just another moment."

Deep in the south the vague shoulders of the Sierra Madre range were visible; and afterwards his eyes fell to dust jetting up from a coulee a quarter mile beyond end of track. It pinned his attention—that spreading shroud of alkali. Nothing showed along the earth.

Nan said: "The driver of the steel truck is only a boy—"

He had turned to her; now he turned

(*Continued on page 40*)



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Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 38

back. One long, high and excited yell split the camp, and hard on the heels of the yell a gunshot laid its flat burst across the hot, windless air. Out of the coulee and up from the spreading dust spilled a column of Indians, flattened on angular, long-maned ponies, racing down upon the steel gang. More guns began to split the heat; the construction engine's whistle set up an intermittent hooting and all the Irishmen in the camp began to charge across the grade toward their rifles stacked near by. The little squad of soldiers rushed out of the tin lean-to and deployed and knelt and began firing. The Indians, holding to that single wedgelike column, tore straight down upon the camp.

PEACE wheeled and swept the girl up in his arms and, thus holding her, made the ten-foot jump to the ground. He went down on his knees, stung by the drop, and rolled awkwardly to cushion her fall. He saw her face whiten as her head hit the dust, but she let go of him as he kept rolling away, and when he got up again she had risen and was standing against the tie pile.

He said, "Flat against it," and put himself at a corner. She hadn't known he was carrying a gun. It came out of some pocket and she saw him steady himself and take aim—and wait.

The graders were deployed against the slight right-of-way embankment, their rifles driving short, spanging echoes against the hoof-drum of the Indian ponies, against the steady howling of the savages. Dust rolled more thickly out along the grade and the shapes of the Indians were dim in it. They were firing as they came, driving their bullets down into the crouched Irishmen and charging on. The whistle of the construction engine kept up its alarm; a man in the cook shack banged his fist regularly on the bottom of a pan as though he were swarming bees. The kid driving the steel truck made one long dive and landed at Nan's feet under the half shelter of the ties. Peace said, "Arapaho," and opened up with his revolver, targeting those ruddy shapes weaving up through the dense dust. His gun roared and kicked back, and straightened and roared again.

A BULLET shaved a long sliver from a tie over Nan's head. The Indian column rushed on through the camp's irregular street, pounding by the far side of the tie pile, shots rattling against the sides of the adjacent boarding train like the burst of popcorn. Dust was thicker than rain mist from one end of the camp to the other; the bullets of the graders, pursuing the Arapaho, began to strike dangerously close to the tie pile. Up out of the pall raced a single buck, his thin and tall and naked torso presented squarely at Peace as he charged the ties. Peace's revolver caught him a scant ten yards away, knocking him off the pony. There was a rope tied to the waist of the savage and when he fell the pony wheeled and bolted after the departing column, dragging the Indian through the up-ripped alkali.

The graders moved forward from the embankment like soldiers making a charge. Down at the end of the camp's street the high battle wail of the Arapaho slimmed out to an echo that presently blended with the tattoo of their pony hoofs. The firing died to a few solitary shots. Men were milling along the street, half hidden by the dust and cursing out their vivid Irish wrath. Sam Reed ran forward and stopped by the tie pile. He grasped a Spencer carbine in one fist, the glitter of excitement turning his eyes pale. The whole front of his black suit had the appearance of having been dipped in a flour barrel.

"Miss Normandy!"

Peace whirled around. Nan stood directly by him. Her cheeks were faintly white. Yet Peace, thoroughly aroused, saw no fear in her. She said, to Reed: "Nothing's happened to me."

Reed said: "My God," in a deeply relieved way, and went trotting over to the embankment.

Peace said brusquely: "I'd like to think of the right word to describe you, Nan," and took hold of her arm. She swayed to his touch and he felt the faint tremor of her body. But she was smiling at him in a manner that drove a long, rash pulse through his blood. For a moment they were two people, quite alone, a quality pulling them more closely together; the heat and the dust and the sound of all the voices of the camp fell aside. Peace let his arm drop. Some of the fighting bitterness loosened its grip on his long mouth. The long regret in his voice was very clear to her.

"Some day, Nan, you're going to make some man's life a pleasant thing, full of fun and sweetness. I envy that man."

"Does it mean that much to you?" she murmured; and then before he could answer, her talk broke in hurriedly. "Let's go on. . . ."

At noon Peace and Nan ate in Reed's office car with the official staff. Around two o'clock they boarded the day coach hooked to a Benton-bound construction train. Phil Morgan ambled in and sat with Nan. Overmile wasn't to be seen. Traveling the length of the coach, Peace found him crouched in the vestibule, smoking through a glum silence. He stared at Peace, saying nothing. Peace returned to Nan; the train got under way.

Phil Morgan said: "Think that was the red man's swan song as far as direct attack on the right of way is concerned. He'll roam the edges and catch the fellow foolish enough to stray beyond protection. But he's learned he can't monkey with a bunch of Irishmen who were educated at Vicksburg and Lookout Mountain. I—"

Nan Normandy suddenly wiped a clear patch in the car window's dust-fogged surface and looked through it. A man came abreast the car, mounted on a big roan horse, and waited there for the train to pull by. Nan said in a swift, strange way: "Frank!"

Peace stared out there, and had a moment's sight of the rider whose face straightened on the car with a suddenly impaled interest. Peace said: "Bill Wallen—a saloonkeeper at Nick Moylan's camp."

SHE started to rise from her seat, the strangeness of her expression increasing. Peace tried to catch another view of Wallen but the man had wheeled his pony away at a dead gallop. The train gathered speed and slid past the solid line of cars on the siding. Nan Normandy fell back in the seat; her eyes, wide and stirred, sought Frank Peace's face. "Wallen?" she murmured. "You're sure?"

He said, "Wait," and grabbed at the edge of a picture that slid fugitively through his head. He failed to get it. "Yes. Somebody you know?"

(*Continued on page* 42)

"I got a funny feeling that maybe this isn't a dream after all. . . ."

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BROMO-SELTZER

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 40

She didn't answer. That expression, startled and half afraid, slowly settled.

They got off the train at Benton shortly after five and walked across the street to the restaurant, pausing there a moment in the harsh flood of the day's last sunlight. She turned so that the pleased, happy expression of her lips was there for him to see. "Thank you so much, Frank."

He had a question in his mind and found it hard to shape up. It came out of him lamely and wasn't what he wanted to know at all. "You're getting along all right?"

She said: "Perhaps I ask for too much."

He didn't understand it; he showed that by the quick crease springing across his forehead. She smiled and put her hand to his arm. "Never mind, Frank. Do you approve of me?"

He said, carefully: "If it matters to you, I do."

She was grave then, grave and still. "It seems to matter; I don't know why." But her ingrained honesty, always so near to the surface, made her add something. "That was a silly question. I'm sorry I asked it. There shouldn't be any obligations between us. You have troubles enough. Forget it."

A voice behind him, clear and self-possessed, said: "How are you, Frank?" Turning, he saw Eileen walking up, parasol tipped against the sun.

He removed his hat. "Eileen, have you met Nan Normandy?"

Eileen's voice was like the gentle, crystal tinkle of glass. "I have heard of you, Miss Normandy."

There was a comparison here that was, for Peace, hard to make. Dark and slim, Eileen stood before Peace in a way that was willfully proud. The orderliness of this girl covered her like a hard finish; and no emotion showed through it. It was a contrast he could not overlook. For Nan's presence, even now, was like the stir of a soft, wild wind against him. She said: "Thank you again, Frank," and smiled at Eileen, and turned into her place.

Eileen said in that straightened, unmoved voice: "Walk a ways with me, please," and moved beside him along Benton's empty street. This day's dull lethargy still locked the town; the smell of tobacco smoke and whisky puffed out of the saloons in stale eddies. They turned down the alley, their steps striking together. Eileen's voice was rigidly controlled: "I never thought that I should ever take a man publicly away from another woman, Frank."

HE SAID nothing. They entered the store and went through it. Inside the back room, she turned to face him with a swiftness that he didn't understand, with a passionate force that destroyed all her calm. "I never thought I would ever beg for a man! I walked that street for an hour, waiting for you to come back with her. Do you think it was an accident I passed you? I hate myself for doing it. To be cheap—"

"Eileen—"

"You have never been very patient with me, Frank. I know. You have been tiring of me—because I can't help being proud! Oh, Frank, you don't know what misery is! I want to be myself, but you will not let me be. Every time we quarrel you beat me lower and lower in my own eyes. I have nothing left except the thought that one day we'll be out of this country and away from this kind of life. But you won't even let me hope for that! I have to be your kind of woman, if I want you. I have to throw away my own ways. Frank, you're so cruel!"

"Eileen," he broke in sharply, "what have you done?"

She made a gesture that changed her completely from the woman he knew. She raised her arms, she opened them. "All right, Frank. If you can't change I must. So here I am, just as you want me to be."

He reached out and pulled her in. The pressure of her arms was tight and complete on his shoulders and her lips met his mouth swiftly and gave him all that he wanted. The beat of her heart struck quick and hard against his chest; her body shook. When he lifted his head he saw that she was crying, a thing she never had done before. "I can't lose you, Frank," she said. "My pride goes before that." And then, seeing the look in his eyes, her fingers dug fiercely into his shoulders. "Isn't that enough? What more do you want?"

"Nothing," he said gently.

"Then," she said, quickly, "let us be married. At once. Tonight."

He said: "There was a minister through here last week. He's back in Cheyenne now."

"We can go to Cheyenne tonight."

"I have to leave tomorrow for a trip into the Wasatch tie camps. I'll be back inside of three weeks."

She looked at him. "Have you changed your mind about me?"

He said, "No," and didn't like the sound of his voice. He repeated it. "No, Eileen," and kissed her again. The setting of a ring on her finger had slipped around; it bit into his neck as she held him.

WHEN Peace entered the bunk room at the commissary building half an hour later he found Overmile there.

"Peace," he said, "what kind of a man *are* you?"

Peace looked at him. "You've got something on your chest. You've had it there a long time. Get it off if you think you'll feel better."

"The company," said Overmile, "pays me to rustle horses for you. That's my job and I'll do it. But I can't stand by and see you make a fool out of a woman!"

"Is that it?" said Peace.

"That's it."

"Your job doesn't include my personal affairs," said Peace quite softly.

"No?" said Overmile. "No? Maybe it's my personal affair, too."

"Keep it to yourself."

Overmile's temper was a wicked thing when it lifted. He paled a little. He said: "I don't take that talk, Frank. Not even from you. And I don't let any man livin' hurt Nan Normandy."

Peace said, "Who?" and his freshening glance saw something on the Texan's face then that shook the anger out of him. He walked over to Overmile; he put a hand on Overmile's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Leach."

"Sorry?" growled Overmile.

"I misunderstood you," answered Peace. "The field's all yours. Eileen and I are getting married the day I come back from the Wasatch camps."

Leach stared. There wasn't any light on Peace's face; there wasn't any lift in his talk. It made the Texan narrow his lids and search Peace with a long, solid attention. Afterwards he dropped his head, turning the burning cigarette around and around between his fingers. "Maybe," he said dryly, "we both better get drunk. Some folks hold to that theory." He drew a long breath. "I've had a hell of a month, son. Let's forget it."

(To be continued next week)

WARNING!

DON'T LET A BLOW-OUT
THROW YOUR CAR OUT OF CONTROL

BE SURE YOUR TIRES ARE SILVERTOWNS IF YOU WANT GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Woman Driver: "All I remember, Officer, is hearing a BANG! Then the car ran crazy. I guess I'm lucky it wasn't more serious."

Officer: "I'll say you are. Do you know that thousands are killed or injured in blow-out accidents every year?"

* * *

There's no question about it—riding on *unsafe* tires is a gamble no motorist can afford to take. Your brakes and your steering gear may be in perfect shape—but could they hold you on the road if a whirling tire suddenly blew out? The law of averages is all against you, unless you're properly protected.

Are your tires safe?

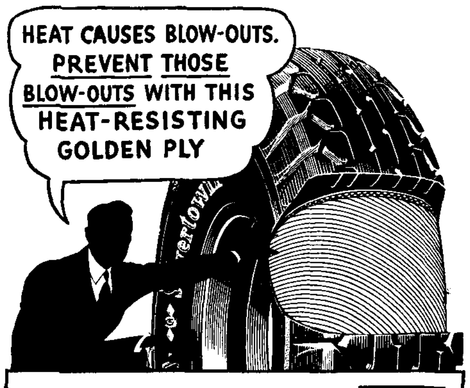
When you spin along at 40—50—60 miles an hour the tire gets blistering hot *inside.* Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER until—sooner or later—BANG! A blow-out—that might have been prevented if your car had been equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

Inside, Silvertowns have something no other tire in the world has—the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This amazing Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

When you ride on Silvertowns you also get the added protection of a specially-designed "road-drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car. At the first sign of a skid the big center ribs sweep away the water, giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. Which means you'll stop *quicker, straighter, safer* on wet, slippery roads.

No extra cost

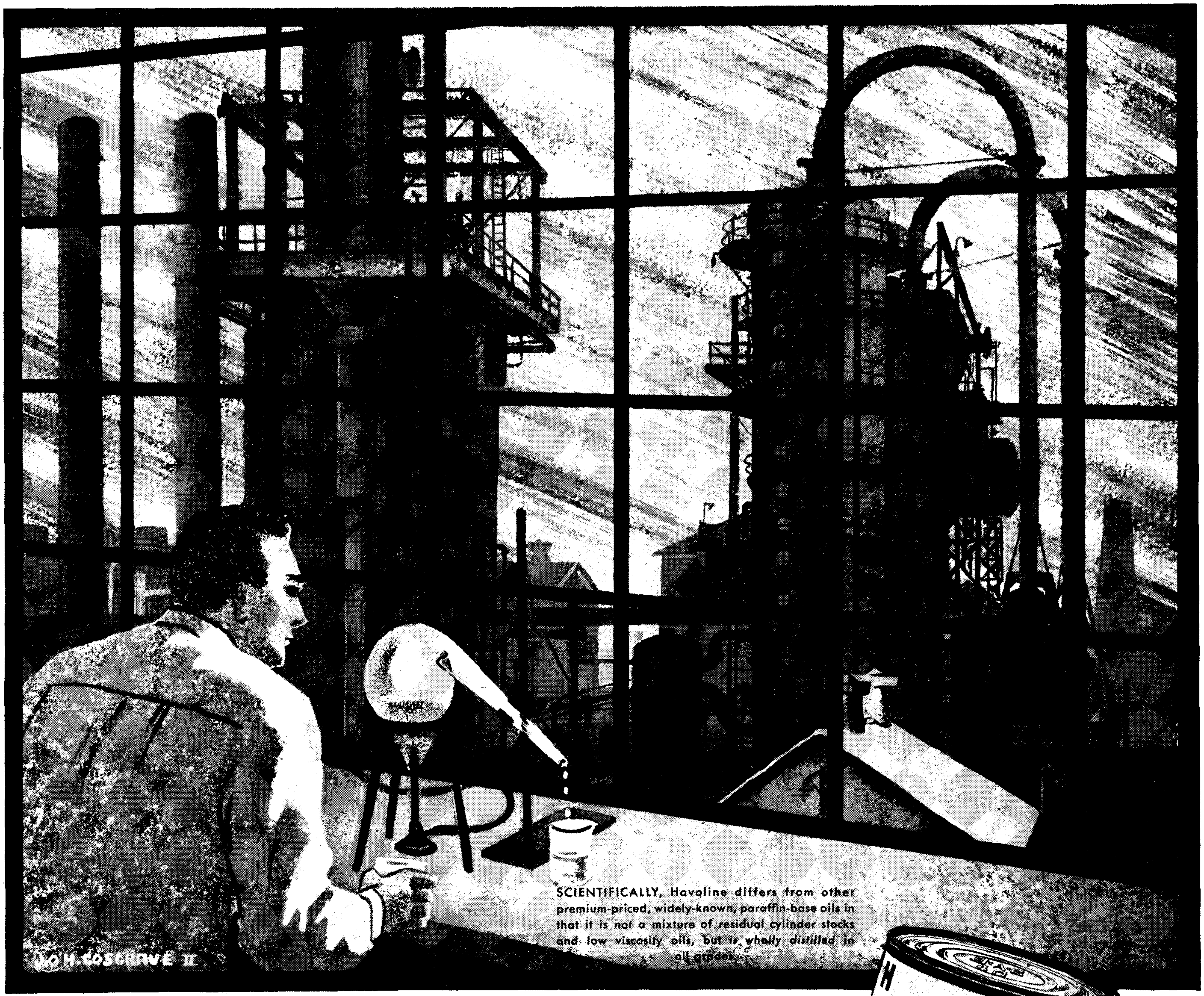
These priceless life-saving Goodrich features, plus months of extra, trouble-free mileage and greater riding comfort, are yours to enjoy, the minute you have your Goodrich dealer equip your car with a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. With summer drives and vacation trips just ahead isn't it better to be *safe* than sorry? Especially when Goodrich Silvertowns with the exclusive Life-Saver Golden Ply *cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Silvertown

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection


J. O'H. COSGRAVE II

SCIENTIFICALLY, Havoline differs from other premium-priced, widely-known, paraffin-base oils in that it is not a mixture of residual cylinder stocks and low viscosity oils, but is wholly distilled in all grades.

MODERN PREMIUM OIL IS distilled

There are *two* ways to make motor oil—

One is by *blending*.

The other, by *distilling*.

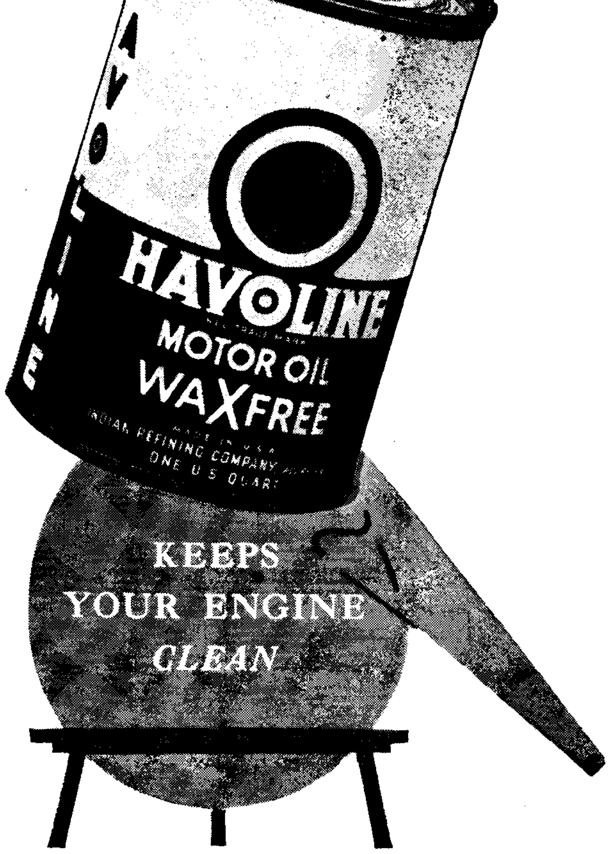
Distilled oil is first turned from the crude oil into a vapor, then condensed into pure, clean oil. Tarry impurities, so harmful to your motor, are left behind, because they do not distill.

Many premium-priced oils, however, are *only partly* distilled. They are *partly blended* in order to give them "body." Havoline is 100% distilled. Every drop of Havoline is first vaporized. Nothing is added to Havoline.

The *only* premium-priced oil, nationally distributed, 100% distilled in all grades.

Buy Havoline! It keeps your engine clean. It *does not* form the hard carbon that costs you so much to remove.

Indian Refining Company, Indianapolis. Affiliated with The Texas Company.


HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
ONE U.S. QUART
KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN

Cancellation Comes Home

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

AFTER listening to the many passionate debates during recent years, people might think that Congress held debt repudiation in whole-souled horror, but it is an assumption without basis in fact. Even today, when European nations show a willingness to discuss debt settlements, the bare thought of abating one penny of principal or interest moves senators and representatives to a frenzy of indignation, and Borah and Johnson vie with each other in attacking dishonesty and dishonor. When, however, it is one of our own states, counties or cities that asks cancellation of a debt to the federal treasury, Congress smiles indulgently and goes the limit in sympathetic coöperation.

Already a drive is under way, and successfully under way, that may result in the loss of millions to the taxpayers of the country. In some cases there is the bold demand to be released entirely from the repayment of loans made by the government, and in other cases it is a plea for interest reduction, a more adroit approach to eventual cancellation of the debt.

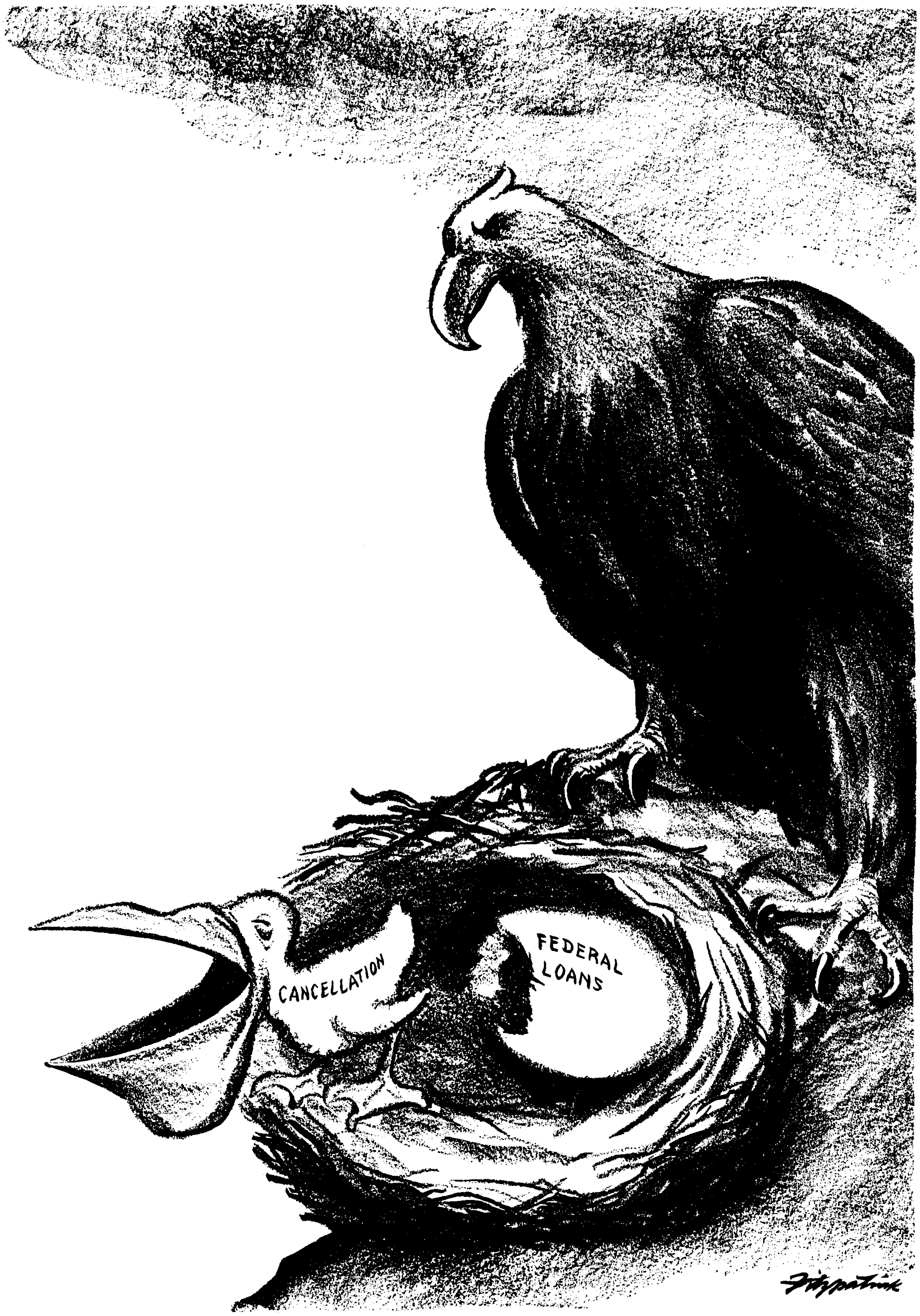
Strangely enough, many of the leaders in the drive are those legislators who have been most concerned about waste, extravagance and the unbalanced state of the budget.

As a first illustration, let us consider the $300,000,000 loaned by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in 1932 to states, counties and cities for relief purposes. Congress took pains to emphasize the loan feature of the bill, fixing the interest rate at 3 per cent and making specific provision for payment. Borrowing states were required to pledge their federal road grants, and beginning January 1, 1935, one fifth of the funds received from this source was to be applied annually on the debt until the principal and accrued interest were amortized. Counties and cities, receiving no federal road grants, were to deposit bonds or notes as collateral for the loans. Forty-two states and two territories touched Uncle Sam for $280,000,000, and twenty-one counties and eleven cities borrowed $20,000,000.

A Lobby That Beat the Bonus Boys

In 1933, a year later, and two years before repayment was to start, a high-powered lobby from the states swooped down on Congress, moving with a simple directness that actually butted the Bonus Boys out of the way. As a result, when the House passed the appropriation for road aid to the states, Representative David Lewis of Maryland moved an amendment that not one dollar of the money could be used to pay "relief debts." In the Senate, Messrs. Wagner, Costigan and LaFollette amended in similar fashion.

In the summer of 1934, when $200,000,000 was voted for highway grants-in-aid to the states, the same provision was inserted. While the RFC still keeps the debt on its books, it has long since kissed the $280,000,000 goodby, together with about $16,800,000 in accrued interest, and a good many more millions in interest that would have been collectible



Congress is rewriting the story of the ugly duckling—minus the happy ending

YOUR GROCER AND HEINZ
Announce a "Try Them All"
SALE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

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STOCK UP NOW 57 VARIETY SALE
HEINZ 57 VARIETY STORE
WE HANDLE THE ENTIRE 57
HEINZ 57 variety SALE
HEINZ

© 1936 H. J. Heinz Co.

MONEY-SAVING SPECIALS! TROUBLE-SAVING FOODS! NEW EATING THRILLS! STOCK UP NOW AND SAVE!

FROM coast to coast the famous "57 Varieties" are now offered at money-saving prices that make it worth your while to *try them all.* It's a Heinz party at your grocer's—a festive midsummer sale of palate-tempting foods that cut down kitchen time and add sparkle to your meals.

Soups are in the van—Heinz Home-style Soups—twenty-one savory meal beginners that really taste homemade. Thrifty women will get a large assortment of their favorites—and delight their families with delicious new varieties, too.

Now is a grand time to stock up your "quick-feast" shelf. There's Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in zestful tomato sauce and Heinz Cooked Macaroni in rich cream sauce with cheese. Each is a complete meal in itself or can be combined delightfully with other foods. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans (4 kinds) and Heinz flavorful puddings—you'll want them. And be ready for spur-of-the-moment picnics with Heinz Sandwich Spread, Heinz Peanut Butter and Heinz Fruit Jellies.

For your salads you'll want Heinz aged vintage vinegars and pure olive oil from Spain. And pickles—10 different kinds including gherkins, sweet and sour pickles and that grand relish, Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, made after grandmother's favorite old recipe. Get a supply of olives, green, ripe and stuffed. Don't forget red magic—Heinz world-famous tomato ketchup—the grandest sauce of all! You'll find Heinz Tomato Juice and Heinz Strained Foods specially priced—and all the other appetite-enticing "57 Varieties."

Go to your grocer now. See Heinz pure food products on display at prices you can't afford to miss. Stock up with all the "57 Varieties." Do your marketing for weeks to come and be money ahead. Remember—Heinz foods that are ready to heat and serve are made to home recipes by real home cooks. You will enjoy every one.

HEINZ
57
VARIETY
STORE
WE HANDLE THE ENTIRE 57

Cancellation Comes Home

Continued from page 45

before full repayment. Cancellation in its essence!

By some mischance, the counties and the cities failed to get in on the play, and were left with their obligation of $20,000,000. To make matters worse, the RFC held perfectly good securities for the loans, and was already seeking private buyers. This past April, therefore, saw Representative Louis C. Rabaut spring forward with a bill designed to release the counties and cities from all obligation to pay back the RFC its $20,000,000, or to "reimburse in any manner."

Mr. Rabaut, congressman from a Detroit district, is not a lawyer but a realtor. A driving, quick-witted, nimble-tongued gentleman, sincerely eager to serve the whole country, but nevertheless keeping a watchful eye on Detroit's particular interests.

Detroit, it may be mentioned, was the second largest borrower from the RFC, getting $1,800,000. Cook County, Illinois, ranked first, with a loan of $12,252,000. Just to make his bill airtight, Mr. Rabaut provides that bonds and notes are to be returned, and that if any county or city has paid any principal or interest, that too is to be refunded. Moreover, if any of the bonds and notes have been sold, the RFC is to hand over the proceeds. Nothing, of course, is farther from Mr. Rabaut's mind than repudiation, for, as he makes clear on every occasion, what moves him is a "spirit of fair play," and his one thought is to "correct a gross discrimination." He also explains that the Conference of Mayors is enthusiastically behind the bill.

Away with Drainage Debts

Not the least of the many helpful activities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is its work in connection with the refinancing of drainage, levee and irrigation districts and incorporated water users' associations. Up to date, loans in the amount of $124,000,000 have been authorized and, as a condition precedent to all loans, reductions in the principal debt and bond service charges are insisted upon. As a result of this RFC policy, the unhappy districts had both the debt burden and interest rate cut almost in half, and were then loaned $124,000,000 to put them solidly on their feet.

In July, 1935, without any blare of trumpets, a bill went through the Senate providing that the interest on all RFC loans to drainage, levee and irrigation districts shall be reduced from 4 per cent to 3 per cent, and making the act retroactive. The bill is now before a House committee, and if enacted into law, the RFC will have to refund one per cent, which means $1,240,000 a year, and some of the loans have been running since 1933. And if this relief is granted, are there those credulous enough to believe that the next drive will not be against the debt itself?

Although busy with his presidential aspirations, nevertheless Senator Borah found time during the spring months to introduce a bill cutting down the interest rate on all Home Owners' Loan Corporation loans from 5 per cent to 3 per cent. Quite a substantial reduction, for the HOLC has on its books today about three billions in loans, and Senator Borah's bland suggestion, if accepted by Congress, will entail a loss of revenue of $60,000,000 in the first year, and a total loss of something like $536,000,000 over the term for which the loans have been made.

The heavy loss in money, however, is not the worst feature of the bill, by any means. The HOLC was created as an emergency measure, frankly designed to "pinch hit" for private lending agencies until such time as they regained courage, confidence and resources. The whole intent was and is to get these private lending agencies back into the field so that the government can get out. A reduction in the HOLC rate from 5 per cent to 3 per cent, therefore, would not only lose revenue imperatively needed but would also make it impossible for private business to enter the field or to stay in the field if it did have the rashness to enter.

If Senator Borah's bill should be passed, does anyone doubt that next year, or the year after, there would be a drive to cut down or else cancel the whole three billions? Or that some sort of frantic effort would be made to bring about a reduction in the Federal Housing Administration, which countenances an interest rate of 5 per cent plus its own mortgage insurance fee of $5 a year?

Trying Days for Jesse Jones

Vandenberg of Michigan has also made a friendly gesture in behalf of debtors. In February of this year he shyly dropped a bill into the legislative hopper that called for a reduction from 4 per cent to 3 per cent in the interest rate on all loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to closed banks and trust companies. There is this to say for Senator Vandenberg, however; his bill is not retroactive.

These are certainly trying days for poor Jesse Jones, the businesslike chairman of the RFC. Already, since 1932, Congress has compelled him to turn over $1,800,000,000 for direct relief as a free gift—a blow of magnitude, for Mr. Jones hates to part with any of his funds except for good collateral and a fair interest rate. And Jesse knows full well that if the cancellation drive gets up steam in Congress, as it will, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is going to be the "goat."

On his books are loans of $400,000,000 to railroads and about $167,000,000 to banks and trust companies. On the whole, however, these loans may be regarded as fairly safe, for it is indeed a bold senator or representative who would dare to come forward with a proposal to cancel the debts of a railroad or financial institution. All the same, there are loans about which Mr. Jones throws a defensive arm every time he hears that a new bill has been introduced in Congress.

Then there is the ten millions that the RFC has loaned to state funds created to insure the deposit of public monies. Why should a sovereign state be put in the shameful position of having to repay a federal loan, especially since Congress has already wiped out $280,000,000? And what about the $7,000,000 loaned to the mining industry? And the $22,000,000 borrowed by Chicago to pay the salaries of schoolteachers? And the handsome sum of $34,000,000 used by the RFC Mortgage Company to purchase mortgages insured by the Federal Housing Administration?

It may be urged that this article will "put ideas" into the heads of Congress. It is a baseless worry, for the "ideas" are already there, and may be depended on to grow and flourish like the well-known green bay tree. Like vice, cancellation is a monster of so frightful mien, as to be hated needs but to be seen; yet seen too oft—

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Chesebrough Mfg. Co. New York, U.S.A.

With the regular use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic you stand a better chance to keep your hair . . . and to keep it good looking. Massage it liberally into the scalp before each shampoo to stimulate circulation that feeds the hair roots . . . to keep the scalp from getting tight and clogged . . . to soften the hair, prevent and overcome any tendency to dryness and dandruff.

A SLICK TRICK

A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic rubbed into the scalp every morning during the summer will counteract the drying effects of hot sun and water . . . protect and supplement the natural scalp oils . . . keep the hair in place without looking greasy. Keep a bottle handy at home and one in your locker, and use them regularly.

40c and 70c

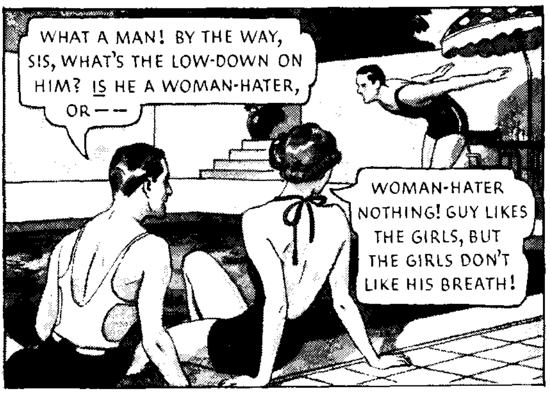
STOP AT THE DRUG STORE and lay in a supply of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today. Read the folder on scalp and hair care that comes 'round the bottle, too, will you? Made by Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

WOMAN HATER?

THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT

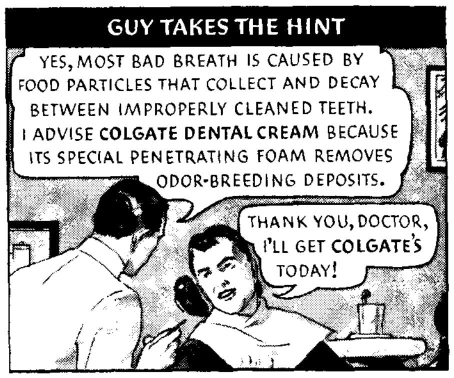
—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...


WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR ——
WOMAN-HATER NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!

HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND

SIS IS A SWELL GIRL... FUSSY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE. SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER——
IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?

GUY TAKES THE HINT


YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR, I'LL GET COLGATE'S TODAY!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!
THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU...
AND TO COLGATE'S!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now-NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath!

20¢ LARGE SIZE

Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The Natural Thing

Continued from page 11

impossible to get anybody else, and then you forgive him!"

"I bet you did, too!" Donald answered. "I bet my Nils against your future first-born, if any, that you kissed him goodby at least ten times!"

Jerry bent over his roast pork, feeling miserable.

Holly's voice was still defiant, but she sounded a little ashamed of herself. "And what of it? After all, it'll be a whole year! And I love him much more than I do you. He always was my favorite brother!"

Brother! Jerry's heart turned double somersaults until he stopped it, reminding it severely of Johnny, of Evanville, of twenty dollars a week. Nevertheless, he looked up with a smile of so much relief that Holly stared at him, startled.

"You see," Freida edged in between their clinging eyes, "we have a boat."

"And Tony does woodcuts and line drawings and etchings," Donald said, as though that explained everything.

Holly took up the tale, since Jerry still looked puzzled.

"I have a contract to write a book. Tony and I did one last year. The Romantic Cockpit. A travel book about the Caribbean Islands. It sold pretty well for a travel book—and the publishers wanted another. They can only use a couple of Donald's oils—paintings are expensive to reproduce. And now Tony has gone off and my contract won't hold, because he's written into it, and it's almost impossible to find another good black-and-white man in so short a time, and we won't get my advance money from the publishers if we don't, and if we don't get my money, we can't go!"

"A boat?" Jerry repeated, not very much enlightened. "Travel?"

"A sailboat, with an engine," said Lars.

"It's a long way around the world," explained Nils.

"We're going on a voyage that'll last until we come back—not less than three or four years," Donald said.

"Only now we can't go," Nils said sadly.

"How good a photographer are you?" Holly asked. Their eyes had not parted since he had found out Tony was her brother.

"Pretty good," Jerry said. "I have a camera I bought secondhand ten years ago down on Thirty-second Street. It was good, but it's awfully old now. I'd be better if I had better equipment."

"Got any samples?"

"Not with me. No—wait! I have one picture of Johnny!"

HE REACHED into his pocket and pulled out his wallet and handed Holly the picture. There wasn't anything but the face—a delicate, merry little boy's face laughing up at them challengingly. An unusual picture, full of tender light and shadow and tremulous with suspended action.

Holly looked at it for a long moment and then passed it over to Donald.

"I feel—like crying!" she said simply to Jerry. "But I don't know whether it's the picture or the face, or both. What do you think, Donald?"

Donald was still looking at the picture. "It's a good picture," he said slowly. "I wouldn't be ashamed of having painted a portrait exactly like that picture. But you're right, Holly. You can't tell which it is—the picture of the face, or the face itself. Have you any more samples, Jerry?"

"Not here. I have some at home, of course. Lots."

Holly looked directly at her brother. "After supper," she said, "Jerry and I are going down to the telegraph office, he's going to telegraph to have his pictures sent along. If they're all as good as this—"

"If—?" Donald prompted, looking puzzled. Then his face cleared. "I get it! Good girl, Holly! I get it!"

Jerry was beginning to get it himself, but he stopped his brain on the verge of it, realizing how utterly impossible such a thing was and refusing to let himself dream.

But, after dinner, he and Holly went to the nearest telegraph station and wired to Mrs. Tare, Jerry's landlady, telling her where to find his photographs, and to send them air mail. They gave Holly's address since Jerry had none yet.

THE telegram dispatched, they went back to the apartment and sat around for the rest of the evening, drinking beer and talking about a thousand things, but never once about the boat or the trip or the photographs.

At twelve-thirty, when Jerry started to leave, they told him that he was staying with them. His protests did not avail him much.

"We have a couch!" Freida said.

"But—"

"And it is comfortable!" she told him with finality.

In the middle of her calm, continued preparations with the studio couch and Donald's roars of wounded and insistent hospitality, the doorbell rang. It was a telegraph boy with three telegrams for Jerry. He took them, astonished.

The first one he opened was from Mrs. Tare, telling him that the other two had arrived before she had any forwarding address for him. The second telegram was signed by his sister-in-law:

HAVE YOU ANY NEWS YET STOP FOR GODS SAKE ANSWER GRACE

The third one was a long one and, like the second, had been sent from the boat and relayed from Evanville:

JOHNNY WALKED OFF THE BOAT JUST BEFORE SAILING WHEN YOU DID NOT COME STOP I DID NOT MISS HIM UNTIL JUST NOW STOP LET ME KNOW AT ONCE WHAT YOU DISCOVER GRACE

Jerry stared at the three slips of paper and then read them over again slowly, curiously emotionless and hollowed of weight and substance. Donald jumped up and caught him by the elbow and Holly went to his other side to put her hand on his arm.

"What's the matter, Jerry?" they both demanded at once.

Mutely, he handed Holly the radiograms. Donald and Freida looked over her shoulder as she read. Freida, when she had finished, went directly to the cupboard beside the door and took out their coats and hats. Silently, she handed each one of them his belongings and slipped into her own.

"You go to the police station, Donald," she said calmly. "We will go to the docks."

All of them studied the photograph once more, committing it to memory, and then Donald took the picture along with him to the police station.

When Jerry and Freida and Holly arrived at the docks, the water front was unlighted, but by no means deserted. Dark, slinking figures prowled around among the shadows, filling Jerry with vague and terrible apprehensions.

"We'll find him!" Holly said.

Her voice sounded strained, and Jerry realized suddenly that she was almost as frightened as he was. Curiously, the discovery gave him comfort and strength.

Freida suggested that they had better separate, Jerry and Holly working together toward the south, and Freida herself going north. Jerry did not want to let her go all alone along those dismal streets, but she smiled with amusement and looked down from her superb height at his mere five-foot-ten.

"Freida can tear a telephone book in two from the bound edge," Holly said. "Come along, Jerry!"

They went down along the avenue, sticking close to the water front. At three o'clock, they were almost in despair. The police had arrived, squadrons of them. But there was no trace of Johnny.

At three-thirty, Holly insisted that Jerry needed a drink. He was unwilling to abandon his search even for a minute, but she insisted, dragging him toward a light she had seen far down a side street. It was a bar, deserted except for a wispy old barman and the smell of stale beer and dead cigarette butts. The barman poured two jiggers of his best whisky for them and watched them drink it with curious and friendly eyes.

"Lots of cops out tonight," he said conversationally.

They didn't answer, but he didn't seem to mind that.

"Must be a robbery or something," he went on. "Why, only last week they stuck up a—"

At that moment, there was a soft noise down near his feet, behind and underneath the bar. He stopped to peer down with anxious solicitude.

"He's still asleep," he announced happily when he had straightened up again.

Jerry leaned toward him, his face strained and hard. Holly's fingers were digging into his forearm.

"Who's still asleep?" Jerry demanded. "Who?"

The barman took a step backwards and looked sulky. "No one but a kid. Soon's I close up at four, I'm gonna take him down to the police station. A customer of mine brought him in about an hour ago. Found him asleep down the street, in a doorway, and didn't want to take him home on account of he—"

But Jerry had already vaulted the bar, and Holly was running around it.

Johnny slept all the way home, wrapped securely in his father's arms and a thick coat of adventurously gathered grime. He didn't even wake up in the warm bath which Holly gave him. And, when they put him in bed between Lars and Nils, he turned over once to find which of his new roommates was warmer, smiled to find Lars very comfortable, and continued to breathe as peacefully as the two small blonds that flanked him.

Freida and Donald came home a few minutes later. Donald's beard looked slightly bedraggled, but his wife was as fresh and as calm as ever. She immediately took command of the situation.

"Donald," she said firmly, "you finish making Jerry's bed. Holly, send a wireless to that woman—what is her name? You come help me make some hot chocolate, Jerry!"

In ten minutes, she had everybody warm, and sleepy, and in bed.

WHEN Jerry woke in the morning, it was five minutes before he remembered where he was or what had happened. From the kitchen came the smell of frying sausages and percolating coffee and warm rolls. From Donald's bedroom came the sound of subdued revelry. Jerry sat up, yawning and blinking his eyes.

Freida came to the kitchen door and smiled at him. "Holly is in the bathtub," she said. "You'll have to wait. You can get dressed in Donald's room."

Jerry smiled back at her. "Is Johnny—?"

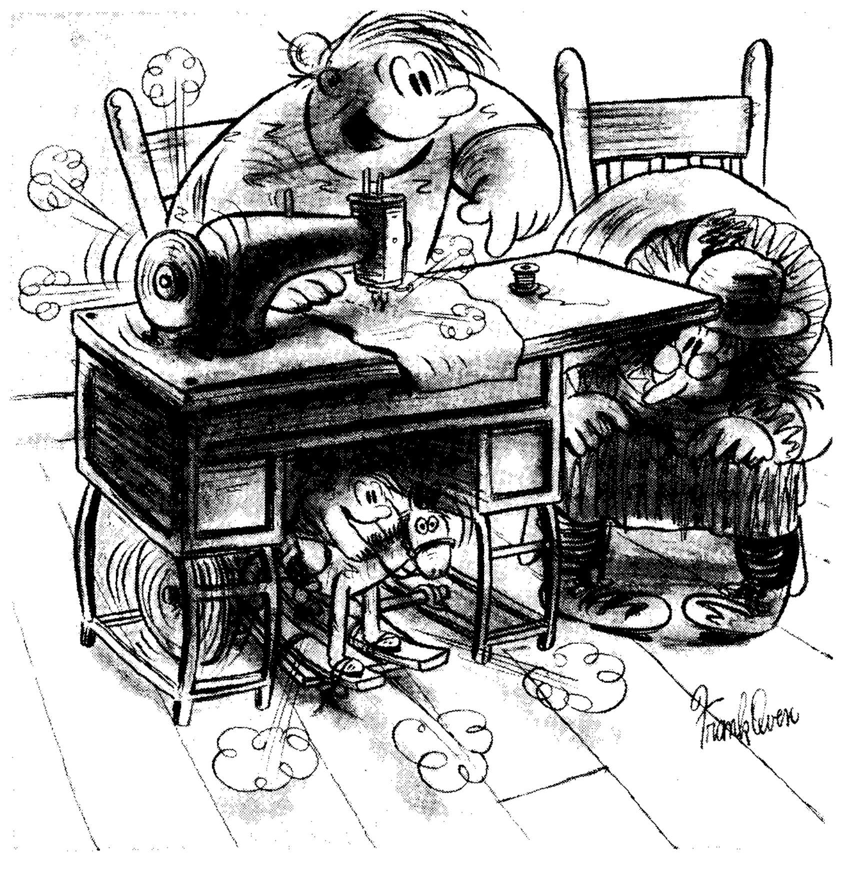
"In with Donald. The three of them. He is a big baby himself, that man!"

Jerry took his clothes and went looking for them. Donald was on the bed in his pajamas. His legs were stuck

(*Continued on page* 50)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

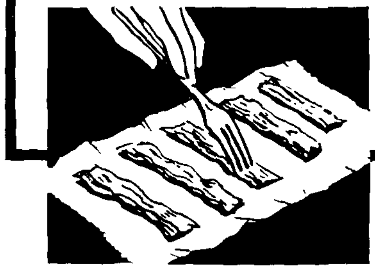
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"This was his papa's idea, to keep from having to buy me a motor!"

"THE BEST KITCHEN HELPER I'VE EVER HAD!"

SCOTTOWELS
2 big rolls 25¢



DRAIN OFF that extra bacon grease on a "thirsty-fibre" ScotTowel.

SAVE YOUR HANDS! Use a ScotTowel to clean that messy stove.

USE SCOTTOWELS to keep your glass and mirrors bright and shining.

Now used in over 2,000,000 American homes

THESE new *paper* kitchen towels are real work-savers. Hands to dry . . . pots and pans to wipe . . . a kitchen table to clean off—just tear a clean, dry ScotTowel off the neat white roll. Use it. Then—throw it away! There's nothing to wash or rinse. So quick, clean, convenient!

Made of "thirsty fibre"—an exclusive Scott Paper Company development—ScotTowels are *twice as absorbent* as ordinary paper towels. Extra-strong, too—they *really* dry. And they're very inexpensive to use. 2 big rolls cost but 25¢—150 towels on each—that's actually *only a penny a dozen!*

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150 TOWELS PER ROLL

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FOR KITCHEN USE

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Check color of towel fixture desired: ☐ ivory ☐ pale green

Name __________

Address __________

Dealer's Name
and Address __________

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that just fits
your hand

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Wrappings Mends Paper or Cloth
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A Thousand-and-one Uses in
Home, Office, Store or Factory

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Cigarette-case size—smartly styled!

Many Uses Convenient for all of the above uses, and many more you'll discover yourself.

Handy Keep it hanging nearby — or slip it into your desk, pocket or brief case. It's always ready to make a clean, secure fastening in a split second. Easily loaded in six seconds. Holds strip of 105 Bostitch Staples.

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Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

(Continued from page 49)

straight up in the air, one son balancing on either foot. Johnny was sitting on his chest investigating the beard.

Holly knocked and stuck her head around the door. "The tub awaits whoever wants it!"

Everybody wanted it, but Jerry was nearest the door.

After breakfast, Holly cornered Jerry in the studio.

"What are you going to do about Johnny?" she demanded.

He shrugged helplessly. "Send him over to Grace, I suppose. There's another ship sailing in a week."

Holly looked disappointed, but her eyes were businesslike. "He'll have to have some clothes. Enough to last until he reaches his luggage. Give me ten dollars and I'll take him out and hunt bargains."

Jerry reached for his wallet. "You can't get anything for ten dollars!" he protested.

"That's what you think! What are you doing today?"

"I don't know. Finding a hotel for us, first thing!"

Freida came to the kitchen door. "A hotel? For Johnny? No. He will stay here."

"But he can't!" Jerry protested. "I mean—I'm a perfect stranger to you people. It's not fair!"

Freida wrinkled her brows. "Stranger? How then are you a stranger? You are Jerry. You are our friend."

Defeated, Jerry capitulated.

"Then that's settled!" Holly said blandly. "You stay here, Jerry. I'll tell you what, though! You take the boys and meet Johnny and me for lunch in the Grand Central at one. You have your camera with you?"

"Of course!"

"Bring it along, then! We might find something to photograph at the zoo or wherever we go!"

They went to Coney Island, and they got a lot of pictures, first on the beach and later in the amusement park. The one Jerry had the highest hopes for was a shot of a sailor and his girl coming out of the House of Mirrors, their heads flung back in laughter, lusty and splendid with vitality and youth.

He developed that one as soon as they got home, and it turned out beautifully, full of subtle nuances of light and shadow. Holly immediately attached it, together with most of the pictures from Jerry's landlady, which had arrived during the afternoon. He didn't ask her what she was going to do with them, and she didn't volunteer any information.

The rest of the week was just like the first day. Holly attended to her own business in the morning, and Jerry to his. They met for lunch, and then, afterwards, took the children and went places. And Jerry got some excellent pictures.

In the evenings, when the boys had gone to bed, they sat around the studio drinking beer and talking. Jerry had forgotten how much fun it was to argue with someone over something totally unimportant to either of them.

"I DON'T think much about these new corn laws!" Donald said over his newspaper one night.

"Don't be silly!" said Holly. "Senator James drew up those laws, and he knows all about corn!"

"The wrong kind of corn!" Jerry scoffed. "These are pretty good laws, I think, but not because Senator James made them!"

That started a three-cornered argument. Everybody enjoyed it thoroughly. Holly, Donald, and Jerry talked fiercely and Freida placidly darned socks and mended trousers, and occasionally smiled when one of them said something high-sounding, or when her husband gave a more-than-usually effective imitation of Jovian thunder.

Jerry had never been so happy before. He liked Donald better than any man he'd ever met. His regard for Freida was almost holy. But Holly—Holly laughing, Holly serious, Holly being high-handed, Holly businesslike, Holly with Johnny's hand in hers, waiting for him in a restaurant—Holly was—Holly was Holly.

In the evenings, sometimes, Jerry would catch her eye, and they would both look away quickly because they were thinking that by the end of the week it would be all over. Jerry would go to Evanville to teach in summer school. Holly would be in New York, preparing to go around the world. It was a small cloud at first, but it grew bigger. On the last day, it overshadowed everything. Jerry grew very quiet and Holly was strained and nervous, as though she were laboring under some secret excitement.

IN THE afternoon, they went to Long Beach with the children. When they came back, it was late, and they sat in the studio. Donald was at his easel, putting the finishing touches to the red velvet rug in his picture. Johnny was sitting on the floor, his dark, thin, laughing face in strange contrast to the two blond heads at his either hand. He was demonstrating his proficiency with one of Donald's pencils and a pad. Freida was in the kitchen, rattling joyously around among the pots and pans. Holly and Jerry sat silently watching Donald and the children. And, surreptitiously, each other.

"I took those photographs to the publisher yesterday," Holly said at last in an absent-minded voice.

"Did you?" Jerry tried to make his voice careless, too, but his heart was turning over and over within him.

"That shot of the old lake freighter smashing against the tug in the wind—the art man said he'd never seen action caught better in a picture. When I told him the camera you'd used, he wouldn't believe it!"

"That one was more luck than anything else."

Holly smiled. "Anyway, they were impressed. Said you ought to do fine illustrations with modern equipment."

Jerry flushed with pleasure. "Did they?"

"They did. How much would a decent outfit cost?"

Jerry didn't have to stop and think. These were figures he knew by heart. He'd spent years wishing he could afford them.

"All depends on what I wanted. For an all-purpose outfit, I'd want one of those new German miniatures with an f2 stop. They're fast—anything up to one thousandth of a second. With a few extra lenses, they'll take anything on earth. And I'd want an angle-view finder, and a—"

"What's that?" Holly interrupted.

"An angle-view finder? Oh, that lets you take pictures of people without their knowing it. And a telephoto and a wide-angle lens. And a portrait lens. About five hundred dollars altogether, I guess. Including the extra developing and enlarging equipment I'd need. I could get some of it secondhand."

Holly looked first at Donald and then turned to Jerry.

"Have you got five hundred dollars?"

"I have about fifteen hundred. Reserve for emergencies. Doctors and unemployment and such."

"The most sensible thing," Holly said slowly, "would be to keep it in the bank and send Johnny over to his aunt."

"Probably."

Holly's face was a little pale. "But don't do it, Jerry! Don't hand him over to somebody else. He's yours. He ought to be with you!"

Jerry looked down at his son, who had just invented a horse with horns like a cow and whiskers like a cat and was very proud of it. Then he looked back at Holly.

"Could I buy the new equipment," he asked, "and throw my money in with yours? Go along with you and Donald?"

She nodded, her eyes never falling from his. "You could—yes. But it would be a chance, Jerry. We'd none of us have much to fall back on if anything happened." She paused. "It's a good boat, though. And we all know the sea. We'd probably make out!"

He went on looking at her, but did not answer.

"Jerry," she said softly, "I—I'm very fond of Johnny!"

"So am I," he replied unsmilingly. "And I have to do what's best for him."

"Then you're not coming?"

"I don't know." Jerry reached down and gently parted his son from the wonderful horse. "Johnny, how would you like to go sailing with Nils and Lars instead of visiting Aunt Grace?"

JOHNNY'S bright face was serious for a moment. "Swell!" he said. His nose wrinkled. "Aunt Grace always smells funny!"

Jerry grinned and turned back to Holly. "Could you give up using perfume for a year or so? He doesn't like it!"

"I never use anything but lavender."

Johnny slipped his hand out of his father's and went back unobserved to his drawing. Jerry smiled. "Then it's settled!" he said.

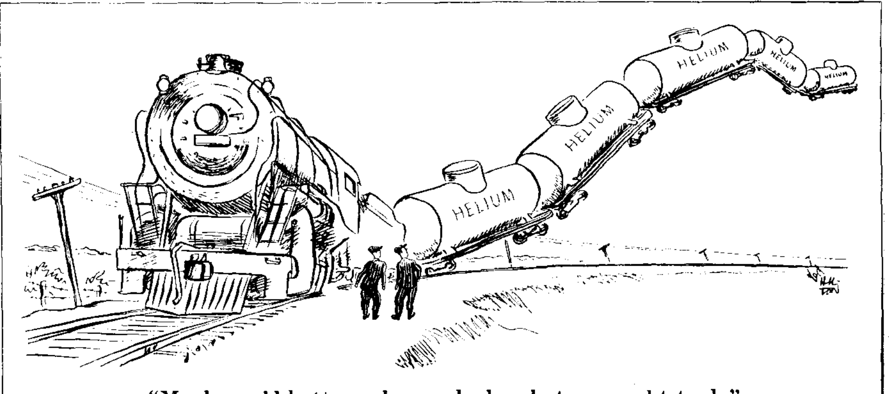
Holly's eyes flooded with relief. "Oh, Jerry! It'll be grand for Johnny! The sea and the air and the sunshine!"

Jerry's throat felt dry. "Good for me, too!" he said.

"Maybe for all three of us!" Holly added.

Donald looked up from his palette and watched them for a moment. "Remember, Jerry!" he said warningly. "It should be a big woman who can cook!"

In the kitchen, Freida stopped rattling dishes for a second. "Never mind that Donald of mine!" she called in her great round voice. "Our Holly—anyway, she can cook!"



"Maybe we'd better ask somebody what we ought to do" NED HILTON

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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 19

blame you." It seemed so inadequate, what she was saying. Janet Daklin was looking at her so quietly, was so still, waiting for something, saying farewell to something. Celia all at once felt a catch in her throat.

"Do you think," Mrs. Daklin asked, "Celia, you care to shake hands?"

Celia, without a word, held out her hand.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Daklin. "Will you come back and have tea, or a cocktail—or do you want to go out in the garden?"

"I think I'll go out. It is so lovely."

"Then goodby. And—Celia—"

"Yes?"

"Don't let things bother you, Celia. Whatever happens, to you or to others, remember that nothing counts except what you are. I am going away for a time and I may not see you again. Carlie says you have great prospects. . . ." She left off speaking and her hand played with the pearls at her throat. "Don't let Carlie or anyone stop you, Celia. Carlie stops people sometimes. Do what you like about him. Or about anyone else. Don't be bothered by stupid criticisms and don't wonder later if anything you may do is wrong. It won't be. You shoot straight always, Celia; I am sure of that, so count on yourself."

Celia kept looking at her. She could think of nothing to say. Janet Daklin smiled and laughed her little laugh. "Such a long speech," she said. "Forgive me, Celia. I must go, now. I am flying back to town."

"Flying! But that was how—"

"I know. But flying is not really dangerous. That was my own stupidity the last time. Some day," she said gayly, "you must come up with me. Would you like that?"

"I've never flown. I'd love it."

"Then some day. And now, goodby."

CELIA walked out onto the terrace, into Daklin. He said, holding his Scotch-and-soda, more Scotch than soda, "Have one?"

"No, thanks." She sat back in a low wicker chair and he leaned against a pillar and regarded her. He looked stony, remote. She was all right, this Celia. Nice kid. Beautiful as they come. Almost as beautiful as Janet had been those years ago. But not with Janet's quality, her glamor; no one had that. This girl had character. Character is a better bet than glamor any day. No, she had magic, too. It stuck out all over her. It just wasn't Janet's kind. And, to tell the truth, he himself did not feel it. Not with his pulses, not with his heart, not with all his nerves. Just with his mind and his eyes.

"Have you talked to Janet?"

"Yes. She's wonderful. The most wonderful woman I've ever met."

"Yes." He turned his glass in his hand, listening to the clink of the ice cube. He said quietly, "She has something in her like Starr. Had you thought of that, Celia?"

She looked up at him. "What do you know about Starr?"

"I know a lot of things. You'd be surprised. You and I have deep likenesses of foolishness, Celia." He took a turn around the terrace. "What is bothering you now," he said, standing in front of her again, "is that you are wondering if you love Starr. Perhaps you do. But where will that get you?" He laughed. "Love!" he said. "St. Valentine's Day sentimentality! And if you married him what would you be? Just a string to his kite. Don't be a fool, Celia." He brushed his thick hair back; he looked at her in that stark way of his, that way he looked when he wasn't being bored. "You think you are in love with him," he said again, "and you think that matters. Good God! It doesn't matter at all."

She did not know. She could not think. Perhaps he was right. He had lived longer than she had. She could not tell that what he was doing was fighting himself, fighting his own nature as she herself had been doing all along.

"I'm telling you, as one who knows." He put down his glass and laid his hand on her shoulder. He shook her. He wanted to help her but most of all she must help him. She must help him to forget Janet.

She looked up at him and she laughed. "Tony Starr," she said, "thinks less of me than anything you can imagine. Once," she said, "he thought he loved me. Now, I'm not good enough for him. He's found that out in time, and so have I."

"Celia. Sensible girl." He had won a victory, he knew, but an unrest filled him, unrest so bitterly aching that he had had to speak suddenly and harshly.

ALL over the lawns and the flowers and the fountains the sun was shedding a soft light, preparing to set. There was a whirring somewhere behind a grove which had been allowed to grow untouched, the sound of an airplane. Celia heard it and thought, "Mrs. Daklin is going now." Daklin heard it and thought it was the pilot, or the mechanic testing the engine. Presently, behind Daklin, Celia saw Janet Daklin emerge from a side entrance and walk toward the path which was mottled now with golden light. She walked on, while Celia watched her, that notable, laughing Janet, and disappeared into the shadow of the grove.

A great clamor rose from the grove.

"Starlings," said Daklin. "Terrible pests." He said, "Let Betty go back with the others, Celia. Drive up with me. We'll dine in some bright spot." He lifted his drink again. "Forget about this thing called love," he said. "There will be hordes of men who will be sheep about you. That," he said, "is all that love amounts to in the end. But perhaps you will have to find that out for yourself."

She surprised him. "No," she said. "I think you are probably right."

Motorcars appeared in the driveway, there was chattering in the doorway. The models were coming out with McGregor, preparing to depart.

"Well," said Daklin, looking displeased, "I didn't know she was here!"

Celia looked around. "Jane Leeds? Yes."

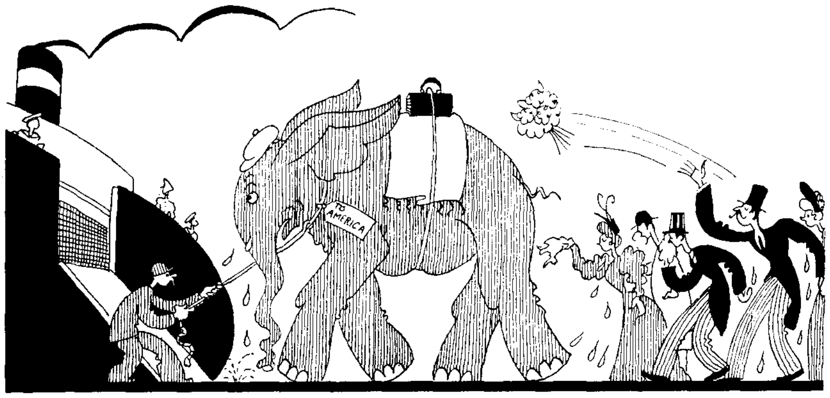
"Hello, Pat," said Daklin to the two who stopped near him. "Miss Jane Leeds, how do you do?" He said, perhaps because, in spite of what Janet thought, he was not what is known as a gentleman, or perhaps he did not care a hang for being a gentleman, "Been running out on any stabbings since I saw you last, Jane?"

Jane regarded him insolently. "So you had to talk," she said to Celia. "You could not refrain, Celia, my pet, from spreading the news about? You couldn't be decent?"

Celia returned her gaze without expression. There was, she found, a lot of overlooking, of being insulted and not hitting back, to be done in this world. At the moment she felt like a life-size statue, she did not care enough to hit back. But Daklin felt otherwise.

"And what," he asked, too pleasantly, "just exactly what, Jane, would you know about being decent? I should be interested to hear."

(*Continued on page 54*)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The London Zoo was overwhelmed by a great storm of protest in 1881 when Jumbo, the largest captive elephant ever known, was sold to Barnum. Meetings were held, editorials were published and a song was popularized in a vain effort to keep him in England. At his sailing he not only received countless messages of sorrow and bon voyage but also thousands of presents, including dolls, eiderdown quilts, games, sewing machines and books.

No airplane in flight has ever been disabled when struck by lightning. The likelihood of such an accident is small because the machine is not grounded. Two dirigibles, however, have been wrecked in this manner through wet ropes that, at the moment, happened to be dangling close enough to the earth to ground the discharge.—*By Hector Lazo, Washington, D. C.*

The only gift in the world that is made exclusively to royalty is the "Golden Rose," which is presented by the Pope to a sovereign or a member of a reigning family who merits it through pious deeds. It is a solid gold replica of a spray of roses in a vase which, through essential oils concealed in the petals, possesses a lasting fragrance.

Fire-damp is a most peculiar gas. When it constitutes less than five per cent or more than 15 per cent of the atmosphere of a coal mine, it merely burns. But when it constitutes from 11 per cent to 12 per cent of the atmosphere, it explodes.

Rumania disperses riotous crowds in a simple manner. No police or firemen are exposed to flying bricks, no tear-gas bombs are thrown and no heads are cracked. A large, armored truck, with its crew safe inside, arrives on the scene and quickly scatters the mob with a powerful stream of colored paint.—*By Brooks Palmer, New York City.*

The banana gives more food per acre than any other plant, more calories per pound than any other fresh fruit and, in some large species, produces more food per single fruit than any other member of the vegetable kingdom. Huge bananas grown in East Africa and Cochin-China are two feet long, as thick as a man's arm and contain sufficient food to make an adequate meal for three men.

Several centuries ago a ship seldom sailed from a port until every member of the crew agreed on a propitious date; a seaman seldom removed his clothes during the entire voyage although they were often soaking wet, and a master seldom failed, before docking, to pass his hat among the passengers so they could tip him for making a successful journey.

The human body does not invariably pass through a period of rigor mortis after death. Muscular rigidity never sets in, for example, when a person dies through poisoning by carbon monoxide.

One of the busiest firms in this country today is a "manuscript mill" that furnishes either a standard or an especially prepared speech on any desired subject. The company also dashes off briefs for lawyers, sermons for ministers, pep talks for businessmen and even books for college professors. Prices start at $1.25. —*By John S. McKown, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

The largest bet ever lost by an individual on a horse race was placed by the notorious turf plunger, the Marquis of Hastings, on a horse that ran in the Derby at Epsom Downs, England, in 1867. In this race, which was run in less than three minutes, the Marquis dropped the tidy sum of $515,000.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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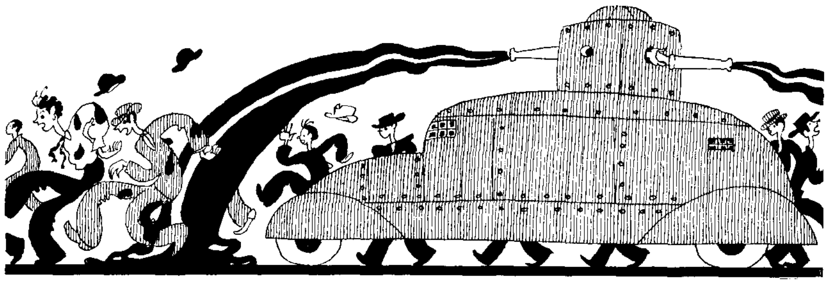

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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 52

Jane was a little drunk and quite furious. "Pure to a fault, you are, Carlie, aren't you?" She looked at his arm. "I understand that you were shot in a scrap over Celia so perhaps you are in no position to point the finger of scorn."

Daklin accepted that with a small bow. "You know who shot me, don't you?"

"Haven't any idea. Probably it was Janet. Had I been in her place I'd have done it long ago."

"So?" He was a lake of ice.

She sneered. "It's been written in letters a foot high for years that she's cuckoo about you, and look how you've treated her! Perhaps she just couldn't stand Celia as one more thing, and took a pot at you."

THERE was a silence that seemed to crackle. Jane wilted a little. She often went uncontrolled but this time she saw she had gone beyond the limit.

"We," said Daklin, "can leave my wife's name out of our conversation."

McGregor appeared with Betty and the others. "Come along, children," he called. He said, "Coming, Celia?"

Daklin said, "I'm taking Miss Landis along with me."

Betty's eyes implored Celia but she said nothing. She followed the others and the cars roared off. Silence settled upon the terrace.

Daklin took his empty glass and went into the house. Celia put her elbows on her knees and leaned her head on her hands. She felt blank, emotionless, incredibly tired. She lifted her head and looked at her hands. It seemed to her that they should look dusty. Daklin returned, carrying a full glass.

Celia said, "Perhaps it is true, what Jane said—that Mrs. Daklin—" She did not finish the sentence. He knew what she meant, of course.

"Sentimentality again," said Daklin. "Wherever two or more are gathered together someone always lifts up his voice and cries some such rot. I hadn't heard that particular variation on the theme before. It might just as well be that I am eating my heart out for Janet."

"Perhaps you are."

"You should make a living writing sob-ballads."

Celia did not reply. She was thinking, looking backward. She had supposed that Janet Daklin did not care a fig for her husband. She had been taken in by all that coterie of bright young men and by the constant presence of Pat Braddock. She looked up now at Carleton Daklin with a dazed expression. Of course. Why, of course. How had she ever imagined that Janet Daklin could care for those silly boys! Janet Daklin was deeply, unassailably, forever in love with her own husband. Celia did not know what had happened to separate them but that did not matter. Only Janet Daklin mattered. Only Janet who was miles and miles above what she or Daklin could ever be. Daklin had said Janet and Starr were alike. That was true.

"You are just not worth it, are you?" she said aloud. "Or perhaps you are. I don't know. But she loves you; I see that now." She was not thinking of Daklin; she was, really, talking aloud to herself.

Daklin's voice above her said coldly, "Have you lost your mind, Celia?"

Celia continued to look at him. Her eyes were extraordinarily clear, she would miss nothing. Suddenly it seemed to her absolutely unbelievable that she had been taken in by Daklin, too. She had been going to Paris with him. She had listened to all that nonsense from him. His talk about not believing in love, this man who had been ridden by it for years. She smiled, as if she had grown up in the last few minutes. Daklin did not like that smile. For the first time since he had met Celia Landis he could make nothing of it. He looked at her darkly.

"What you need," he said, "is a drink. You've worked hard today and you are tired." He rang a bell, this man who could decide anything for anybody. "What will you have?"

A silent servant, answering the bell, waited. Celia did not want a drink but she felt disinclined to argue. "A sidecar, I think." She sat back and waited in silence. She was a little tired of this man who managed her life as if it were his. Why, she thought hotly, he couldn't even manage his own. When her cocktail was brought she sat holding it without drinking it. She was thinking about Tony Starr.

She looked out over the lawn, and at the whole luxurious view which had in the setting sun the immobility of a painted scene. There was no noise except the twittering of birds and that whirring of an engine beyond the grove.

"Why don't you," said Celia suddenly, "go out there and talk to Mrs. Daklin?"

He stared at her. "About what?" His face was disdainful, his glance cold.

Celia was absolutely helpless before that look. "I can't do anything if they are both going to be proud," she thought.

"Don't be absurd, Celia," said Daklin. "Drink your cocktail like a good girl. We're stepping out this evening." He was impatient, he wanted to be away from here, this man who thought he was very sane and who was a little mad. Mad with the pain of any number of years of frustration. He stood there and said harshly, "I have nothing to say to Janet nor she to me. All that we have to say has been said. Janet," he threw out harshly, "is going to Reno."

"RENO!" She stared blankly at the grove through which Janet Daklin had gone a few minutes before. There was a man coming quickly towards them through the grove but he was not real to Celia. All that was real was the figure which was not there. A chill went through her. So what she had been watching was a woman walk, with such a light step, with her head up so proud and gay, out of her marriage, out of all the dreams she must once have had. She could still hear Janet's voice, that lovely voice, and what had it been telling her? Her feeling of nothingness was leaving her and becoming a kind of desperate anger. Anger against Daklin, against all stupidity. For the man was stupid. Stupid. And cruel, cruel in his self-centered blindness. She hated Carleton Daklin.

"Reno," she said again, and a spasm went over her face. For she loved Janet Daklin. Men! They let you down. For chivalry, for kindness, you went to women. There was the crunching of feet on the gravel as the man from the grove approached but neither of these two heard it, for there was so much antagonism flying about. It was dashing about the heads of this woman and this man like bats come out of the evening.

Intent on some hidden impulse, Daklin started to speak and his manner was a smooth surface which baffled investigation. But he heard the step behind him and turned impatiently. The sound of the plane's engine was loud now.

"Mr. Daklin," said this man who appeared, looking annoyed, looking as if he, like Celia, was worn out with the Daklins and all their works. "Mr. Daklin, I thought I ought to report. It's Mrs Daklin. She ordered the plane warmed up some time ago."

"Well? I suppose she wants you to fly her back to town."

"No. I thought so, too, and was ready. But she's going back alone. She won't let me go with her and she won't take Jackson." He stopped. He stared at Daklin. "I don't like it. I want to go with her—"

"Of course, you ought to take her back."

CELIA rose slowly as if her weight was too much for her, as if she could never, never get herself out of the chair. Her glass dropped and she did not hear it. It shattered into splinters at her feet. This was it; this was the terrible thing that she had always been expecting. It was, in a completely unanswerable way, the condemnation of everything she had wanted to do and to be and to have. It was what Starr had known—

"Stop her," she cried, and started running toward the grove. Her feet were lead, they were flying under her but not fast enough, oh, never fast enough. "Stop! Stop!" she was screaming. She saw that bright head with its dark little hat and the gay feather on it; she would never stop seeing it. It was as if Janet Daklin had said, in her lovely voice, putting on her hat, picking up her bag and her gloves, "Well, I think I'll go to my death now—"

Daklin saw Celia's face. Daklin knew too. Janet had thought no one would ever know—"Flying is not dangerous," she had said. "You must come up with me some time." Making it easy for everyone, making it possible for everyone to have no regrets. A lady unafraid.

The long, long time it took them, Celia first, then Daklin overtaking her, and the pilot after them, the long long years to cross the lawn, to enter the mottled path through the grove. . . . You could hear the engine, you could tell it had not yet risen—but that sound filled the ears, it shattered the silence and the sunset—and they ran through the grove with twigs breaking under their feet and starlings rising in indignation and were out in a clearing.

There lay the long green meadow with a silver monoplane gleaming and as they looked the shining thing quivered and moved and was off across the landing field.

"Janet!" Daklin's voice was an agony rising in the still air. "Janet!" But the bright plane went on, bumping across the ground, not rising, but moving away from them, and it began to lurch. Celia tried to think where she had seen something like that before—a wounded bird, perhaps, struggling, its wings crippled, its tail dragging on the grass.

"She's not lifting it," the pilot cried behind her. "What's wrong with her? Why doesn't she—"

And then the plane went over, you could not tell how it would fall, to left or right, but it went over and the crash filled the air, and a small figure hurtled out across the grass, far, far over as if the plane could hear no more of this nonsense and disdained its freight, and flames broke out.

And Celia could not move. Daklin and the pilot ran towards that little broken figure at the edge of the trees. But Celia stood still, she who in her life had seen so much of death. And the sun went down as if a hand had drawn a curtain on all that green and on the growing flowers and on the very birds who knew now that the day of song was over.

(To be concluded next week)

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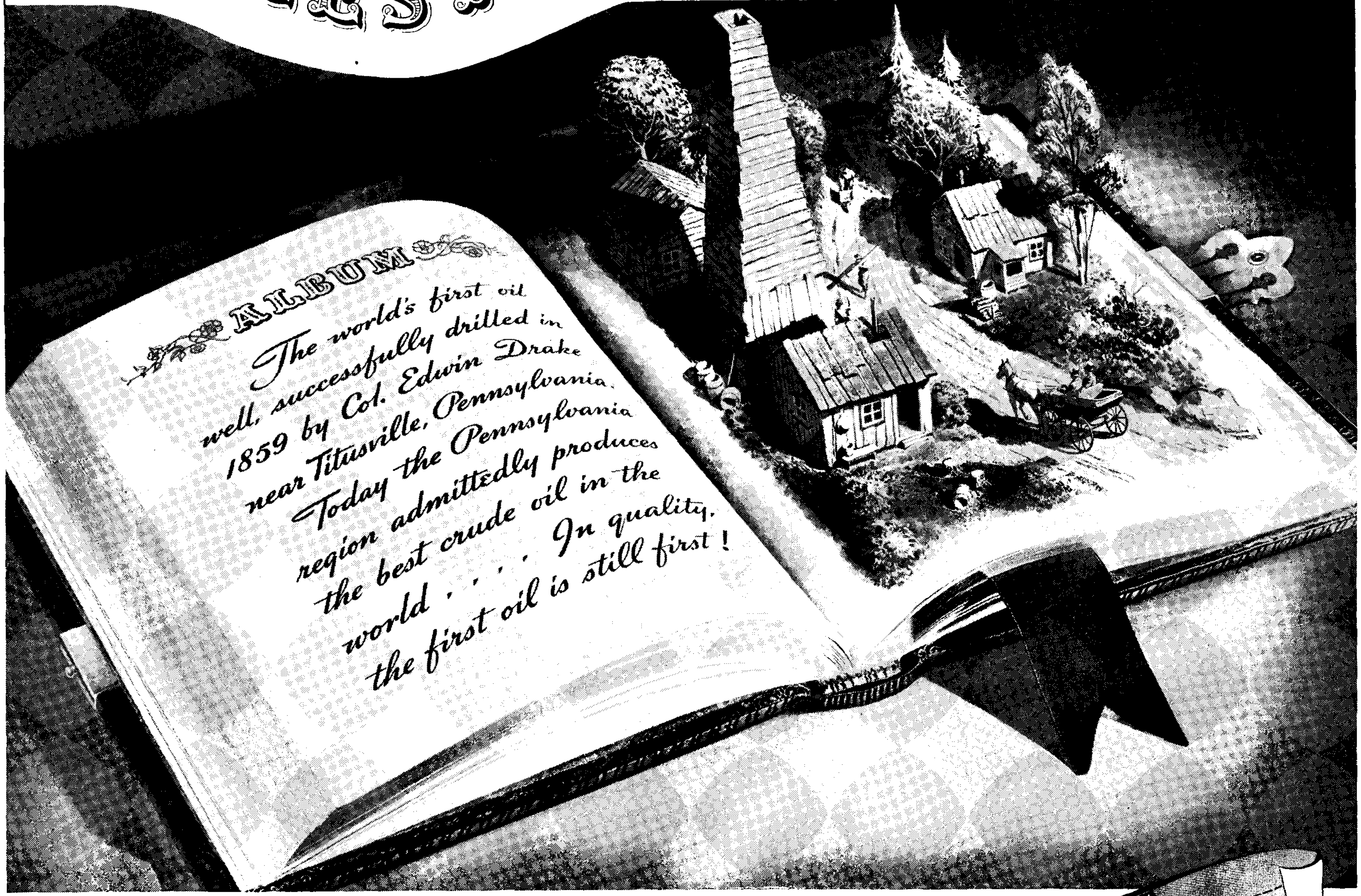
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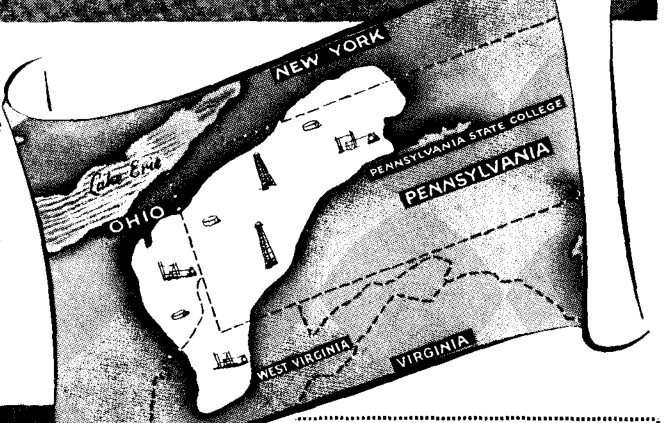
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Manila Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 13

the narrow, crowded Escolta, where pedestrians moved faster than taxis, and over on Rizal Avenue, where a new Japanese shop seemed opening each week.

A siege of dysentery taught you to insist that your cook buy green stuff grown up at Baguio, where the Americans had done things about sanitation. You got used to three small eggs instead of two Yankee-sized ones, for breakfast. You learned to move around your home against the sun—breakfast on the west gallery, lunch on the north side, dinner in the east room—unless you had a foreign guest who wanted to watch the madly colored Manila sunset while he dined. You saw white men drinking, drinking, drinking—and Filipinos not drinking, or smoking either, very much.

You found out that, in most stores except those run by your own people, you were supposed to haggle over prices, and that quality meant little to the Filipino. He bought on price only, and would sooner get you cheap food than good, or buy sleazy material that wouldn't last for half a peso instead of something that would for 75 centavos.

The life of the place grew up around you, and you moved more slowly. There was no such thing as doing a job "right away," in the American fashion. People got around to jobs in God's good time and there was always tomorrow. You ceased to jam on the brakes when a Filipino driver, coming the opposite way, headed right for you, to swerve out at the last split second—knowing by experience that it was just good clean Filipino fun. Sometimes you went to a cockfight out at Paranaque, sitting amid the mad, shrieking crowd of betters, all chewing betel nut wrapped with lime in green aromatic leaves—and yelled yourself when a wounded bird flew madly at you, with his razor-sharp spurs flashing.

Just children—and then you read in the morning paper how the schools of journalism were shutting down, because there were too many journalists; and how the legislature was considering stopping all university law courses for five years, the supply of legal talent already being greater than the demand. You wondered why such clear logic hadn't occurred to Americans in America, yet.

Maybe the little brown men and women weren't so childish, after all.

Going to Market

Early in the morning Mrs. Ramirez put on a clean starched dress, slung her market basket over her arm and went out shopping. Along the avenida the early market cars and pony-wagons were bringing in Manila's daily food—piled high and secured with rattan thongs. Red and orange motorbuses, open at the sides, rolled by, honking continually, jammed to the guards with passengers. Early *carromatas* jingled by, carrying sleek-haired, colorfully dressed girls to Mass.

The market was a great open shed, covered with galvanized iron that converted the inside into an oven. It was dusty, and the pieces of meat that hung from hooks were black and smelly. Sellers of baskets crowded together. Farther on were the pottery people sitting amid their wares. The shoemakers worked silently, weaving their footgear out of fiber. The food market was a strange chromatic jumble of brown and pink and green and white. Along one narrow alley four men wove mats and talked rapidly in Tagalog among themselves.

Mrs. Ramirez walked about, filling her basket, chaffering with the vendors, saving a centavo here, another there. Then out into the sunshine again, just being missed by a five-ton truckload of copra, smelling like freshly baked cake. She made her way homeward along the dusty road, set down the basket in the cool shade near the water faucet and went busily to work on the family laundry. . . .

Santiago came home early, waving a Spanish daily excitedly. He had won 25 pesos in a hospital lottery—he could have won 200,000 pesos, had the right number turned up. His winning, he thought, might atone for the losses he had sustained playing jueteng—the Chinese lottery. President Quezon said that jueteng was not gambling, but robbery, and Mrs. Ramirez was never tired of rubbing it in to Santiago because he never won.

And Manila Slept

They would have a big treat that afternoon and evening. His nephew, Hilario Revilla, the *cochero*, was to bring his *carromata* around soon and take them all for a ride. When Hilario came they all piled in—ten people, if you count Baby Engracia, squeezed into a tiny space no more than five feet wide and six long, perched over a single axle. On three narrow boards they sat, three in the back row, three in the middle, four, counting the baby, on the front board. Then Hilario climbed into his little seat in front and hammered his whip in the socket. The *carromata* was balanced, but the rear end was a little heavy, and the weight almost lifted the tiny pony off its feet. It was all right on the gravel road, but on the asphalt the pony could hardly get traction.

Going up the incline of the bridge over the Pasig River, the pony could not pull the cart at all, and Hilario and Santiago had to get down and put their weight on the shafts so that the tiny hoofs could get a purchase. They rolled along, the bells jingling, down past the grand American clubs and hotels along the bay front, to the grassy Luneta. There, they all got down, and Santiago grandly bought them ices from a push-cart, paying out 55 centavos for 11 helpings. They lay on the browned turf while the children played and the young couples strolled by, and Mrs. Ramirez bought two sprays of green and red paper flowers, more aristocratic than the red hibiscus and purple orchids that grew almost everywhere and were free for the taking.

The sun went down, red and white and blue and gold, behind the hills across the bay, and the lights came out on the gray destroyers riding at anchor inside the breakwater. After awhile, the Ramirez family all packed themselves back into Hilario's cart; Hilario climbed aboard and they drove home.

They thanked Hilario, and the children sorted themselves out, some of them climbing the bamboo ladder into the three-feet high mezzanine, shucking their thin garments as they fell into bed on the floor. Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez dutifully made the rounds, kissing each good night, bidding each be of good spirit. Then they turned out the single electric light and slept.

The thin cadence of the quickstepping hoofs died away along the avenida. The rumble and hooting of the trucks and buses droned into nothingness. In the market, the flicker of lights showed emptiness. The market boat was tied up to the bank, its crew sprawled out, bow and stern, faces to the moonlight.

In the hot tropic night, Manila slept.

Little Red Rooster

Continued from page 15

away. Winkie sat down and put her feet up on the railing.

"It was Sneddon," she said after a while, "who got Frances to leave Paris without telling you."

"Why?" I asked her. "If it's money she wants, which is what she wants, what's he worried about?"

"It's obvious, isn't it?"

"I guess so," I admitted. "With Sneddon, this isn't all business. I don't need a crystal ball to figure out that he's crazy about her. Not that I blame him."

"And as for me," Winkie said in a muffled voice, "I'm just a little red rooster."

"You're very sweet," I began, "but..."

"I'm not being coy." She gave the railing a kick. "You've read about race horses that have mascots in their stables, a dog or a rooster, or something, that they can't live without. I'm Frances' mascot."

"What do you do when she goes to Hollywood? Ride with her in the boxcar?"

"At that point," Winkie said belligerently, "I leave her. I've never done anything but play bits on Broadway, but I love it. Do you know what I wish? I wish Sneddon had never walked into the Ritz that afternoon. Frances was so flattered. He'd come all the way from Hollywood."

"Hobgoblins," I muttered at the harbor. "They haunt Broadway with their bright promises and their foreign gold. What do I do next, Winkie? Hit her over the head?"

"You think she's attractive, don't you?" Winkie got up and I stood beside her. There was faint music coming from an open door somewhere.

"Yes." Somehow, I didn't like the tone of her voice.

"She's beautiful, charming," Winkie went on coldly. "She is everything desirable."

"She's magnificent," I added brightly.

"Well, then. Make yourself indispensable to her."

"My pal, the Peerless Pictures representative, seems to have the edge there."

"Then why waste your time?"

"Wait a minute," I said, beginning to get irritable. "I may not be very bright, but—"

"You've finished your sentence," Winkie snapped, and disappeared with a clicking of heels.

I rushed after her into the casino, and after a bad ten minutes I came upon her sitting alone at a little table behind the bar.

"Go away," she said, frowning, "I want to be temperamental. I want to be alone."

"They've disappeared," I said. "And there are no trains out of St. Pierre tonight."

"Well?" Her blue eyes glittered.

"So, momentarily, I can relax."

"But not in my company."

The orchestra began to play a rumba.

"Little red rooster," I said kindly, "will you dance this dance with me?"

"No." Winkie stuck her stubby nose into the glass and drained it dry. "I hate dancing."

EVERY hour of the next two days, when Sneddon wasn't there first, I put on the pressure with Ormsby, but this was no ordinary woman. Between arguing with her, and making sure that she didn't take a train when I wasn't looking, I was beginning to come apart.

I was having a Bock at the Plantons the third morning when I noticed there were posters stuck on the wall announcing a bullfight at Ceret, a town some twenty miles from St. Pierre. I asked the *patron* about this and he informed me that no self-respecting tourist would miss it. Ormsby and Winkie were delighted, and the Peerless Pictures boy fairly trembled with excitement because it seemed that he, having seen the fights in Mexico, was quite an *aficionado.* I didn't tell them Joe's money was buying us all tickets to a bullfight because I couldn't trust them out of my sight and I was getting a migraine from playing shadow all over St. Pierre.

Thirty or so people jammed themselves into the open bus that left the Plantons that noon for the fight, and it took Francois, the driver, no time at all to show what he had on the ball. Francois was a little guy with a pockmarked face and black hair growing down to within an inch of his eyebrows that had no open space between them. I had taken one trip with him before, coming from Perpignan, and while he was a smiling, agreeable fellow, I knew that he had the soul of a Valkyrie. It turned out to be quite a ride.

Joe's money had bought us the best seats in the place. We sat, in a circular amphitheater of pink concrete, in the front row, so close to the wooden barricade that you could put your hand on it.

The matadors paraded out, someone blew a horn, and the first bull came snorting out of a gate just opposite from where we were sitting.

I KNEW nothing about cape play, but I did know, as three bulls were killed, one after the other, that there was nothing good about this fight. Two of the three matadors were clumsy and scared, and the third was brave enough, but he was clumsy too. He got a set of *banderillas* into his bull, but when it came to killing the animal he just went to pieces in a horrible but pathetic way.

"It's no good," Sneddon said loftily, "without the horses. The French are crazy not to let them use horses." He took a husky pull of cognac, although I would have said he hardly needed it. "They're what make bullfighting a spectacle. Why, in Bilbao, this spring, I saw a bull throw a horse and rider clean into the stands."

"I hear the fights in Bilbao are no good." As a matter of fact, I didn't know anything about Bilbao, except that it was in Spain somewhere, but I very suddenly wanted to hear more from Sneddon. "But I just love to see horses killed."

"They have the fastest bulls there are." Sneddon laughed. I could see he was more than a little tight. Without any liquor, the sun and the shrieking crowd had me dizzy. He wiped off his mouth with the back of his hand. "I saw Gallena fight in Bilbao. He's the man who has changed the whole technique of killing. The arena there—"

Sneddon stopped as sharply as though he had been hit on the mouth. His eyes were boring into me, cleared of the liquor, and he started to say something, but a deafening scream drowned it out, because at that point the fourth bull came into the ring.

This time things got really bad. The matador, one of the scared ones, tried to get funny because the crowd was handing him a loud booing, and he put out his hand to rap the bull between the eyes, except that the bull shook his head and the tip of his horn went right through the matador's palm.

"This is horrible."

I glanced down at Winkie. She was biting her lip, her cheeks white. It was

(*Continued on page* 58)

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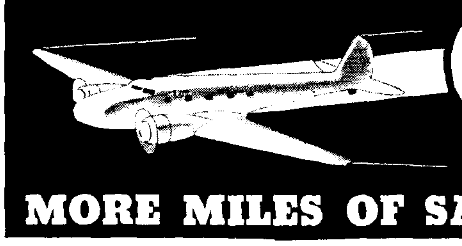

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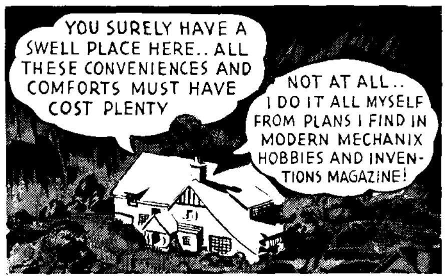
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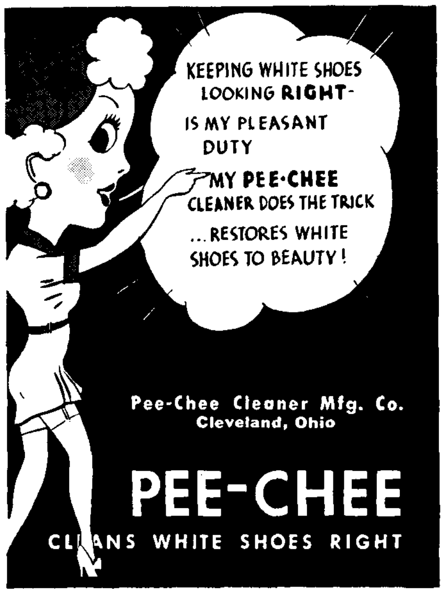
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PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

(Continued from page 57)

pitiful and, while I could just about take the fight, I knew what was happening to her. But Ormsby was loving it. Her face was flushed and she was staring at the arena, motionless, so excited that suddenly, right there, I knew what she was all about. I knew what a lot of things were all about. I put my mouth against Winkie's hair and I said in a whisper, "Don't try to take it. Faint."

"I won't."

"Don't be noble," I said into her ear. "Faint."

She was getting ready to be stubborn so I gave her a pretty sharp pinch on the knee, and she put on a realistic job. As a matter of fact, she didn't have to do much acting because at that moment the second matador got caught running for the barricade and found himself bouncing on the bull's head with a horn very clearly coming through his thigh. I put my arm out when Winkie fell toward me.

"I'll take care of her," I said quickly.

It was cooler under the stands and when I put Winkie down she came out of her act, a touch pale, but blinking her blue eyes. I led her out through the gate, not saying anything, but planning it all out as far as I could.

"What about them?"

"Winkie," I said. "If we hurry, we are going to have a couple of hours that can be utilized."

"All I care about is getting back to St. Pierre and taking a bath."

FRANCOIS wasn't in the bus, of course. He was in the arena, throwing peanut shells and drinking in murder. I left a note, written with Winkie's lipstick, on the steering wheel of the bus telling Ormsby we had gone on ahead in a hack. We set out for St. Pierre, all downhill with the sun getting behind the Pyrenees so that it was almost cool again, the trees dark green sliding past us. And from now on, Ormsby was just an actress Joe needed, but Winkie, leaning close against me with her head on my shoulder, came under a totally different heading.

In the hotel I had to let her go while I sent a cable to Joe from the desk. It was nearly eight by now, but it would be early afternoon in New York and if Joe worked fast it would be all right. Winkie and I went over to the casino to wait for an answer, sitting on the porch while the fishing boats came into the harbor that was dusky, then perfectly dark except for lights from the shore. I didn't mind waiting now. I was quietly considering the beauty of Winkie's saucy little face, forgetting for the first time the horrors of this week, when the hotel *chasseur* rushed in with a cable from Joe. I read it quickly.

"What is it?" Winkie said.

"I'll tell you later." I brushed a smudge of powder off the tip of her nose. "Right now, I'm in a hurry."

In a minute I found out what an understatement that was. The concierge handed Winkie a note which she read and handed over to me without saying anything. It was from Ormsby and the point was that she and Sneddon had left St. Pierre, and not to tell me anything about it because I was just a pest who was trying to ruin her career.

"How long ago did Miss Ormsby leave?" I snapped at the concierge.

"Not more than ten minutes," he replied. He was dying to find out what it was all about. "They took a car for Perpignan."

"Winkie." I took both her arms.

"What, Philip?" Her eyes were shining. She looked so adorable it hurt me not to do something about it.

"Get packed. I'll give you five minutes."

"But, Philip—"

"Four minutes," I said. "Stop arguing." I turned to the concierge. "Get Francois and his bus, right away. Have him at the door in five minutes. Get my bill ready. We're leaving."

Five minutes later to the dot Francois was there, sitting with his feet on the wheel of his bus, gazing dreamily into the night, no doubt still meditating on the beauty of bloodshed. We climbed in, feeling a bit lost, because after all there was room for forty people.

"I have chosen you," I told Francois, "because you are the fastest driver in France."

"Quite right, Monsieur," Francois said smugly, tossing away his cigarette.

"These people we must catch are in a taxi, going toward Perpignan. They have about fifteen minutes on us. Catch up, Francois."

"We will catch them," Francois said. "Rest assured."

The last part of his advice was a little difficult to follow. He whipped out of town on two wheels, and then when we hit the main road, which was more or less straight, it was not easy to be anything but scared. I will not venture to guess how fast we went, because it would not be believed, but it finally got so bad that Winkie and I lay flat on the seat and gazed up at the tops of trees rushing past, closing our eyes half the time trying to lose the awful sensation. In three quarters of an hour the pace slackened and I could hear Winkie drawing in breath.

"I haven't got much money," she was saying faintly.

"Who has?" I said.

"But you and Francois can divide what I have, just to let me walk the rest of the way."

Francois called back, pride in his voice, "There they are. Half a kilometer ahead."

I peered into the darkness and I could see Sneddon's dark head rising above the back of the seat, and the top of Ormsby's hat. I took Winkie's hand and shook it.

"Follow them," I told Francois. "And when they stop, you stop."

"What good is it?" Winkie whispered, as though anyone could hear her except me. "I think she's terribly wrong, but Frances has made up her mind."

"Leave that to the old professor."

Winkie tried to remonstrate so I put my hand over her mouth and she stopped. We were just outside of Perpignan when we caught up and five minutes later, after a good deal of winding in and out of streets that were too narrow for the bus, we stopped, and I watched Ormsby and Sneddon going into a hotel. There was a little café next door, with a terrace that went all the way out to the curb. When I had given Francois a tip that brought tears to his eyes, Winkie and I took a table from which we had a view of the front door of the hotel.

IN TEN minutes Sneddon came out with Ormsby. They nearly stumbled over my feet before they saw us.

"Frances," I said politely. "Sit down. There is the matter of a cable from Joe Berenson that you'll have to see."

"Miss Ormsby has signed up with me." Sneddon said it with an air, but I saw that he wasn't any too pleased about this little contretemps. "Why don't you stop annoying her?"

"All right," I said. "Take a peek at this." I threw the cablegram on the table and Ormsby picked it up before the Peerless Pictures magnate had a chance.

"Have checked on Arthur Sneddon," Ormsby read in a quiet, wondering voice, "stop Formerly scout for Peerless Pictures stop Fired six months ago for abuse of powers stop." At this point, Ormsby's voice was no longer quiet and wondering. It was as hard as glass. But she went on reading. "Sneddon obviously trying to get back with Peerless by signing up Ormsby on the chance his company will stand back of him stop They will not stop Does this help No love Joe."

"No." I grasped Sneddon's arm. "Just one minute before you leave us forever. I wondered about that contract with no screen test, Sneddon. But what really bothered me is what you were doing at Bilbao when you told me you were on the coast all during the run of Moonstruck. Unless—"

"Unless what?" Sneddon gave me an ugly look.

"Unless," I said soothingly, "you were not all that you pretended. Just a guy, Sneddon, who is willing to take a chance on a girl's future in the interest of making himself important."

WHEN he was gone Ormsby turned all the old animal magnetism on me, just where we had left off, but somehow this time I didn't get the old weak feeling behind the ears. I might have felt sorry for her, except that after watching her at the bullfight I realized I wouldn't have to worry about anything irretrievably damaging her nervous system.

"I still have that contract," I said. "It's just as good as ever, Frances. If there is anything that has happened to change your mind."

"You know," she said with great sincerity, "I've been thinking about that Molly Brent part. I was wrong about it, Philip. I think I could do it. I am sure I could make it sympathetic."

"Of course you could." I took the contract out of my pocket and handed it to her. "What do you think Joe is spending all this money for. Read it over again. And now—"

"Yes?" she said meltingly.

"You must be tired." I stood up with a firm hold on Winkie's elbow. "Get a good night's rest, because in the morning we are leaving for Paris where, with Joe's assistance, I will book three passages for New York."

Winkie and I wandered down that narrow street until we came to a huge square around which the life of Perpignan circulates. We sat, in the softest of light, with the vague but steady sound of the town around us, on a huge terrace that completely encircled an outdoor café that had a glass canopy and hundreds of palm trees growing in tubs. I ordered two vermouths with seltzer, and then I came down to the point.

"Winkie," I said very firmly. "Winkie darling, this is a beautiful and romantic spot, isn't it?"

"It's wonderful, Philip."

"Until now I haven't known whether I was going back with a job, or whether I would very soon be reading the want ads, so to speak."

"I wouldn't care if—"

"I would," I said firmly. "And don't interrupt me. But now things are bright. I will have a small percentage of Three Nights. I am a new man. Winkie."

"What, Philip?"

"Do you want this drink?"

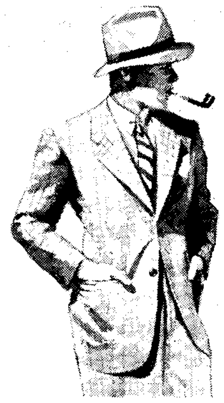
"No."

"Neither do I," I said. I threw ten francs on the table and we walked away, coming pretty soon to the river that runs right through the middle of Perpignan with a cobbled road on either side.

We leaned on the wall, gazing down at the towboats warped to the banks, and then I picked Winkie up and sat her on the wall, her feet clear of the ground although it was not much of a wall.

"Little red rooster," I said, "I am about to kiss you."

Since that night I have always claimed that Perpignan is the most beautiful town in the world. It will do no good to mention Venice, or Paris in the spring, or any place else, because I know I am right, and Winkie, who is never wrong about anything, agrees with me.



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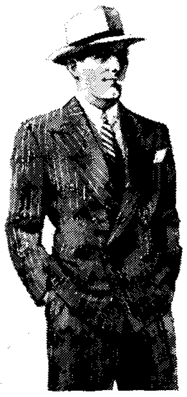

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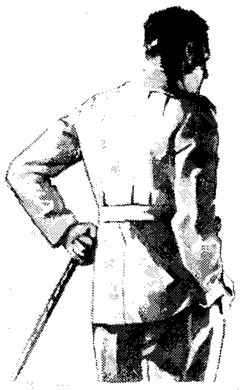

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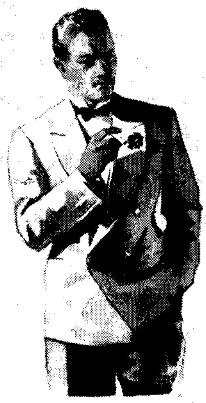

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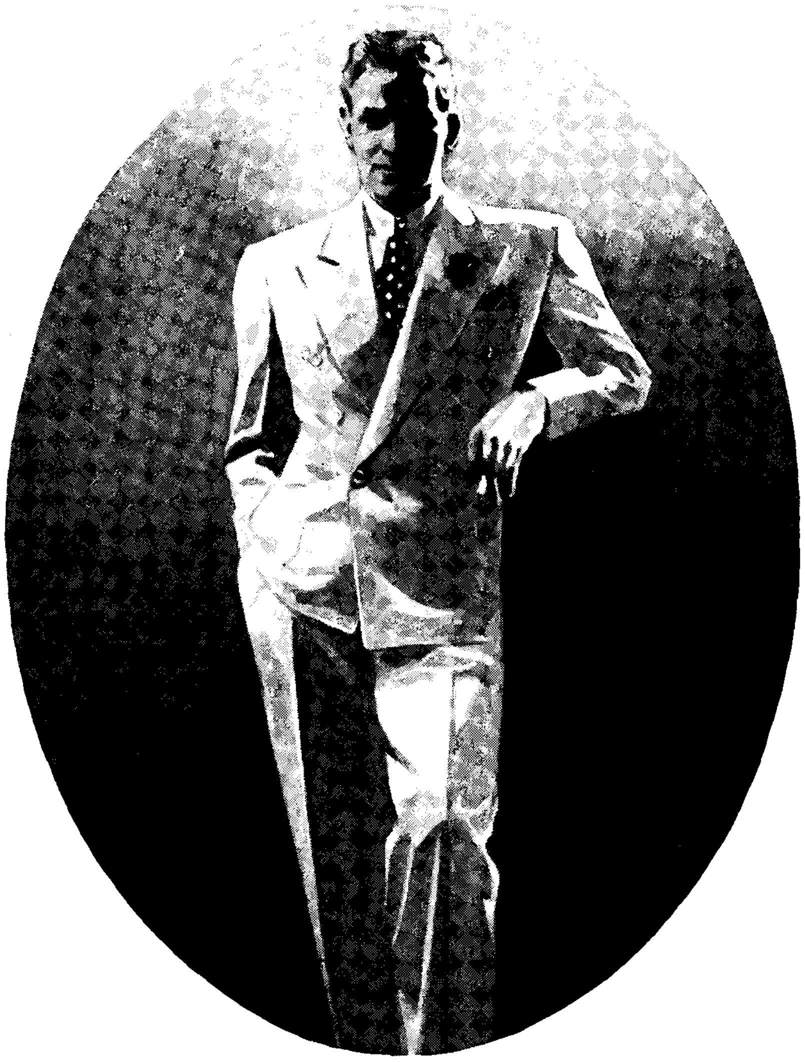

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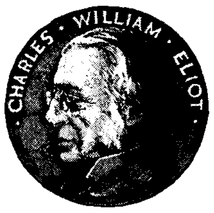

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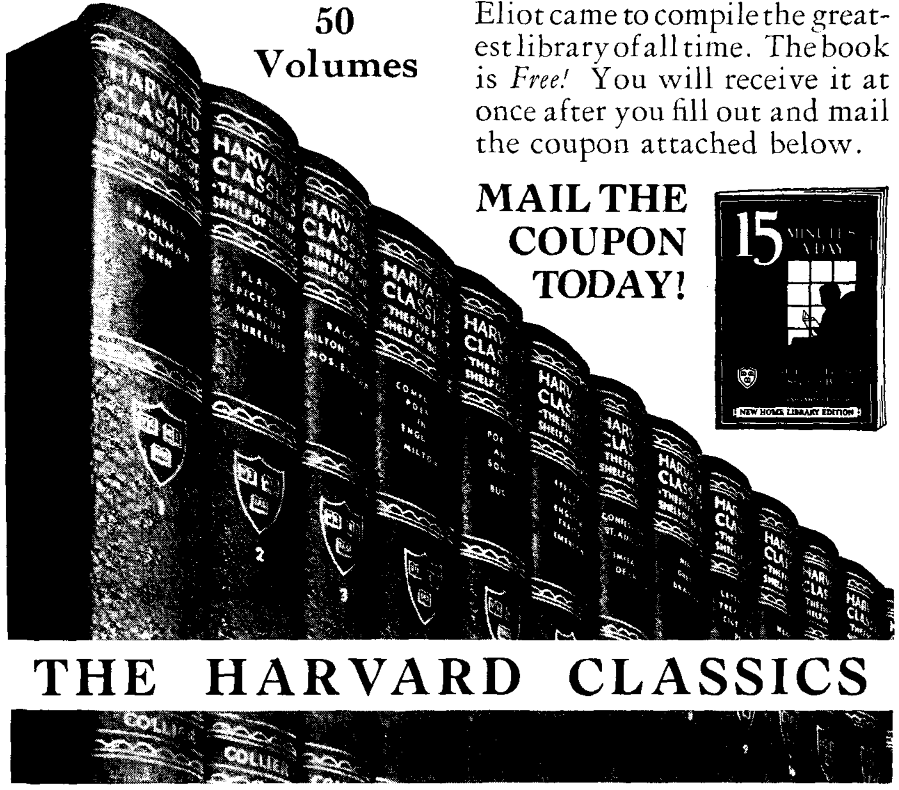

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The Last Stretch

Continued from page 9

February storm. And he went by shuffling, stumbling twice, with painful lurches, in passing the grandstand.

"And yet," said someone, "they say he won the Cambridge Cup, and fifty thousand added!"

"Yes," said another. "I've heard my grandfather tell about that!"

Everyone in hearing laughed a little except Corbin, who had turned and glared fiercely at the jesters.

Bill Cook was up on the gelding. Billy was thirty, at least, half full of liquor and half full of snuff, most of the year, but now and then able to ride a brilliant race.

"He'll ride it today," said Corbin.

But his lips trembled. He pulled out a blue-edged handkerchief and wiped his mouth.

"He's gotta!" said Lew Corbin.

He hoped that they would wait a moment; the longer they idled, the more the crooked, battered legs of the old gelding would warm.

"How long you known Top Hamper?" asked Boardman.

"Six years ago, I seen him pulled in this same race," said Corbin, slowly.

"Pulled? What's that mean?" asked Boardman.

Corbin licked his dry lips.

He explained: "It means when some dirty crook gets to a jock and gives him a big wad of money to keep his horse from running right . . . money to jam the horse into a pocket, or give him a hard pull, or something like that."

"You have money on Top Hamper that day?" asked Boardman.

"No," murmured Corbin, from far away and long ago. "No, not that day."

"The jockey get away with it?" asked Boardman. "How you know he pulled Top Hamper?"

"Because Top Hamper was so damn' much better than everything else in the race that the crooked jock almost had to saw his mouth off. The whole stand seen it, and yelled. . . . They disqualified the jockey for life."

"What become of him?"

"He went to hell, all the way," said Corbin.

THE roar for the start burst out from the stands, and up from the ground. The echo came softly back from the hills a moment later. It was drowned by a frightened howl, for Mark Time was out there in front by himself, running like the wind.

"The dirty dog—he's found his day!" someone shouted.

Those who heard groaned. There was not ten cents on the fickle racer for this performance. Then beautiful Avondale came up and locked on the quarter of the leader, and Enid floated up beside the noble stallion. She was such a big strider that she appeared to be of more buoyant stuff than the others. A good sound machine was Enid when she idled, but a glorious beauty when she raced.

"It's Enid!" yelled another man. "She's got 'em in her lap!"

Old Top Hamper was running absolutely last, as though he had been left at the post. Crassus came up, now, and Flying Spear beside him. They closed the big gap between them and the leaders, and they seemed to bring up gray Top Hamper from the rear, as well.

With a tremor in his heart, Corbin watched the action of the gelding. He never had been a paddock beauty but he was able, at his best, to flow as smoothly as water that shoots through a flume. So he flowed now, reaching easily, sweeping the ground behind him. He was last, but not a bad last, for the whole field was bunching except that flying cur, Mark Time, and beautiful Avondale still lapped on his quarter. They were by themselves.

They reached the first turn, and as they swung about it, the gray appeared farther to the rear.

Corbin sweated when he saw the distance lost, but he said through his teeth: "That's right. Carry him wide all the time. He ain't got legs under him. He ain't got no bone. He's all cork!"

Then he fell silent. The gray was gaining!

He closed his eyes and kept them resolutely thus while he counted ten—twice! Then he looked again, and knew it was true. The tail of the great Crassus was streaming across the head of Top Hamper.

AT THIS, his hopes mounted to the zenith of his heaven, but it was a new heaven for Corbin. It contained no apartment, no player piano, no hidden store of "hooch," no card parties in the dusky rooms of old saloons, but was simplified to a small house with a big tree above it, and a green pasture, and a horse grazing, and a cow swaying at the bars. That was now his hope in life.

He looked again. They reached the second turn, where Avondale mightily lifted himself forward. A wild yell of scorn and derision broke from the stands, for at this challenge Mark Time fumbled in his stride, as it were, and swept to the rear behind Enid, behind Flying Spear and Crassus, behind old Top Hamper himself. For the gray was coming up.

Gingerly taken about the second turn, he seemed to stand the strain of it well, and there was nothing but the straightaway, God be praised!

Straight stretches are made for long legs, and Top Hamper had them. His ugly head and ugly neck extended in a line, and Billy Cook, riding in perfect balance, let out the old campaigner link by link.

Avondale began to go back, now. It was not actually that the others ran faster, but the mad pace which the stallion had followed had burned him out and the rest came on.

Telamon and Sam Brown, head to head, rushed into the lead, but they were wide of the rail and that clever devil, Mark Lewis, slipped Enid through inside. She gained a length or two by that maneuver and came on strong, full of running. The shouting of the crowd altered. Men roar for the whole race; but they scream for the finish, and this looked like a finish to be remembered, with Enid leading, Telamon and Sam Brown right in there at their work, and Crassus coming up with Flying Spear beside him.

People began to yell "Crassus!" The name came out in unison. It was like a chant.

"He can't do it!" said Corbin. "They went and piled a ton on him—and he can't! But ain't he a horse! There's the Parthia in him comin' out. He'll die, but he won't say no!"

This honest enthusiasm warmed his heart, but suddenly he was shrieking: "Come on, you Top Hamper! You're my money! You can do it! You done it before! Top Hamper! Top Hamper!"

"The damned old skeleton has come to life!" exclaimed a man on the left of Corbin.

So it seemed, but it was not exactly so. Perfectly rated off the pace, and then brought on with careful nursing into the stretch, the rangy gelding went down the straightaway without new effort, catching the others because they were spent. It had been a burning pace from the start.

"Let him go. Don't check him. Let him go, Billy. Don't give him no pull!" said Corbin.

And that was exactly what Billy Cook did, artist that he was. He simply hand-rode Top Hamper and opened two, three, four good lengths between his tail and the straining heads of Enid and Crassus. The race was over. It was a mere rout now, a walkover!

"Top Hamper! Bring my money home, boy!" yelled Boardman.

"God bless you, Billy. I'm gunna make it five grand!" said Corbin.

At that moment the blow fell.

There were not ten strides to make to the wire when Top Hamper sagged behind as though a crushing weight had been poured on him. He broke down to a dreadful hobble while Enid, Crassus, Telamon went by him for the money. And Crassus was first by a hair's breadth that sent the stands into a vast convulsion of joy and made the bookies curse Top Hamper and their fortune.

He turned to Boardman. "He ran like a gentleman, didn't he?"

"He ran two thousand bucks out of your pocket, didn't he?" asked Boardman.

"I don't give a damn," said Corbin, and as soon as he had spoken a sudden real courage came to him. His lips stopped trembling. He walked off through the crowd with a fine light step; and his heart grew light, also. Were they like this, the gentry, the high-blooded gentlemen? Was it this strange fire that burned in them in defeat?

He rambled on with his thoughts. A blind instinct took him straight to the stables. Boardman was still beside him.

Doctor Morse, the veterinary, was on one knee beside Top Hamper, thumbing the guilty tendons, but Corbin knew that the old horse was finished. His long campaigns were over.

His owner, McCarthy, waited for the professional opinion calmly, already discounting a loss.

Morse stood up.

"Top Hamper will never run again," he said.

"Aw, take a drink and cheer up," said McCarthy. "I seen him worse'n this before, and so have you; but right here he was only two steps from twenty thousand dollars. You seen that."

THE doctor dusted his hands again. "He'll never even gallop again," said he. "And I won't mind that drink, neither. I saw him win the Cambridge Cup."

"Go call that nigger Lester, one of you," said McCarthy. "If Top Hamper's gotta feed the dogs, let the dogs have him."

One man turned from the group and went off hastily, growling.

"Who's that fool makin' the noise?" demanded McCarthy harshly.

"It's only old Billy," said one.

"Billy's fulla dope," said McCarthy. "What's gotta be done has gotta be done. Yeah, Top Hamper won the Cambridge Cup, Doc. But he's never done much good since. Not in a big way."

"There was too much of him for his legs," said the doctor.

"He never got no proper rides," said McCarthy.

"He got a ride in the Cambridge," said the doctor.

"Yeah," said McCarthy, "but look what he had up that day."

"Yeah, he had the Runt," said the doctor.

Corbin raised his hand to his throat. A knot of pain had formed there.

"The Runt, he had a pair of hands," said McCarthy.

"What was his right name?" asked the doctor.

"His right name was Crooked," said McCarthy. "They shoulda skinned him and burned the skin before his eyes. But he sure was a judge of pace!"

The doctor coughed.

"Corbin had a pair of hands," he declared with finality. "He could 'a' carried white hot iron and never singed his skin. He brought home Top Hamper laughin' at the field. That *was* a field, that day."

"Yeah," said McCarthy absently. "Well, anyway, here's Lester. Feed this to the dogs, Lester."

A big Negro was lounging towards them.

At this, Corbin stepped forward.

"Joe!" said he.

The gelding twitched his head suddenly around and pricked his ears. Corbin paid no further heed to him. He was trying to face McCarthy and smile.

The latter looked for a long moment. Then he punched the air with his cigar again and opened his eyes, for he had seen the past.

"Why, you mug, it's you!" said he.

Corbin raised a shaking hand.

"Don't say nothin', Chief," said he.

McCARTHY considered this appeal, clutching his cigar between his teeth and puffing noisily, rapidly. He stared at Corbin, but still he saw the past between them, or beyond.

"Whacha want here, Corbin?" he said.

Nervously Corbin rubbed the nose of old Top Hamper.

"Lookit!" said he. "Give the dogs tripe, and lemme have Joe, will you?"

The gelding jerked up his head.

"Steady, Joe," said Corbin, and waited.

"Well, I'll be damned," said McCarthy. "Whacha wanta do with Joe? Put him in a milk wagon?"

"That ain't what I mean," said Corbin.

He drew a breath to say more, but exquisite misery stopped him. He clutched at his bony chest and waited again.

"You done him in; you done me in; you done us all in, one day," said McCarthy. "You're a lousy rat!"

"Yes, sir," said Corbin.

"Well," said McCarthy, "if you want the old pile of junk, I guess you can have it."

Corbin could not speak. McCarthy, with a final scowl, turned on his heel and went off, angrily tapping the ash from his cigar.

Corbin, taking up the lead rope, pulled gently upon it, and Top Hamper followed him with trembling steps.

"Well—wait a minute, Corbin," said Boardman.

"What for?" asked Lew Corbin. He found that Boardman was looking at him with eyes no longer vaguely wandering but concentrated to disagreeable points of brightness.

"Why . . . never mind. Go along with your nag," said Boardman. "And good luck, Corbin."

"Thanks," said Corbin.

So Corbin led Top Hamper forward again until he came to the gap between the stables and saw the hillside. There he paused, and his whole life came up and stood beside him. The silver birches of the hollow were below his vision, but he could see the rest of the trees and in the meadow the plow now drawing its bright furrow upon the very ridge, while the horses went strongly onwards step by step across the sky. They seemed to be walking back through space and time.

He looked back and was surprised to see Boardman talking busily in the midst of a small group. Something oddly pinched away the breath of Lew Corbin.

"Who's that?" he asked of the tall Negro, Lester, who leaned against the corner of the stable. "That fellow back there—the pony-built fellow? You know him?"

"Sure," said Lester. "I gotta know him. We all gotta know him, now. . . . That's Plank."

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Meals à la Cart

Continued from page 17

possibilities. Cut off from her capacious cupboards, refrigerator and range, from the grocery store at the end of the telephone wire and the milkman at the door, the lady of the house may throw up her hands in dismay at the tiny galley in which she is expected to store food and cook it. What she is pretty apt to see at first glance is a two- or three-burner stove with maybe an oven and maybe not, a sink that would fit several times over into the one at home, a smallish refrigerator. What she will discover if she will step in and look around a bit is an amazing demonstration of efficiency. Water tank, cabinets for dishes, food, pans and linen, drawers for silver, even a broom closet and the luxury of a breadboard tucked into this small space.

It's Easy When You Know How

Here's where kitchenette cooks and jigsaw puzzle fans can set to and show you. For a little skill in maneuvering in a small space and working out a system that fits the parts of your meal together smoothly is what you need—plus a few tricks of coping with food on the move. Once you get these down pat, the sky and your own ambition are the limit to the meals you can turn out. And to piece out your own ingenuity you'll find such an assortment of packaged, canned and otherwise practically prepared foods that you can be as lazy as you like and still have your audience eat and applaud.

So to make sure you start out with things shipshape and in the proper order, we consulted Mrs. Alfred Stanford, who has lived a shipboard life on the Stanford sloop Chickadee these half a dozen summers when she hasn't been at home in a rambling house perched on the edge of Long Island Sound. Cruising to Nova Scotia or racing to Vineyard Light Vessel, and cruising about the Sound, Mrs. Stanford refuses to stay long below while her husband and sons have all the sailing fun, so she has worked out a system of supply to meet demand that is a miracle of efficiency.

To begin with, life at sea being as uncertain as the weather, the first rule of the sea galley is to take supplies for at least twice as long as you expect to be out. Plan your menus ahead, note down the raw materials required for each, then do your marketing accordingly. Canned goods will be a big share of your supplies. In stowing them away, be sure to keep things of a kind together—soups, fruit, vegetables, so that you won't have to rustle through plums and pears to find the corned beef hash. Make an inventory of them all, and tack it up in some convenient place so that as each can is used it may be checked off. That makes it simple to know what is on hand and what needs to be stocked next.

Salt Water Refrigeration

Shelves and refrigerator aren't the only possible stowing places. In port, a potato sack sometimes hangs from the Chickadee's stern, made fast by a stout rope that hasn't missed connections yet; here lie clams or lobsters, keeping fresh and cool against future chowders and broils. If the refrigerator is too crowded or the ice has given out (one hundred pounds last about four days) pails of cold salt water are hoisted up from the deep and bottles of milk, beer and such and canned things are set in them to chill. Here you have the fixings for the favorite meal on board, clam chowder with a fruit dessert:

Salt pork is cut up in small pieces and fried until crisp; then two finely chopped onions are browned in the fat. Two dozen hardshell clams (quahogs) extracted from the potato sack or fresh from their diggings, are cut up and their juice is saved. Into a quart of milk (fresh milk, or evaporated milk diluted with an equal amount of water) go the pork, onions, quahogs and their juice, and two cups of diced boiled potatoes. Heated gently just under the boiling point for fifteen or twenty minutes to achieve a perfect blending of flavors, salted and peppered, the result is then rapidly consumed with pilot crackers making a very nautical meal, and topped off with plump plums, chilly from the can after its briny bath. If you're not so sure of your skill in keeping the milk from curdling with this prolonged cooking, try simmering the mixture with a cup of water instead, adding the milk for a final heating to just under the boiling point.

A hearty breakfast, a light lunch that requires no cooking, especially on hot days, and a capacity dinner at night is Mrs. Stanford's usual scheme. The sea air doing what it does to appetites, a large breakfast is the only humane beginning for the day—tomato juice, cereal, bacon and eggs, muffins and jam, coffee. The cereal may be dry, out of a tin or cooked, the popularity of oatmeal going up steadily as damp weather and fog close down. And it requires very little milk, Mrs. Stanford points out cannily, and lasts a long time. Muffins are easily conjured out of prepared flour, provided you have an oven to bake them in.

Efficiency Pays Dividends

If such a meal stumps you, confronted with a two-burner stove and a portable oven, just stop and scheme a minute. Get your cereal started to cooking as early as necessary, depending on whether you are of the long or short school, and when it is in the last stages put the oven to heat over the other burner while you mix the muffins. While the muffins are cooking, set the cereal on top of the oven to keep warm while the coffee water takes a turn at burner number one. Once your coffee is set to percolating or steeping, pop the frying pan over that hard-working burner and turn out the bacon and eggs. You should have set the table, put out the jam and poured the tomato juice in the first place, so now breakfast is ready.

No cooking in the middle of the day gives the cook a respite and is a sound idea all round because the midday heat would hold the cooking odors down below. So set out the fixings of cold meats, cheese, fruit, salad, biscuits and beer and let everyone mix his own.

In the course of her experience as sea cook, Mrs. Stanford has picked up other valuable bits of practice: She uses enamel plates and cereal dishes to avoid breakage, but allows the luxury of china cups for comfort in drinking hot coffee; enamel pots in place of aluminum, which becomes encrusted from the salt air; stainless steel knives, forks and spoons because the popular variety of plated "eating irons" collect verdigris, a sort of corrosion. And she watches the water supply when it is taken on because any rust in water plus tannin in coffee or tea not only tastes like ink but actually is ink, producing the same chemical reaction as the ox-gall and tannin combination of the ancient ink makers.

Life on wheels adds another stunt to the cook's repertoire. She becomes a marketing expert, able to roam the coun-

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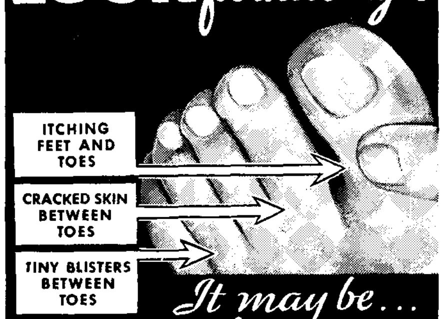

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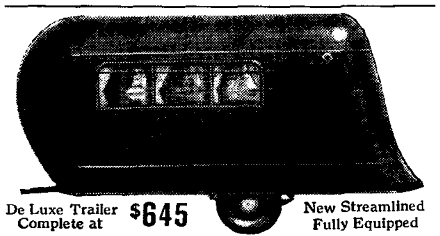

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try and get the best, fresh at its source. Probably expert-in-chief of the marketers is Massine's Russian cook Elizabeth Drevinsky, who knows American markets the country over, and serves local delicacies wherever they are. Baltimore is duck town in her opinion, worth a detour any day to pick up a plump bird to be cooked to a delicious miracle with baked apple on her ovenless stove. She knows where to find the live fish Massine insists on, and can tell you the three or four best places for the perfect rabbit, another of his joys, cooked in red wine and served with sour cream.

That unruffled look of the perfect hostess-cook, as she seats her family and admiring guests, is come by in a number of ways, and must be cultivated in such small quarters to avoid disaster. Preparing salads and desserts in advance is an old standby, clearing the deck for cooking the main part of the meal. And banking on simple one-dish main courses is good sense. Sometime when you are hove-to with a perfect scene for setting, and with guests coming to luncheon, try this, the favorite trailer luncheon of Howard Greer, of Hollywood dress designing fame, whose trailer has traipsed back and forth across the country, lolled through Central Park while entertaining local celebrities, and has treated more movie stars to luncheon and tea than any other known trailer.

Heap a bowl with polished fresh fruits, set out cheeses—a cheery red ball of Edam, Camembert, ripe to perfection, a jar of Old English—and crackers on their board, mix fresh greens ready for a last-minute tossing in oil and lemon juice, put them back in the refrigerator to become even crisper, set the table, not forgetting the wine. Then when your guests have arrived and are poking about, admiring the way sofas pull out into beds, trying the chairs, popping questions at you about how you manage so beautifully, all you need be doing is nonchalantly sautéing kidneys over one burner while you toast bread on a grate over the other, and assure them that it's really very simple. The coffee is making while you feast on kidneys on toast, salad mixed at the table, and wine.

Curries and Codfish

For a heartier meal, make a lamb or veal curry by cutting the meat into small three-quarter-inch cubes, frying them brown with chopped onion, sprinkling with flour, adding water and simmering till done—as Percy Quintard, who is an expert at planning kitchens for other people but who believes in getting down to earth and grappling with a campfire himself, does it. Curry powder goes into the sauce, and the result is poured over cooked rice. Two burners are the most you'll need for that, any way you count it.

Mr. Quintard, having taught cooking in camp and practiced it in an isolated cabin, appreciates the possibilities of food that is easily stored and carried. Just the thing for sea and trailer cooks, too. Take real salt codfish, for example, or flaked codfish out of a tin. Cut it into squares, pour hot water on and off to remove some of the salt, fry some chopped onions in butter. Cut potatoes into half-inch cubes, cook until almost done in a little water, add milk (powdered milk plus water will do), fish, onions, simmer until the potatoes are done, and you have a good New England dish to appease the most ravenous. All done with food that is easy to store and keep.

Try fritters as the Nova Scotia guides make them. For four people, add two beaten eggs with a quarter of a cup of evaporated milk or water to half a cup of prepared pancake flour, beating till your batter is of waffle consistency. Stir in fresh blueberries or huckleberries if there are any around for the picking, and drop by tablespoonfuls into half an inch of bacon fat—and fry quickly so as not to soak up fat. Serve them, crispy and brown and curled on the edges, with sugar or maple syrup and bacon on the side. At sunrise on the beach Mr. Quintard has mixed a cupful of the same batter, split bananas the long way and through the middle, dunked the pieces in batter and fried them for early breakfast banana fritters.

These prepared flours are a boon to the trailerite who possesses an oven, and a necessity to the sea cook, for fresh breads won't keep at sea. Take pilot biscuit and Swedish bread instead, and in tightly covered tins some of these magic flours for biscuits, chocolate cake, brownies, graham gems, corn muffins, pancakes, gingerbread, almost anything you can think of.

Tricks for Travelers

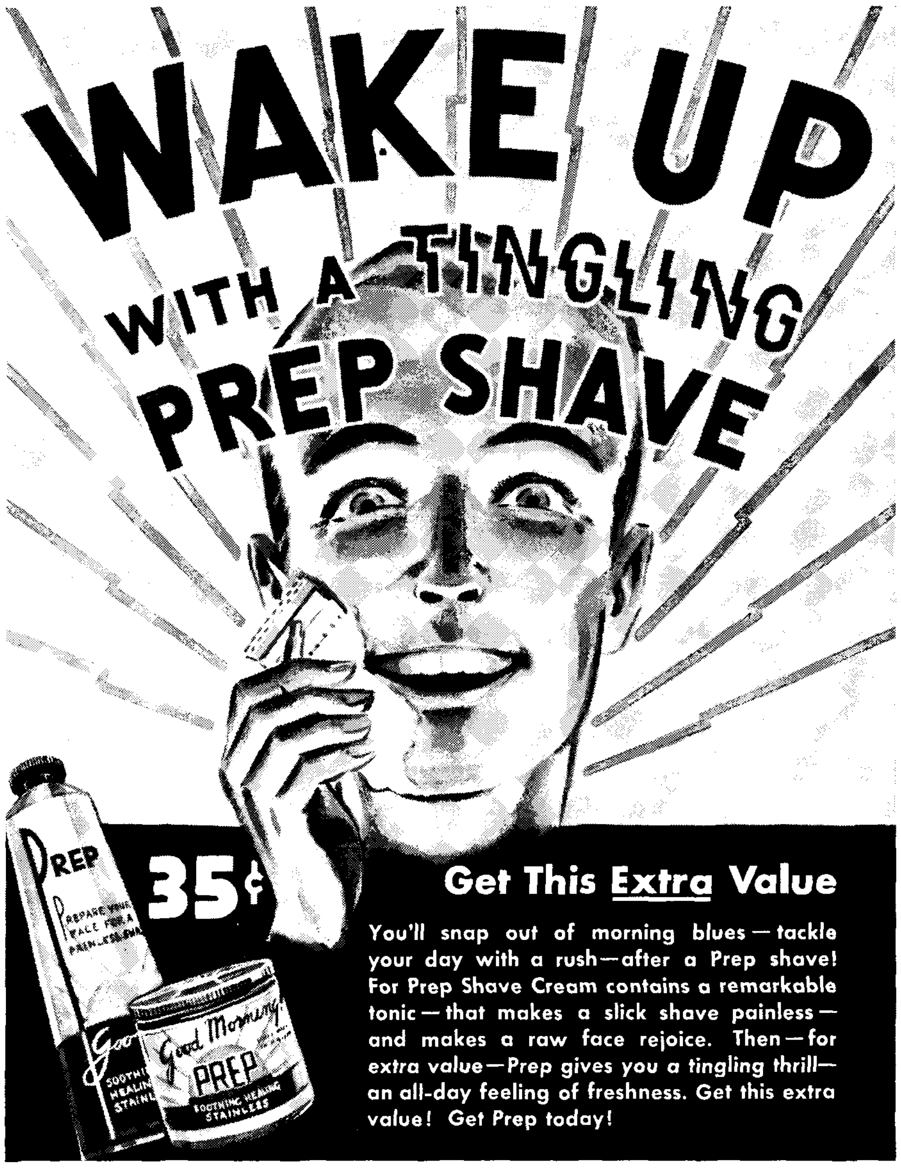
But don't try to make cake on the move, puts in Pearl Andrews, who supervises the meals for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and has watched the boys in action in their kitchens. Custard and jello setting are in the same sensitive class. If your kettle takes to slopping over, try their stunt of setting a plate slantwise in it. On the famous Counter Car of the same line, where commuting Connecticutites breakfast in cheery wood-paneled, red-leather comfort, Sam Allen, the presiding genius, has discovered that eggs travel very well in their paper containers but that thick cream has to be used promptly before it churns itself into butter. Learn to pack your refrigerator shelves tightly against slipping and spilling, and remember, in case of necessity, that the floor is the steadiest place.

Investigate all the other possibilities of prepared and canned foods—hard frozen fish, vegetables, fruits, meat, that are deliciously fresh—to be used immediately on thawing; canned corned beef hash, to be eaten as is or with chopped onions added, stews in cans or jars, Welsh rabbit in a jar, whole canned hams and chickens, little sausages ready cooked, even a canned brown bread to be heated by setting the tin in boiling water, and a steamed chocolate pudding to be treated the same way.

Miss Andrews, who has cooked on a boat herself, is full of easy tricks with food. Caramel pudding, for instance, made out of sweetened condensed milk with no effort on your part. Simply put the unopened can of milk in boiling water and boil slowly for four hours, then cool, still unopened. This can be stored indefinitely. When ready to use, open, put in dessert glasses, and chill through and through. Of course you know about those lifesavers, canned soups, but did you ever think of using vegetable or tomato soup, unthinned, as sauce for meat? Or cream-of-mushroom soup as a base for creamed lobster or shrimp?

It's easy to turn out pie crust from the prepared mixture, and here's a lemon filling for it that requires no cooking. Mix a can of sweetened condensed milk with half a cup of lemon juice, the grated rind of one lemon, two egg yolks. Put in refrigerator to set and it will thicken up handsomely. If you want to be very fancy, make little individual pie crusts, fill with the thickened lemon filling, and cap with meringue made in this wise: Beat your egg whites stiff, add 2½ level tablespoons of powdered sugar for each egg white, and literally poach in the oven on hot water in muffin tins.

We could go on and on, but it's your turn now. And if you should wake up from your dream of a trailer or boat to find yourself in a summer cottage or a cabin off in the woods, or even in a kitchenette apartment, you can keep right on with the same technique.



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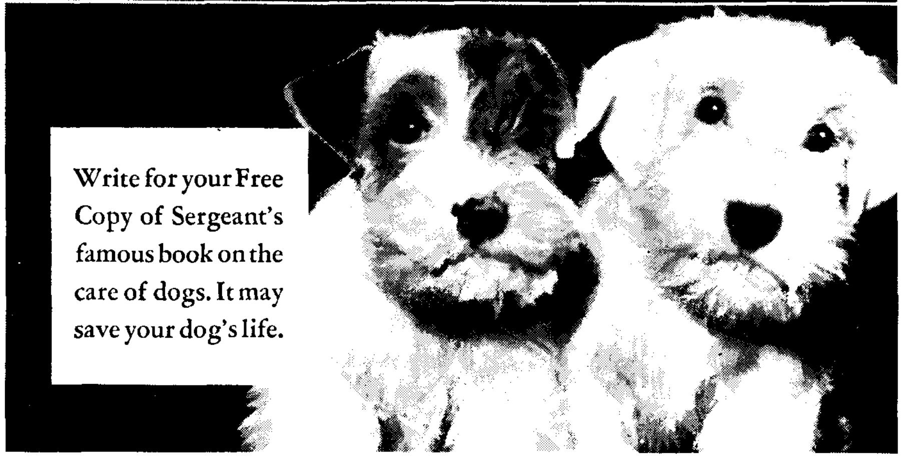

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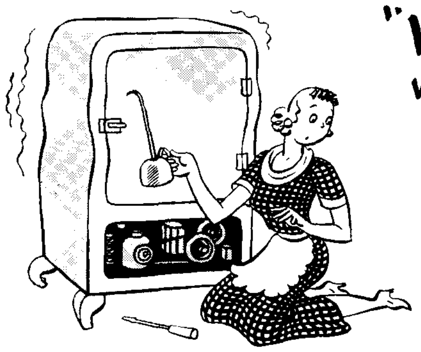

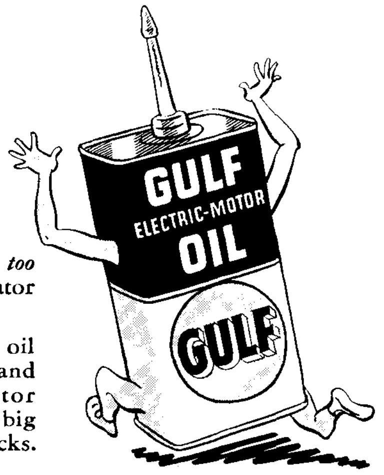

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Hand in Glove

Continued from page 16

third row. So listen, you guys, stop telling me about that good, strong young fellow who is going to flatten Tony. Sure it'll happen some day—but not in our time."

That is what the Eighth Avenue fancy thinks of Canzoneri. Tony is as mature and mellow as a Stradivarius, and as honest. When I say that Tony is an honest fighter I say it in the sense that I say Omaha was an honest horse. Omaha always ran consistently, true to form. Tony fights that way. Like a true thoroughbred, Tony runs true to form.

As a fighter Canzoneri has only one fault. He gets hit too often. His gnarled face gives testimony of that. Tony acknowledges the indictment, but he explains that the best way to bring a fighter into you is to open up a bit, give him a target, and then when he comes into you slap him dizzy. This is a fine system if you are boxing cream-puff hitters. Tony has taken many a punch to land one, and often Tony has been hurt.

That naturally brings up the McLarnin-Canzoneri fight last May. For sheer brilliance, for thrills and for excitement, that was one of the greatest fights ever held anywhere. Two clean, fast, honest fighters gave everything they had—but Tony had just a little bit more. Two weeks before the fight I went to Marlborough to watch Tony train. He looked great, but he only weighed his usual 133 pounds. McLarnin would weigh about 145 the night of the fight. Tony's manager, Sammy Goldman, looked worried.

"Goldman didn't want to make this match," Canzoneri said to me. "Goldman thinks that McLarnin will beat me. But I don't. This is one fight I've wanted for five years. I know I can beat Jimmy. Sure he's bigger than I am and he can hit harder, but I know how to beat Jimmy." Tony sat there, bronzed and sturdy, and he looked at me steadily and he said slowly, "After the fight, drop into my dressing-room and let me say, 'I told you so.'"

One of the largest crowds ever to see a fight indoors jammed Madison Square Garden that night to see two of the most popular fighters of our time. In the lobby of the Garden where the gamblers gather you heard, "Nine to five on McLarnin," then, just before ring time, you heard, "Two to one on McLarnin."

McLarnin looked like a cinch. Practically all of the sports writers had picked Jimmy, many of them saying that Jimmy would knock Tony out. Jimmy himself was so confident that he allowed his bride to come and see the bout. Jimmy in the ring looked much younger than Tony. Jimmy is tall and he exudes confidence and his arms are long and there's steel in them too.

Then Tony slipped off his bathrobe and Tony looked around and you couldn't help but think of what Walter Stewart had written.

A Legitimate Lightweight

Two minutes later he was staggering around the ring under the impetus of McLarnin's furious attack. Two minutes later McLarnin's punches had deadened his brain, and his legs were uncertain supports which were acting strangely. It was halfway through the first round that McLarnin had caught him with a terrific left hook to the chin and it looked like curtains for Canzoneri.

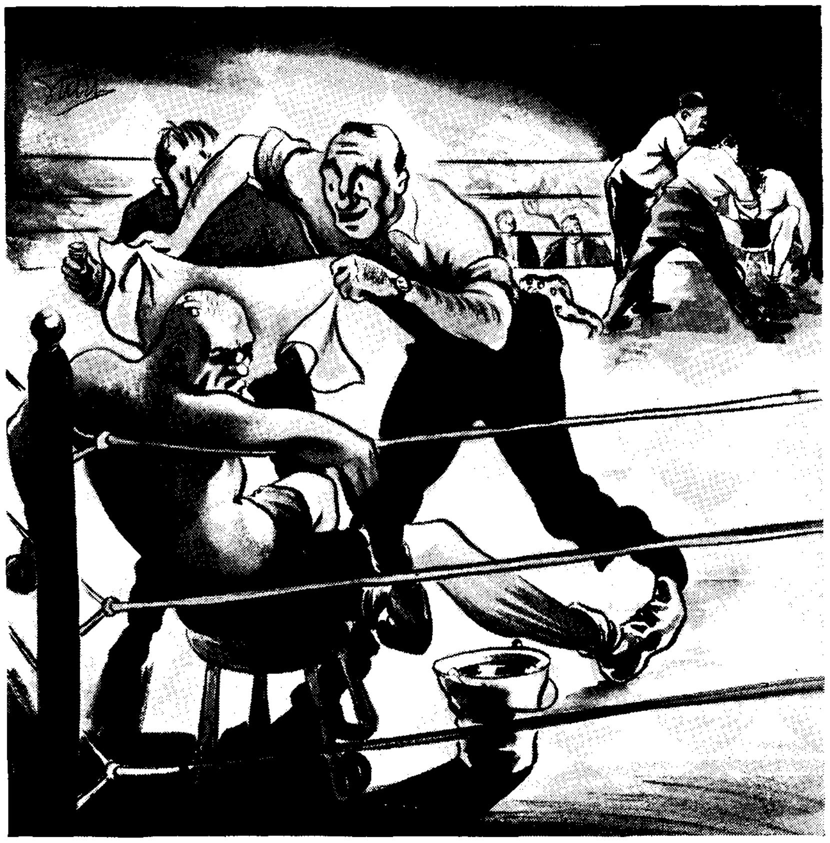
"It looks bad for Tony," I said to Jimmy Wood, the fight writer.

"Jimmy will have to knock him out, though," Wood said grimly. "Tony won't fold up. And he'll get up, too, if he's knocked down."

They were working desperately on Tony in his corner. "Are you all right, Tony?" Goldman was anxious.

"No, but I will be in a minute," Tony said calmly.

He was all right in a minute. We all expected that he'd try to cover up to evade McLarnin and get back some of his strength. But Tony doesn't fight that way. When Tony is stung he fights the



"You'll have to see the movies of this fight, Butch. It's a honey"

KIRK STILES

harder. He came out in the second round with a rush, swinging leather, and the crowd rose with a roar of approval. For a minute Tony and McLarnin fought as men must have fought a thousand years ago. For a moment these two consummate ring masters forgot their craft and their cunning.

From that moment on Tony had full command of the fight. In the ninth he almost knocked McLarnin out. Jimmy was on Queer Street, and now it was his legs which were rubbery and treacherous and there was a screaming in his brain. Only the great heart of him kept him up.

As he staggered to his corner, unsteady but sturdily, a man two seats away leaned over and said a bit shakily, "I never saw courage like that. I wish I had him and a hundred like him working for me."

The man was J. Edgar Hoover head of the G-men. Even a G-man doesn't see the kind of courage we were looking at that night.

"Heart," I told him and he nodded.

The tenth and last round was another three minutes of savage leather-swinging, and then it was over and Joe Humphries held up Tony's hand and the crowd roared its approval and adulation for the little man with the blunt, scarred face.

Five minutes later Tony was stretched on a table and they were putting ice on the cut above his nose. Papa Canzoneri was there, beaming proudly, and Sammy Goldman was there too.

Tony looked at me and grinned through his cut lips.

"I don't like to rub it in, but I told you so," Tony said gently.

That, my friends, is Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion of the world, and if I seem unduly enthusiastic it is because in the world of professional sport one seldom, very seldom, meets anything that is wholly fine and entirely honest and clean, and when one does one is apt to awake the silence with loud cries of admiration. And Tony is wholly fine and entirely honest and clean and those are three qualities seldom found in the fighting game.

Canzoneri is one of the few legitimate lightweight champions we have had. By that I mean that his normal weight is under 133 pounds, the lightweight limit. In his street clothes and after having had a large meal of *pasta fagioli* and *lassagne ripiene* and having washed it down with a glass of *barbera rosso* Tony would not weigh more than 135 pounds.

Raised to Fight

When he was a kid on the streets of New Orleans he weighed less than one hundred pounds, and that's how he happened to become a fighter. At that time (he was eleven) Tony was engaged in a profession once glorified by Horatio Alger—Tony was a bootblack. In those days in New Orleans a bootblack had to fight or have no shoes but his own to shine. Since Tony didn't wear shoes he learned to fight. He had to fight when some huskier kid would nab a customer on whom Tony had his eye. He had to fight sometimes on his way home when the jingle of coins in his pocket would attract the larcenous attention of some strong-armed colleague. Because Tony was smaller than an exclamation point, he had to fight a little bit better than his larger confreres or get his ears punched off.

Tony got into the habit of hanging around the Gayosa Gymnasium, which was owned by an ex-fighter named Kid Gage. Night after night the spaghetti would get cold on the Canzoneri table and Papa Canzoneri would grumble, "Where is that Tony of mine?"

Then Tony would come in and Mamma Canzoneri's keen, maternal eye would detect a bruise on his cheek or a mouse under his eye.

"Oh, that?" Tony would declare innocently. "Oh, I slipped and fell. What's for supper, Mom?"

Papa Canzoneri would peer suspiciously at his son, but he wouldn't say anything because perhaps he'd heard of what his son was doing with his late afternoons and maybe he was secretly a bit proud. For Tony was learning to box at Kid Gage's and he was using as his model the idol of all New Orleans, Pete Herman, who was then bantamweight champion of the world. By the time Tony was thirteen he had already won seventeen amateur bouts. When he was fourteen he was the proud holder of the one-hundred-pound city championship. Then Papa Canzoneri knew that he had raised his boy to be a boxer.

"Did you bawl Tony out when you discovered that he'd been boxing secretly?" I asked Papa Canzoneri the day I visited Tony at his training camp.

"No. Tony was always a good boy," Pop Canzoneri said sturdily. "I never bawl him out."

Ignoring the Obituaries

One day Pete Herman strolled into the gymnasium in New Orleans and his casual attention focused on Tony, who was boxing with another kid. The champion was impressed. He gave Tony a few pointers and a few more, and then a year later he sent him to New York with a letter to Sammy Goldman, who was Herman's manager. Herman's career was about over. He was having trouble with his eyes.

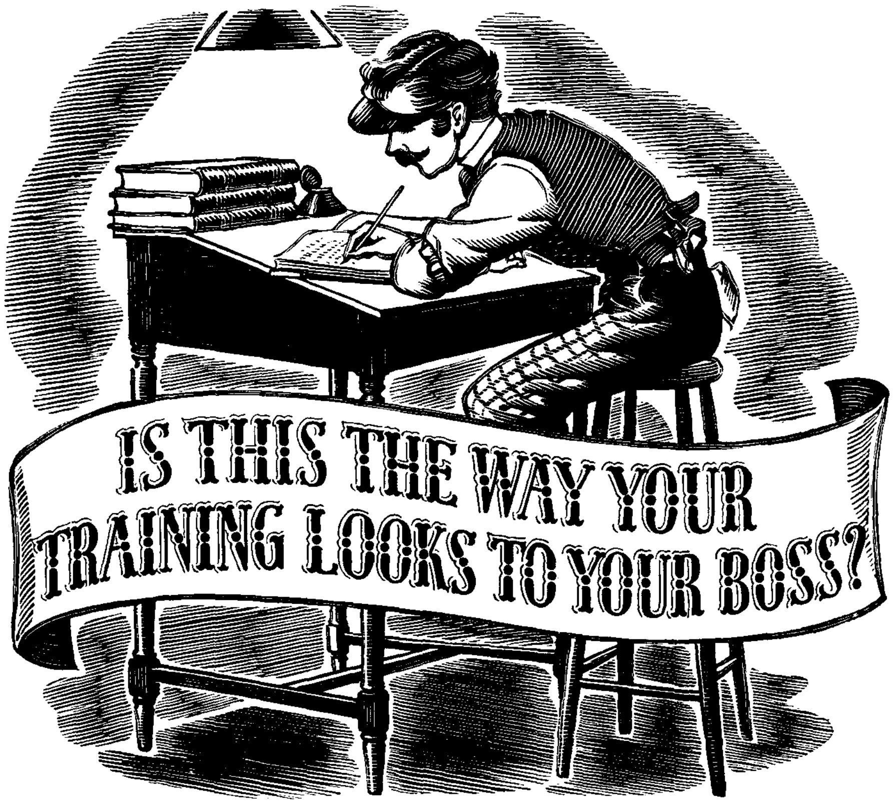
Tony was fourteen when he landed in New York and Goldman thought that Herman was playing a joke on him when he saw the kid. He was still wearing short trousers. Then Goldman watched him box and he realized that Herman hadn't been joking. By advancing his age three years Goldman got Tony in a few amateur bouts. Within two years Tony had won three amateur titles and he was ready to turn professional.

To go through Canzoneri's career would be merely to detail incidents well known to boxing fans. He won the featherweight title and went on to win the lightweight title. More interesting is the fact that a dozen times they have sung Tony's swan song, have written his pugilistic obituary. Back as far as 1929 Bud Taylor, against whom Tony fought three desperate battles, predicted that Tony couldn't last much longer.

"When Tony is stung," Taylor said, "he insists upon fighting his way out of trouble instead of boxing his way out. He comes at you fast and wide open. That makes him easy to hit. He's a fighting fool but he's taking too many punches. The trouble with Tony is that his heart is too big for him."

A little while later Tony was overwhelmed by the fierce whirlwind attack of the Englishman, Jackie (Kid) Berg, and once more the boxing Boswells turned out sad copy and again buried Tony pugilistically. But Tony never read the obituaries. Instead, he signed for a return match with Berg and not only beat him but knocked him out.

Barney Ross defeated him for the lightweight title and then again beat him in a return bout. Now surely Tony was through. But when Ross, grown too heavy to make the lightweight limit, decided to rest on his welterweight championship laurels, Tony again bobbed up. The New York State Boxing Commission named several good, strong young fellows and Tony as the leading lightweights and they fought it out for the title. Tony met Lou Ambers, young, strong as a bull, and Tony defeated him handily. And Tony is still the lightweight king, and those strong young fellows are still trying to knock off his crown.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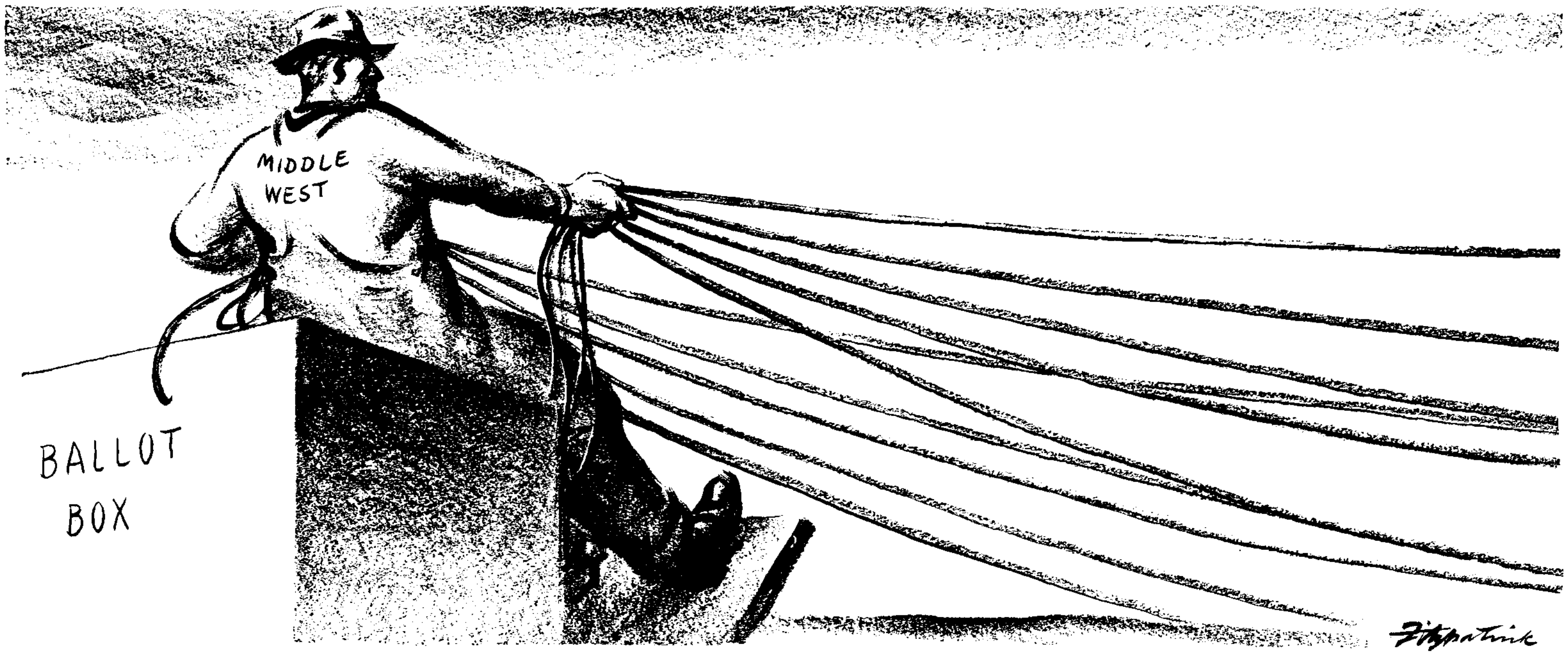

Out Where the Vote Begins

WHATEVER the outcome of the presidential campaign, the Middle West will win. Every man seriously considered this year for the Republican nomination was a Middle Westerner. Governor Landon is as typically Kansas as the sunflower. On the Democratic side the story is much the same. New Yorker though he is by birth and residence, President Roosevelt's policies are essentially Midwestern. Nebraska and Wisconsin and the adjacent states were the seedbeds of the program he has sponsored.

The center of political power has steadily been moving westward during a long period. Twenty years ago, when the Allies were wondering whether the United States would finally decide to join them in the war against Germany, a long-headed Irishman advised them to listen to the people of the Mississippi River Valley. When the Midwesterners decided the time was right for the United States to take sides in the world conflict, he forecast, Congress would declare war. His prophecy was confirmed.

The drift apparent long ago has now reached its angle of repose. Power lies in the Mississippi Valley states. The ideas, the ideals, the hopes and the aspirations of Middle Westerners will make our national policies during the years immediately ahead. A voluntary shift of authority has already taken place.

During the early years of this republic the South was largely in control. The ideas which went into the making of the nation were contributed chiefly by such men as Jefferson, Madison and John Marshall, all Virginians. Then the manufacturing East came to power and held sway during many decades. With the exceptions of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, all of the Presidents since Lincoln up to 1932 have been expressions of the ideas of the industrial sections of the nation.

Now political power is in the hands of new groups. The financial and manufacturing centers had little to say in the choosing of this year's candidates or in the writing of this year's platforms. No boss fairly comparable to Mark Hanna or Boies Penrose had the power to select a candidate. No organization such as Tammany Hall counted for much in either convention. New men and new ideas are on top in both of the major parties.

If we want to realize what this shift of authority means in long-time development for the United States, information is very easy to get. Middle Westerners make no secrets of their ideas.

Obviously Middle Westerners don't all think alike. If they did President Roosevelt and Governor Landon would not both be presidential candidates and little groups of radicals would not be talking about third and fourth parties. The similarities between the voters of the Middle West are, however, more marked than their differences.

Today there are no impassable gulfs between Democrats and Republicans in the Middle West, or elsewhere, for that matter. Judged by Eastern standards, the Middle West has long been progressive and liberal. The Populist party was hatched on the prairies and the children of the Populists are at home in both parties.

Governmental regulation of business came out of the Middle West. The Grangers were the boys who put over the Interstate Commerce Commission and rode herd on the railroads. Middle Westerners quarrel among themselves over the ways in which business should be regulated, but there is little opposition anywhere to the notion that the government must regulate various industries.

So, also, there is practically no difference of opinion in the Mississippi Valley concerning the necessity of some kind of governmental aid to agriculture. Talk to a Western railroad official, a Western banker or manufacturer and no doubt remains concerning the Western belief that in the national interest the government must help farmers. Of course there are many opinions concerning the precise forms in which aid should be rendered. These differences are less significant than the general agreement as to the basic principle of governmental assistance.

The broad facts are that agriculture is the dominant industry of the Middle West and that, politically considered, the small towns and villages poll more votes than the industrial cities. In nearly every town and village the public school is the largest and most impressive building. Schools and colleges generate more influence and stimulate more public opinion than in other sections. Differences in property and income are less marked. More than any other region the Middle West has realized the ideal of social democracy.

Of course we are one nation. The ways and customs of one section merge insensibly into those of another. Nevertheless, different regions do give emphasis to particular ideas and, beyond all question, during the next few years the Middle Western point of view will prevail in the determination of our governmental policies.

Even so, we shall have opportunity to choose in the November election. For while both parties will focus our attention on remedies for the same problems, deep differences will be found in the remedies proposed.

We shall choose perhaps between liberals and liberals rather than between liberals and conservatives. At any rate, we shall imagine that we are registering some such choice as we enter the voting booths.

In the long run, however, we shall be safe if the common sense of the Middle West actually controls our national decisions. Nowhere, certainly, are good-natured tolerance and neighborly consideration stronger factors in life. Also, in no other section is there greater reliance on the competence of sturdy men and women to manage their own affairs and work out their own problems. There is nothing to fear in the rise of the Middle West to political ascendancy.

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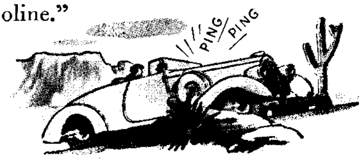

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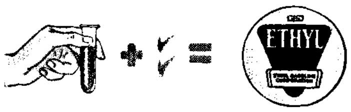

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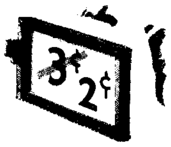

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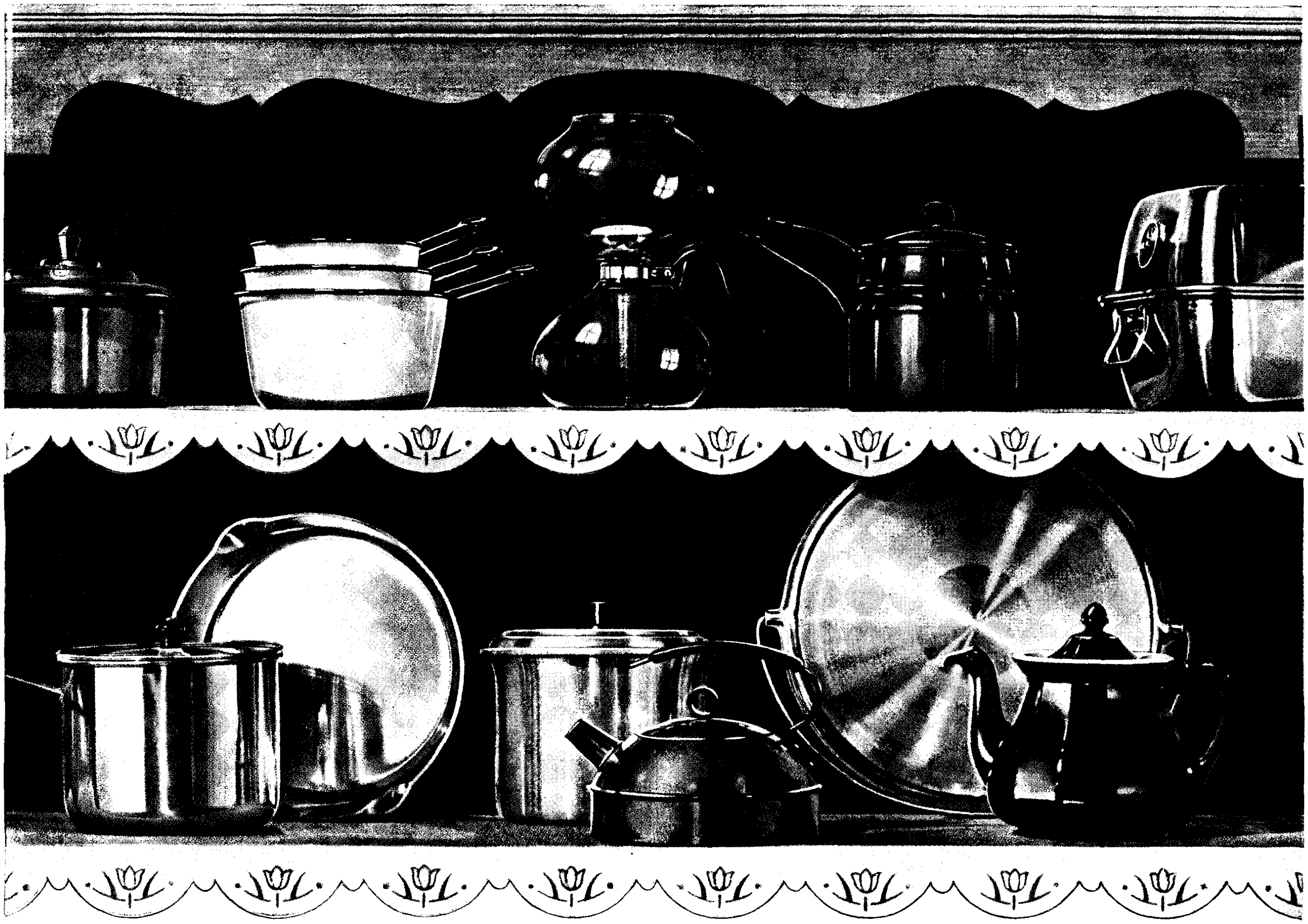

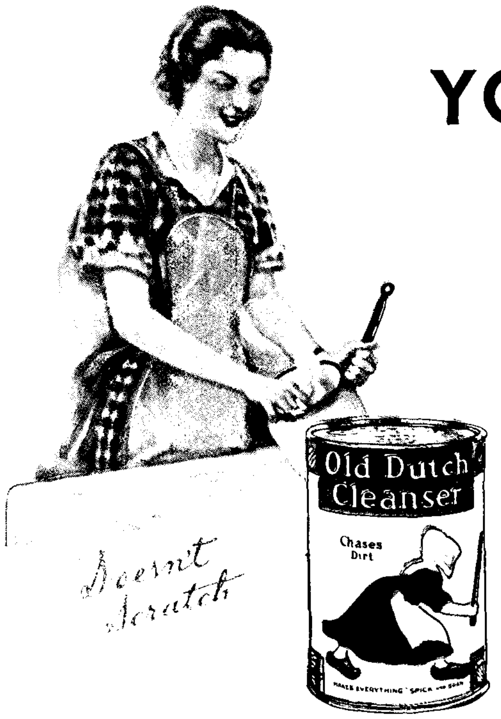

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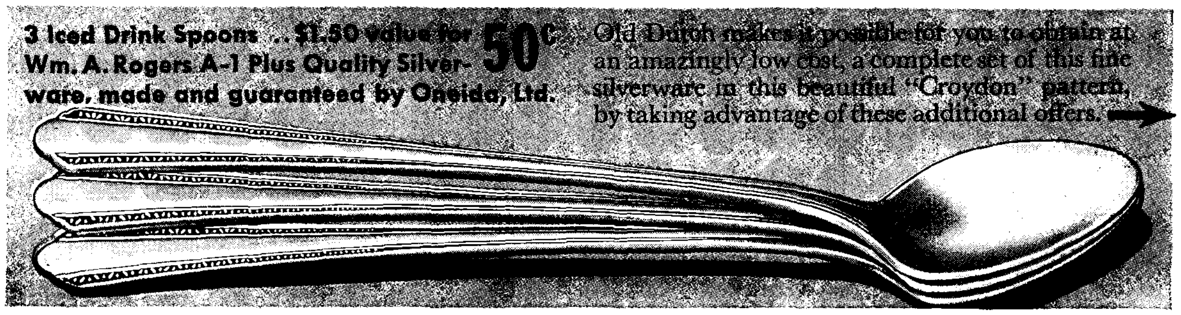

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